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Alfred Welch

*Handwritten signature or text, possibly "John" or "John's", written in a cursive script.*





LETTERS FROM ABROAD

TO

84482

KINDRED AT HOME.

"Well, John, I think we must own that God Almighty had a hand in making other countries besides ours."—*The Brothers.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HOPE LESLIE," "POOR RICH MAN AND THE RICH POOR MAN,"

"LIVE AND LET LIVE," &c., &c.

*Miss Catherine Maria Sedgwick.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

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1841

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P R E F A C E.

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AN apology for a book implies that the public are obliged to read it; an obligation that would reverse the order of nature—transfer the power from the strong to the weak. But, unfortunately for them, there is a portion of the public who are, in a certain sense, obliged to read a book—the kind friends of the author—and among these—I say it gratefully, not boastfully—I have the happiness to number many of my countrymen personally unknown to me. Of *my friends*, then, I ask indulgence for the following pages. They are published rather with deference to the wishes of others than from any false estimate of their worth. Our tour was made under circumstances which forbade any divergence from the highway of all the travelling world, and, consequently, we passed over a field so thoroughly reaped that not an ear, scarcely a kernel, remains for the gleaner. In addition to this, and to painful anxieties and responsibilities that accompanied us at every step, we were followed by intelligence of deep domestic calamity. On this subject I need not enlarge; the



disqualifying influence of these circumstances will be comprehended without my opening the sanctuary of private griefs.

I was aware that our stayers-at-home had already something too much of churches, statues, and pictures, and yet that they cannot well imagine how much they make up the existence of tourists in the Old World. I have sedulously avoided this rock, and must trust for any little interest my book may possess to the honesty with which I have recorded my impressions, and to the fresh aspect of familiar things to the eye of a denizen of the New World. The fragmentary state in which my letters appear is owing to my fear of wearying readers less interested than my own family by prolonged details or prosing reflections, or disgusting them with the egotism of personal experience.

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One word to my English reader, rather of explanation than apology, which I trust the case does not require. I have unscrupulously mentioned the name of such distinguished English people as it was my good fortune to see. I could have screened myself from reproach by giving merely their initials; but, as they are too well known for this device to

afford them any shelter, it seemed to me but a paltry affectation of delicacy. I might plead the authority of English travellers in the United States; but if wrong, no authority justifies it; and if right, it needs none. I have confined my notices strictly to public characters—to gallery portraits; for so such persons as Mr. Rogers, and even that most refined and delicate of gentlewomen, Miss Joanna Baillie, may be strictly called, after the full exhibitions in Moore's *Life of Byron* and Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. I have violated no confidence, for none was reposed in me. My opportunities of social intercourse were few and brief; and I should have omitted these slight records of them, but for the wish to transmit to my friends at home my delightful impressions of those to whom we all owe many happy hours. Perhaps my anxiety is superfluous; the King of Ashantee was anxious to know what the English people said of him, but I never heard that the English people cared to know what the King of Ashantee said of them!



## LETTERS, &c.

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### PORTSMOUTH.

George Hotel, Portsmouth, June 4, 1839.

MY DEAR C.,

Captain S.'s cutter took us off the ship this morning at nine o'clock. It was at last a sad parting from our messmates, with whom we have been for a month separated from all the world, and involved in a common destiny; and from the ship, which seems like a bit of home, for the feet of the friends we have left there have trodden it.

When I touched English ground I could have fallen on my knees and kissed it; but a wharf is not quite the *locale* for such a demonstration, and spectators operate like strait-jackets upon enthusiasm, so I contented myself with a mental salutation of the home of our fathers, the native land of one of our dearest friends, and the birthplace of "the bright, the immortal names" that we have venerated from our youth upward.

I forewarn you, my dear C., not to look for any statistics from me—any "valuable information." I shall try to tell you truly what I see and hear; to "chronicle," as our friend Mr. Dewey says, "while they are fresh, my sensations." Everything looks novel and foreign to us: the quaint forms of the old, sad-coloured houses; the arched, antique gateways;  
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the royal busts niched in an old wall ; the very dark colouring of the foliage, and the mossy stems of the trees. We seem to have passed from the fresh, bright youth to the old age of the world. The form and colouring of the people are different from those of ours. They are stouter, more erect, and more sanguine.

Our friends Dr. M. and his wife have decided to remain with us while we stay here, so we make eight in all ; and as we stand in the bow-window of the George, staring, wondering, exclaiming, and laughing, we must make a group of "homespuns just come up to town" worthy Cruikshank's pencil. And, by-the-way, the passing equipages appear to us the originals of Cruikshank's illustrations, and the parties driving in them fac-similes of Pickwick (the modern Don Quixote) and his club.

Basil Hall is living here. We have had some discussion whether we should recall ourselves to his memory by sending to him Mr. A.'s letter and our cards. We have no individual claims on him, and, as Americans, there is no love lost between us. R. cited Scott's opinion that it is uncivil to both parties not to deliver promptly a letter of introduction ; so, submitting to such sound authority, Dr. M. has gone off to leave ours at Captain Hall's door, and then he will leave his card at ours, and there the matter will end.

We have been walking over the town, over the ramparts, and through some fine gravelled avenues shaded with elms. Don't fancy our elms, with their drooping, embowering branches—no, nothing so

beautiful—but what we call the English elm, with its upright, stiff stem. As we straggled on down a green lane, we saw a notice “To let furnished” on the gate of a very attractive-looking cottage; so, being seized with a happy inspiration (a natural one, you may think it, for pushing Yankees), we determined, as applicants for the tenement, to see the inside of an English cottage; so, going up a narrow paved walk, we rung for admittance. I asked a pretty, neatly-dressed woman who appeared to show me the premises, and kept my countenance in spite of my tittering followers, while we were shown through a dining-room, drawing-room, two kitchens, and five bedrooms, all small, and furnished with extreme neatness and comfort. All this, with a very pretty little garden, we might have, without linen or plate, for four guineas a week. There was a lovely little court, too, in front, filled with shrubs and flowers; not a thimbleful of earth that did not do its duty. No wonder the woman took us at our word, for I am sure we looked as if we would fain set up our rest there.

I afterward followed R. into the garden, and encountered the deaf husband of our neat matron-guide. He showed me a filbert grafted upon an apple-tree by a bird having deposited a seed there. I asked, “Had the filbert borne fruit?” “Four guineas a week, ma’am,” he answered, “and it’s counted a very ‘ealthy hair!” We felt it was quite time to retreat.

When we came home we found that Captain

Hall, Mrs. H., and some of their friends had left cards for us. "Very prompt," we thought; "and so this matter is done."

We ate with Dalgetty appetites our first English dinner: soup, salmon, mutton-chops, and everything the best of its kind, and served as in a private gentleman's house, and, alas! with an elegance and accuracy found in few gentlemen's houses in our country. We have plenty of gentlemen, but gentlemen's servants are with us rare birds.

*June 5.* We feel green and bewildered, as you may imagine; and not knowing how to arrange our tour around the Isle of Wight, we were discussing it in some perplexity when Captain Hall and Mrs. H. were announced. They were just going off on a visit to the son of Wilberforce who is rector at Brixton; but Captain H. deciding at once that we must give the day to the Portsmouth lions, and that he would show them to us, deferred his departure till the evening; and the half hour before we set off was occupied in receiving a visit from Captain H.'s children and instructions from a friend of Mrs. Hall, well acquainted with the localities, as to our progress around the island. Captain H. left us no time for dawdling. He has been a lion-hunter, and understands the art of lion-showing, and, what I think rather the nicest part of the art, what *not* to show. Off we set towards the sally-port. On the way we dropped into a Gothic church (a pretty episode enough) of the twelfth century. Captain H. pointed out a monument to Bucking-

ham, Charles the First's favourite who, as you may remember, was killed by Felton at Portsmouth.

We were to go first to the Victory, which is now kept here, "a kind of toy," as one of our seamen of the St. James said, but which, in fact, is something more than that—a receiving and drilling ship. We found a boat awaiting us, put (of course by Captain Hall's intervention) at our disposal by the commander of the Victory. It was manned with a dozen youngsters in the Victory's uniform, a white knit woollen blouse, with the word *Victory* in Maria-Louise-blue on the breast. They were stout, ruddy lads. The Victory, you know, is the ship in which Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar, and died in winning it. Captain H. led us to the quarter-deck, and showed us a brass plate inserted in the floor, inscribed with these words, "*Here Nelson fell!*" This was a thrilling sight to those of us who remembered when Nelson was held as the type of all gallantry, fighting for liberty against the world. R. was obliged to turn away till he could command his emotions, and I thought of the time when we were all children together at home, and I saw him running breathless up the lane, tossing his hat into the air and shouting, "Nelson! Victory!" Truly, "the child is father to the man." We were received very courteously by the commander, Captain S., who invited us into an apartment which, save the ceiling was a little lower, had the aspect of a shore drawing-room; there were sofas, show-books, flowers, piano, and a prettier garniture than these, a



young bride, reminding us, with her pale, delicate face and French millinery, of our fair young countrywomen—quite un-English. The Victory is Captain S.'s home, and the lady was his daughter.

We then went into the cockpit and groped our way to the dark, narrow state-room (a midshipman's) where Nelson was carried after he was shot down. Captain H. pointed to the beam where his head lay when he died. There a heroic spirit had passed away, and left a halo in this dark, dismal place. Place and circumstance are never less important to a man than when he is dying, and yet it was a striking contrast (and the world is full of such), the man dying in this wretched, dark, stifling hole, when his name was resounding through all the palaces of Europe, and making our young hearts leap in the New World. Shall I tell you what remembrance touched me most as I stood there? not his gallant deeds, for they are written in blood, and many a vulgar spirit has achieved such; but the exquisite tenderness gleaming forth in his last words, "Kiss me, Hardy!" These touched the chord of universal humanity.

Our next step was from the poetic-romantic to the actual, from the Victory to the biscuit-bakery, a place where biscuits are made for naval stores by steam. A police-man started out upon us "like a spider," as Captain H. very descriptively said, and announced that all ingress to the art and mystery of steam-baking was forbidden to foreigners; and we were turning away acquiescingly, for the most curious of our

party had two or three years ago seen the process in full blast in one of our Western States, but Captain Hall would not be so easily baffled. He was vexed that an old rule, fallen into general discredit, should be applied to a biscuit-bakery and "such branches of learning;" so he went to find the admiral, but he was not at his quarters; and no dispensation being to be had, he declared the biscuits "all sour." Very sweet we thought them the next morning when we received an *amende* most honourable, in the shape of a note from Admiral Fleming, "regretting the disappointment Miss S. met with at the bakehouse, of which Captain Hall had informed him" (I can imagine in what animated terms) "and which he would have prevented had he known her wishes," and concluding with saying, that, having heard from Captain Hall of our intention of visiting the Isle of Wight, he had the pleasure of offering his yacht for our conveyance. Now this was surely the true spirit of courtesy; and when this spirit is infused into international manners we may be called Christian nations, and not till then.

Well, the bakery being taboo, our conductor proposed we should next row off to the royal yacht by way of parenthesis in the day's doings. This yacht was built for George IV., and the fitting up, even to the pattern of the chintz, designed by his majesty: truly a fitting occupation for the monarch of the greatest nation in the world! He had the ambition, I have known shared with him by some exquisite fine ladies, who cast away their gowns and burn their

caps if they be imitated. The manufacturer gave a required pledge that the chintz of the royal yacht should never be copied. M. suggested it was not pretty enough, to make this a sacrifice on the part of the manufacturers. The yacht, however, is a bijou, the prettiest thing, I fancy, that has floated since Cleopatra's barge. The beds are wide and sumptuous, there are luxurious chairs and sofas, gilt pannelings, lamps with cable-chains and anchor-shaped ornaments, and a kitchen-range fit to serve an Apicius. There is a pretty library too, but I suspect his majesty's proportion of mental and corporeal provision was much after Falstaff's fashion. R. remarked its incompleteness, and said to Captain H., "Our library in the St. James is superior to this; it has your books."

If I could refresh you with the bottle of Madeira and plate of biscuits which Captain Hall contrived to conjure into the block manufactory, while a very clear-headed man was explaining to us its capital machinery, I might venture to drag you along with us through the rolling-mill and the Cyclops regions where the anchors are forged; but here I let you off for this busily pleasant day, at the moment of our parting with Captain Hall, and the interchange of hearty wishes that we might meet again in the Isle of Wight. What a host of prejudices and false judgments had one day's frank and kind intercourse dispersed to the winds—forever!

## ISLE OF WIGHT.

Isle of Wight, June 6.

Our transit from Portsmouth in the admiral's yacht was delightful. At the little town of Ryde we engaged two vehicles called flies, small covered carriages, each holding comfortably three persons, with two "intelligent lads" (as the proprietor of the equipages assured us) for drivers. François has a seat on the box, and we have sent our luggage to London, so that we are as unencumbered as if we were out for an afternoon's drive.

And here I am tempted to throw away my pen. It is in vain to attempt to convey to you our impressions of this lovely island, or to retain them myself by this poor record. Call it Eden; call it paradise; and, after all, what conceptions have we of those Terræ Incognitæ? The Isle of Wight, they tell us, is a miniature of England. It has the exquisite delicacy and perfection of a miniature by a master hand. I am resolved to be as virtuously abstemious as possible on the subject of scenery; but you must be patient, and bethink yourself, my dear C., that it is not possible to be silent on what makes up so large a portion of a traveller's existence and happiness. When we had ascended the hill from Ryde and turned off into a green lane, we might have been mistaken for maniacs escaped from Bedlam, or rather, I think, for children going home for a holyday. We were thrusting our heads out of our little carriages, shouting from one to the other,

and clapping our hands. And why these clamorous demonstrations? We had just escaped from ship-board, remember; were on the solid green earth, driving through narrow winding avenues, with sloping hills and lofty trees on each side of us, often interlacing over our heads (the trees, I mean!), every inch of ground cultivated and divided by dark hedges filled with flowering shrubs, and sprinkled with thatched and mossy cottages—such as we have only seen in pictures—and the Solent Sea sparkling in the distance.

Our first halt was at Brading Church. Blessed are those who make the scene of their labours fit shrines for the homage of the traveller's heart. So did Leigh Richmond. A troop of children (twelve we counted) ran out to open the gate of the churchyard for us. One pointed out the "young cottager's" grave; another was eager to prove she could repeat glibly the epitaphs "little Jane" had recited. They showed us Brading Church (built in the seventh century) and Richmond's house, and the trees under which he taught. We gathered some holly leaves from the tree that shades his courtyard, which we shall devoutly preserve to show you. We might have remained there till this time if our curiosity had equalled the resources of our "train attendant." It is quite a new sight to us to see children getting their living in this way. We have little to show, and the traveller must grope his way as well as he can to that little. These children with us would have been at school or at the plough,

looking to a college education in their perspective, or a "farm in the West:" something better than a few chance pennies from a traveller. But though there are few prizes for them in the lottery of life here, I was glad to see them looking comfortably clad, well fed, and healthy.

We diverged at the beautiful village of Shanklin, and walked to Shanklin Chine,\* a curious fissure, worn, I believe, in the hills by a rivulet. The place is as wild as our ice-glen; and the rocks, instead of being overgrown with palmy ferns, maiden's hair, and lichens, like ours, are fringed with sweet pease, wallflowers, stocks, hyacinths, and all growing at their own sweet will; this betokens an old neighbourhood of civilization.

A woman came forth from a cottage to unlock a gate through which we must pass to go up the Chine. K. says the beauties of Nature are as jealously locked up here as the beauties of a harem. It is the old truth, necessity teaches economy; whatever can be made a source of revenue is so made, and the old women and children are tax-gatherers. At every step some new object or usage starts up before us; and it strikes us the more because the people are speaking our own language, and are essentially like our own.

In the narrowest part of our pathway, where the rill had become a mere thread, we had the pleasure of encountering the Halls. They were walking to Bon Church. We asked leave to join them. You

\* Chine is a Hampshire word for a cleft in the rocks.

may fancy what a delightful stroll we had with this very pleasant meeting, and such accidental accessories to the lovely scenery as a ship in the distance, a rainbow dropping into the sea, and the notes of a cuckoo, the first I had ever heard. History, painting, poetry, are at every moment becoming real, actual.

Bon Church, at a short distance from the road, secluded from it by an interposing elevation, enclosed by a stone wall, and surrounded by fine old trees, their bark coated with moss, is, to a New-World eye, a picture "come to life." "Sixteen hundred and sixteen," said I to L., deciphering a date on a monument; "four years before there were any white inhabitants in Massachusetts." "Then," she replied, "this is an Indian's grave." Her eyes were bent on the ground. She was in her own land; she looked up and saw the old arched and ivied gateway, and smiled—the illusion had vanished.

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VENTNOR.

WE have passed a *pleasant rainy day* at Ventnor. The Halls are here too, and we make frequent use of the piazza by which our parlours communicate; so our friendship ripens apace. We went, in spite of mist and rains, to pay another visit to Bon Church, to "get it by heart," Captain H. says; "*into* our hearts we certainly have got it, and taken a drenching into the bargain." But this was a cheap price

to pay for the view we had, when, just at the summit of the hill, the mist rolled off like the furling of a sail, and we saw the village of Shanklin (the gem!), with its ivied walls, its roses, its everything that flowers, broad fields of corn, and the steep cliffs down to Shanklin Chine. Shall I ever forget the little in and out cottages juttet against the rocks, the narrow lanes that afford you glimpses, through green and flowery walls, of these picture-dwellings?

As we strolled down the road from Bon Church I stopped at a cottage inhabited by *very* poor people. There were four distinct homes under one roof, and an enclosed strip of ground in front, four feet wide. This space was full of verbenas, stocks, roses, and geraniums; and an old crone between eighty and ninety was tending them. I thought of the scrawny lilacs and woody rosebushes in some of our court-yards, and blushed, or, rather, I shall blush if ever I see an English eye upon them; for (shame to us!) it is the detection, and not the sin, that calls up the blush.

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OUR first stop after leaving Ventnor was at St. Lawrence's Church, the smallest in England; you shall have its dimensions from some poetry we bought of the beadle, his own manufacture.

"This church has often drawn the curious eye  
To see its length and breadth—to see how high.  
At length to measure it was my intent,  
That I might verify its full extent.

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Its breadth from side to side above the bench  
Is just eleven feet and half an inch.  
The height, from pavement to the ceiling mortar,  
Eleven feet, five inches and a quarter.  
And its length, from east to the west end,  
Twenty-five feet four inches, quarters three,  
Is just its measurement, as you may see."

The poet-beadle's brains, you may think, were graduated by the same scale as St. Lawrence's Church. However, I assure you he was quite the beau-ideal of an old beadle, and he did his ciceroni work well, showing us where his lordship sat (Lord Yarborough, in whose gift is the rectorship), and where sat the butler, and my lady's maid, and the parish officers. All these privileged people, who dwell in the atmosphere of nobility, had, to the old beadle's senses, something sweeter than the odour of sanctity. For the rest of St. Lawrence's audience, I fear they do not fare as well as the people in Doctor Franklin's dream, who, upon confessing to St. Peter at the gate of Heaven that they were neither Baptists nor Methodists, nor of any particular sect, were bidden come in and take the best seats they could find!

Among the epitaphs I read on the mouldering stones in St. Lawrence's churchyard, was one that pleased me for its quaint old ballad style. It was a husband's on his wife, beginning

"Meek and gentle was her spirit,  
Prudence did her life adorn,  
Modest, she disclaimed all merit,  
Tell me, am not I forlorn?"

I would not like to make too nice an inquisition as to how long he remained so !\*

---

WE went down to the beach for a good view of Black Gang Chine, a wild, grand-looking place, with masses of sandstone of different strata, variously coloured, and rising to an elevation of some three hundred feet above the sea. Here Captain Hall, with his happy young people, again joined us, to part again immediately ; they to walk to Chale, and we to rejoin R. at the inn, where, for walking into the house and out of it, we paid a fee to a waiter of an aged and venerable aspect, accurately dressed in a full suit of black, and looking much like one of our ancient Puritan divines setting off for an "association."

As we approached Brixton, the girls and myself alighted to walk, that we might see this enchanting country more at leisure. I cannot give you an idea of the deliciousness of a walk here between the lovely hedges all fragrance, the air filled with the melody of birds, and the booming of the ocean

\* The following epitaph amused me : so like our own Puritan elegiac poetry.

*" To the Memory of Charles Dixon, SMITH AND FARRIER.*

" My sledge and hammer lie reclined,  
My bellows too have lost their wind,  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,  
My vice all in the dust is laid ;  
My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
My last nail's driven—my work is done !"

waves for a bass. For one sweet singing-bird with us, I think there are twenty here; and, included in this twenty, the nightingale, the blackbird, the lark, and the cuckoo! The note of the English blackbird is electrifying, but yet I have heard none sweeter than our woodthrush, that little hermit of our solitudes. You would forgive me, dear C., for observing some contrasts that may perchance strike you as unpatriotic, if,

“Borne, like Loretto’s chapel, through the air,”

I could send over to you one of these picturesque cottages (any one of them), draped with ivy to the very top of the chimneys, and set it down beside our unsightly farmhouses.

At Brixton we again met Captain Hall. He had had the disappointment of finding that his friend, Mr. Wilberforce, was absent; and intent on filling for us every little vacant niche with some pleasure, he had asked leave to show us a picture of the father in the son’s library. H., in the effectiveness of his kindness, reminds me of L. M., and seems to me what our Shaker friends would call the “male manifestation” of her ever-watchful and all-accomplishing spirit.

We met two of the young Wilberforces, and begged the pleasure of shaking hands with them for their grandfather’s sake. The boy bears a strong resemblance to him, and is, I hope, like his grandfather, sent into the world on an errand of mercy. Such a face is the superscription, by the finger of God, of a soul of benevolence.

The widow of Wilberforce was sitting in the library. She received us courteously. She has a dignified demeanour, and a very sweet countenance, on which I fancied I could see the record of a happy life and many a good deed done. If living in a healthy air produces the signs of health, why should not living one's whole life in an atmosphere of benevolence, bring out into the expression the tokens of a healthy soul?

We walked over the grounds of the rectory. Have you a very definite idea of an English lawn? The grass is shaven every week; this, of course, produces a fresh bright tint, and to your tread it feels like the richest bed of moss you ever set your foot upon. I fear we never can have the abundance and variety of flowers they have here. I see continually, plants which remain in the open ground all winter, that we are obliged to house by the first of October. There was a myrtle reaching the second-story windows of Mr. Wilberforce's house.

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In my strolls I avail myself of every opportunity of accosting the people, and when I can find any pretext I go into the cottages by the wayside. This, I suppose, is very *un-English*, and may seem to some persons very impertinent. But I have never found inquiries, softened with a certain tone of sympathy, repulsed. Your inferiors in condition are much like children, and they, you know, like dogs, are proverbially said to know who loves them. I

stopped at a little cottage this morning, half smothered with roses, geraniums, &c., and, on the pretext of looking at a baby, made good my entrance. The little bit of an apartment, not more than six feet by ten, was as neat as possible. Not an article of its scanty furniture looked as if it had been bought by this generation; everything appeared cared for, and well preserved; so unlike corresponding dwellings with us. The woman had nine children; six at home, and all tidily dressed. I have not seen in England a slovenly-looking person. Even the three or four beggars who stealthily asked charity of us at Portsmouth were *neatly* dressed.

I greeted, *en passant*, a woman sitting at her cottage window. She told me she paid for half of a little tenement and a bit of a garden, ten pounds (fifty dollars) rent. And when I congratulated her on the pleasant country, "Ah," she said, "we can't live on a pleasant country!" I have not addressed one of these people who has not complained of poverty, said something of the difficulty of getting work, of the *struggling* for bread, which is the condition of existence among the lower classes here. Strange sounds these to our ears!

I was amused to-day with something that marked the diversity of the condition from ours in another way. I accosted a little girl who stood at a cottage-gate. She was as well dressed as S.'s girls, or any of our well-to-do-in-the-world people. Among other impertinent questions I asked "Who lives here?" "Mrs. So-and-so and Mrs. So-and-so." "Only two

*ladies !*" I exclaimed, conforming my phrase to the taste of our cottage-dames. "They ben't ladies," she replied. "Indeed ! what are they ?" "They be's womans." Would such a disclaimer have been put in from one end of the United States to the other, unless in the shanty of *adopted* citizens ?

I will spare you all the particulars of my wayside acquaintance with a sturdy little woman whom I met coming out of a farmyard, staggering under a load of dry furze, as much as could be piled on a wheelbarrow. A boy not more than five years old was awaiting her at the gate, with a compact little parcel in his arms snugly done up. "Now take *she*," he said, extending it to the mother, and I found the parcel was a baby not a month old ; so I offered to carry it, and did for a quarter of a mile, while the mother, in return, told me the whole story of her courtship, marriage, and maternity, with the last incident in her domestic annals, the acquisition of a baking of meal, some barm, and the loan of her husband's mother's oven, and, lastly, of the gift of the furze to heat the oven. The woman seemed something more than contented—happy. I could not but congratulate her. "It does not signify," I said, "being poor when one is so healthy and so merry as you appear." "Ah, that's natural to me," she replied ; "my mother had red cheeks in her coffin !" Happy are those who have that "*natural* to them," that princes, and fine ladies, and half the world are sighing for and running after.

THE last part of our drive to Fresh-water Bay was through a highly-cultivated district ; the country had lost its romantic charm ; to the very seashore on both sides of us it was covered with barley, pease, and the finest of wheat. Save a glimpse of the sea in the distance, the bold headland of Black Gang Chine, and the downs before us, it was as tame as a cosset lamb. And, by-the-way, speaking of lambs and such fancy articles, immense flocks of sheep are grazing on these downs, and each is as big as three of our Merinos, and the mutton is delicious.

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## FRESH-WATER BAY.

WE are at an inn within a few yards of the beach, with a shore of chalky cliffs, and a pretty arch in the rocks worn by the water, and a jutting point before us called the Stag, from a fanciful resemblance, as I conjecture, to that animal boldly leaping into the waves. The Halls are here, and in a stroll with them last evening over the cliffs we encountered a man who lives, "not by gathering samphire" (which, by-the-way, we did gather), but by getting the eggs of sea-fowl that resort here in immense flocks, flattering themselves, no doubt, in their bliss of ignorance, that the cliffs are inaccessible.\* Our egg-

\* They are of very difficult access, as we were assured by seeing the process of letting the man down and sustaining him on the perpendicular cliff ; but nothing seems impossible to men who must die or struggle for their bread. The man was stout and very well looking, but with an anxious and sad expression. I found he had a large

hunter had been successful, and had a sack of eggs hanging before him. He pays two guineas a year to the lord of the manor for the privilege of getting them, and sells them, he says, "to people in a decline." One lady, he told us, had paid him a shilling apiece. "She," replied Captain H., with a lurking smile, "must have been far gone in a decline, I think." The man told us they had the art of emptying the eggshell by perforating it with two pinholes, and blowing out the contents; whereupon the captain, who leaves nothing unessayed, amid his children's merry shouts and ours, fairly rivalled the professor at his own art.

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*Sunday.*—WE have been to church for the first time in England. It was an old Gothic edifice. I thought of our forefathers with tenderness and with reverence. Brave men they were to leave these venerable sanctuaries, to go over the ocean—to "the depth of the desert's gloom."

It was a curious coincidence enough, that the first preacher we hear this side the water bears our own name. This it was, no doubt, that set my mind to running upon relationships and forefathers. Mr. S. is a poor curate, who, after twenty years' service, is compelled to leave his place here by the new order of things, which obliges his superior to do his own

family to feed, and among them four stalwart boys. I asked him what were their prospects. "None," he said, with an expression suited to the words, "but starvation."



work. One feels a little distrustful of those reforms that destroy individual happiness and snap asunder old ties.

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*Monday.*—We drove this morning to Carisbrooke Castle, an old ruin in the heart of the island. We were shown the window through which Charles I., when imprisoned here, attempted to escape. In spite of getting my first historical impressions from Hume, that lover of kings and supreme lover of the Stuarts, I never had much sympathy with this king of bad faith; still it is not easy to stand at this window without a sorrowful sympathy with Charles. There he stood, looking on the land that seemed to him his inheritance by a Divine charter, longing for the wings of the birds that were singing round this window, to bear him to those friends who were awaiting him, and, instead of him, had only the signal which he hung out of this window to give them notice of the defeat of his project.

Nothing, I know, is more tiresome than the description of old castles which you get from such raw tourists as we are, and may find in every guide-book; but I wish I could do up my sensations and send them to you. As we passed the Elizabethan gate, and wound away up into the old keep, stopping, now and then, to look through the openings left for the exercise of the cross-bow, or as we wandered about the walls, and stood to hear the peb-

ble descend into Carisbrooke well,\* I felt as if old legends had become incorporate.

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WE expect nothing pleasanter than the week we have spent on the Isle of Wight. How much of our enthusiasm it may owe to our coming to it from shipboard, and to the fresh impressions of the Old World, of its thatched cottages, ivied walls, old churches and churchyards, and English cultivation, I cannot say. The English speak of it as all "*in little*," a cockney affair, &c. ; but, if small, it has the delicacy and perfection of a cabinet picture.

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## SOUTHAMPTON.

MY DEAR C.,

*Thursday, 13th.* The luxury of an English inn, after a day exhausting as our last on the Isle of Wight, has never been exaggerated and cannot be overpraised. We have not been ten days in England, without having certain painful comparisons between our own inns and those of this country, forced upon us. But I intend, after I have had more experience, to give you my observations on this subject in one plentiful shower, instead of annoying you with sprinkling them over all my letters.

Our intention was to have proceeded directly to London. Instead of this we have loitered here two days, and why, I will tell you.

\* The well is 200 feet in depth, 25 of masonry, and the rest cut through a solid rock.

Captain Hall's good taste was shocked at our leaving Southampton without seeing Netley Abbey; and surely to leave this out, in seeing England, would be much like the omission of the *Midsummer's Night's Dream* in reading Shakspeare. So yesterday morning, with a sky as clear, and almost as deep as our own summer-sky, we set off, accompanied by the Halls, for these beautiful ruins. They are much more entire than those of Carisbrooke. The walls are standing, and how long they have been so is touchingly impressed upon you by the tall trees that have grown up in the unroofed apartments. Shrubs four or five feet high fringe the tops of the walls, and flowers are rooted in the crevices. It seemed as if Nature, with a feeling of kindred for a beautiful work of art, would fain hide the wounds she could not heal—wounds of violence as well as time.

I shall spare you any description, for I should waste your time and mine. No description can convey as definite an idea as any of the hundred engravings you have seen of Netley Abbey; and I am sorry to say to you, that even a Daguerreotype picture would give you no adequate impression of its beauty. There is nothing for you but to come and see these places; their soul, their history, their associations are untransfusable. I have no extraordinary sensibility to such things, and I saw —— smiling at my tears; and glad I should have been to have passed a day alone there, to have trodden the ground with undisturbed recollections of those who reared

the beautiful temple, who were, in their time, the teachers of religion, the preservers of learning, the fountains of charity. It would not be easy to indulge this fancy, for, besides the guides that infested us, and a succession of hunters after the picturesque, R. detected some fellows stealing jackdaws' nests; and Captain H. not only threatened them with the strong arm of the law, but, to secure these holy precincts from such marauders, he was at the pains to lodge information against them with the proper authority.

On our return from Netley we ascertained that the — family are at their place, a short drive from Southampton. You know how much reason we have to wish to avail ourselves of our letters to them, or, rather, you do not know how much, nor did we till we had seen them. So we sent off our letters, and went to Winchester with the Halls by the railroad. It was but the second day since this section of the road was opened, and it was lined with staring people, hurraing and clapping hands. The chief object of the excursion to us was the Cathedral, which is the largest in England. A part of it is of the Saxon order, and dates from the seventh century. What think you of our New-World eyes seeing the sarcophagi containing the bones of the old Saxon kings? the Ethelreds and Ethelwolfs, and of Canute the Dane; the tombs of William Rufus, and of William of Wickham; the chair in which bloody Mary sat at her nuptial ceremony, besides unnumbered monuments and chap-

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els built by kings and bishops, to say nothing of some of the best art of our own time ; sculpture by Flaxman and Chantrey. Their details were lost upon us in the effect of the great whole ; the long-drawn aisles, the windows with their exquisite colouring, the lofty vault, the carved stones, the pillars and arches—those beautiful Gothic arches. We had some compensation for the unconsciousness of a lifetime, of the power of architecture, in our overwhelming emotions. They cannot be repeated. We cannot see a cathedral twice for the first time, that is very clear !

I was not prepared for the sensations to be excited by visiting these old places of the Old World. There is nothing in our land to aid the imperfect lights of history. Here it seems suddenly verified. Its long-buried dead, or, rather, its dim spectres, appear with all the freshness of actual life. A miracle is wrought on poetry and painting. While they represented what we had never seen, they were but shadows to us ; a kind of magic mirrors, showing false images ; now they seem a Divine form, for the perpetual preservation of the beautiful creations of Nature and art.

It happened that while we were in Winchester Cathedral service was performed there. I cannot tell how I might have been affected if it had been a more hearty service. There were the officials, the clergyman and clerk, a choir of boys, and, for the audience, half a dozen men, three or four women, octogenarians, or verging on the extreme of human

life, and ourselves. I confess that the temple, and not He who sanctifies it, filled my mind. My eyes were wandering over the arches, the carvings, the Saxon *caskets*, &c., &c.\*

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WHEN we arrived at the depôt at Southampton we found Mrs. —, with her daughter, awaiting us with a welcome that made us forget we were strangers to them and strangers in a strange land—blessed forgetfulness! They transferred K. and myself to their carriage, and we drove home with them to B—— Lodge; and, as the days here are eked out with a generous twilight till nearly ten o'clock, we had time to see their beautiful place, and to-day the pleasure has been repeated.

I cannot follow the rule I would fain have adopted, and compare what I see here to what is familiar to you at home. There is, for instance, in this place of Mrs. —, a neatness, completeness, and perfection, of which we have but the beginning and faint shadowing. Our grounds are like our society, where you meet every degree of civilization. Here, every tree, shrub, and little flower is in its right place, and nothing present that should not be here. On one side of the house the garden is laid out in the fantastical French style, in the form of hearts and whimsical figures, but elsewhere it is completely English,

\* The prudence of not attempting a description of Winchester Cathedral, or an enumeration of its treasures, will be appreciated by those who know that a volume of 200 pages is devoted to this subject alone.

with noble trees, that grow as Nature bids them ; hothouses, with grapes and pines ; and a lawn that for hundreds of years, probably, has had its grass cropped every week through the growing months.

The house is, I fancy, rather a favourable specimen of the residences of the English gentry, spacious, and arranged with comfort and elegance ; but not surpassing, in these respects, the first class of gentlemen's country-houses in America. But there are luxuries here that we have not, and shall not have for many a day. The walls are painted by the master of the house with views on the Rhine, from sketches of his own, and very beautiful they are. This is, to be sure, attainable to us ; for a taste, and a certain facility in painting, is common enough among us ; but when shall we see on our walls an unquestionable Titian, or a Carlo Dolce, or, when, in a gentleman's country-house, an apartment filled with casts from the best antiques ? Certainly not till our people cease to demand drapery for the chanting cherubs, and such like innocents !

Mrs. — was a friend of Mrs. Siddons. She has a full-length picture of her by Lawrence, which represents a perfect woman in the maturity of her powers and charms, somewhat idealized, perhaps, as if the painter were infected by Mrs. —'s enthusiasm, and to the fondness of a friend added the devotion of a worshipper. It is Mrs. Siddons ; not a muse, queen, or goddess, though fit to be any or all of them. She is dressed in a very un-goddesslike

short waist. Strange, that a woman who had her classic eye, and her passion for moulding forms after antique models, should submit to the tyranny of a French milliner's levelling fashion! Her beautiful arms are classically manifest—bare as Juno's. Lawrence employed thirty hours on each of them!

We all lunched with Mrs. ——. An English lunch is our country dinner, served at our country hour, and of much the same material. Different in the respect, that whatever is to be eaten is placed on the table at the same time, and very different, inasmuch as you are served by three or four men in livery, instead of a girl in a dress unquestionably of her own choosing. Mrs. ———'s vegetable-dishes are a precious relic of Mrs. Siddons. They are silver, and bear her initials and an inscription from the lawyers of Edinburgh, by whom they were presented to her.

After lunch, Miss ——— took us in her carriage, stowing the girls in the rumble, through Lord Ashdown's and Mr. Fleming's parks. We drove a mile through the latter, with thick borderings and plantations of shrubbery on each side of us, so matted, and with such a profusion of rhododendron as to remind me of passages in the wilds of western Virginia. This, you know, is a plant not native to this country, but brought with much pains and expense from ours. We have not English wealth to lavish on parks and gardens, but with taste and industry



we might bring to our homes, and gratefully cherish, the beautiful plants that God has sown at broadcast in our forests. I declare to you, when I remember how seldom I have seen our azalias, calmias, &c., in cultivated grounds, while I meet them here in such abundance, it seems like finding a neglected child housed and gently entertained by strangers. Some of us returned to dine and pass the evening with Mrs. — and her daughter; and we left B—— Lodge warmed to the heart's core with this realization of our old poetic ideas of English hospitality.\*

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*Friday, June 13.*—We left Southampton this morning, feeling much, when we parted from Captain Hall and his family, as if we were launching alone on the wide world. He told us at the last, if we got into any difficulty, if we were at Johnny Groat's, to send for him. As far as the most thoughtful kindness and foresight can provide against difficulties, he has done so for us. Both he and Mrs. Hall have given us letters of introduction (unasked), and a score, at least, to their friends in London and Scotland, people of rank and distinction. To these they have added addresses to tradespeople of all descrip-

\* I have abstained from transferring from my journal whatever was personal to our kind entertainers, certainly the paramount charm of their place. We owed the warmth of our reception to letters from their and our dear friend, Mrs. Butler. To her, too, we owed our admission to some of the best society in London, where her genius and character are held in the high estimation they deserve

tions, and all manner of instructions as to our goings on; a kind of mapping and charting inestimable to raw travellers like us. He has even had lodgings provided for us in London by his man of business, so that we shall find a home in that great, and, to us, unknown sea.

You will smile at all our letters running upon this theme of Captain H., and you may perchance fancy that our preconceived opinion of this gentleman is rather bribed by personal kindness than rectified. But remember that we had no claim upon his kindness. It is not our personal benefits (though Heaven knows we are most grateful for them) that I am anxious to impress upon you, but to give you the advantage of our point of sight of a character that some of our people have misunderstood, and some misrepresented. I have no such crusading notions, as that I could set a whole nation's opinion right, but I should hope to affect yours, and perhaps half a dozen others. Captain H. has a mind wide awake, ever curious and active. These qualities have been of infinite service to him as a traveller, and to his charmed readers as well; but it is easy to see how, among strangers, they might betray him into some little extravagances. Then he is a seaman and a Briton, and liable on both scores to unphilosophic judgments. With the faults that proceed from an excess of activity, we, of all people, should be most patient; and certainly we might have forgiven some mistaken opinions in conformity to preconceived patterns, instead of imputing them to po-

litical prostitution. We might, indeed, had we been wise, have found many of his criticisms just and salutary, and thanked him for them, and have delighted in his frankness, his sagacity, and his vein of very pleasant humour; but, alas! our Saxon blood is always uppermost, and we go on cherishing our infallibility, and, like a snappish cook, had much rather spoil our own pie than have a foreign finger in it. It is an old trick of the English bull-dog to bark at his neighbour's door, but let him do so if he will caress you at his own.

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I FEEL, my dear C., a disposition to self-glorification from one circumstance of our journey from Southampton. My girls and I took our seats on the top of the coach, paying for two inside seats in case of rain, of which, I take it in England, there are always nine chances out of ten. You may well ask why I boast of this, when we gained the obvious advantage of using our eyes in this rich and new scene; and when they are nearly as useless inside the coach as were Jonah's to him in his "extra exclusive." You know I am a coward on instinct, and to a novice a seat on the top of an English coach is startling; and it is somewhat perilous, the coach being topheavy with the number of passengers and mass of baggage, and we were not yet accustomed to the security of these smooth roads. And, besides, you cannot expect us to be exempt from the general weakness of wishing to impress the grooms, porters, coachmen,

innkeepers, &c., with our potentiality ! Many Americans give up the delight of travelling in England on account of its expensiveness, or come home with loud outcries against it, when, if they would forego the distinction of posting, and condescend to the humility of an outside seat (infinitely the pleasantest), they might travel here quite as cheaply as they can *by coach* at home.\*

Did the sacrifices that a traveller makes to appearances never strike you as one of the ludicrous fatuities of human conduct, when you consider that his observers do not know whether he be "Giles Jolt" or any other member of the human family ?

We had good reason to be satisfied with our position. The coachman had driven twenty years on this same road, and was familiar with every inch of ground ; he exchanged salutations with the people by the way, had many professional jokes, and pointed out to us the wayside lions, a seat of Lord Wellington, a hunting-box of George IV., &c. We came through Winchester and Basingstoke, passed many a field covered with the crimson blush of the cinquefoil, and bounded by hedges thick set with flowering shrubs. I trust your grandchildren may see such in our Berkshire. I had written to Miss Mitford my intention of passing the evening with her, and as we approached her residence, which is in a small

\* I should have said, as they could have done at home. The rates of travelling expenses are diminishing at such a rate, that you cannot predicate of this year what was true of the last. What is fixed in the United States ? A guide-book, written one season, would be in good part useless the next.

village near Reading, I began to feel a little tremulous about meeting my "unknown friend." Captain Hall had made us all merry with anticipating the usual denouement of a mere epistolary acquaintance.

Our coachman (who, after our telling him we were Americans, had complimented us on our speaking English, and "very good English too"\*) professed an acquaintance of some twenty years' standing with Miss M., and assured us that she was one of the "cleverest women in England," and "the doctor" (her father) an "'earty old boy." And when he reined his horses up to her door, and she appeared to receive us, he said, "Now you would not take that little body there for the great author, would you?" and certainly we should have taken her for nothing but a kindly gentlewoman, who had never gone beyond the narrow sphere of the most refined social life. My foolish misgivings (H. must answer for them) were forgotten in her cordial welcome. K. and I descended from our airy seat; and when Miss M. became aware who M. was, she said, "What! the sister of ——— pass my door? that must never be;" so M., nothing loath, joined us. Miss M. is truly "a little body," and dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which all have

\* We had a compliment of the same stamp the next day from a Londoner who was in the car with us. He assured us, with praiseworthy condescension, that we spoke English "uncommon correct."

a broad humour bordering on coarseness. She has a pale gray, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow: a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness that we have been so long familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been indeed a disappointment not to have found them.

She led us directly through her house into her garden, a perfect bouquet of flowers. "I must show you my geraniums while it is light," she said, "for I love them next to my father." And they were indeed treated like petted children, guarded by a very ingenious contrivance from the rough visitation of the elements. They are all, I believe, seedlings. She raises two crops in a year, and may well pride herself on the variety and beauty of her collection. Geraniums are her favourites; but she does not love others less that she loves these more. The garden is filled, matted with flowering shrubs and vines; the trees are wreathed with honeysuckles and roses; and the girls have brought away the most splendid specimens of heart's-ease to press in their journals. Oh, that I could give some of my countrywomen a vision of this little paradise of flowers, that they might learn how *taste and industry*, and an earnest love and study of the art of garden-culture, might triumph over small space and small means.

Miss Mitford's house is, with the exception of certainly not more than two or three, as small and humble as the smallest and humblest in our village of S——; and such is the difference, in some respects, in the modes of expense in this country from ours; she keeps two men-servants (one a gardener), two or three maid-servants, and two horses. In this very humble home, which she illustrates as much by her unsparing filial devotion as by her genius, she receives on equal terms the best in the land. Her literary reputation might have gained for her this elevation, but she started on vantage ground, being allied by blood to the Duke of Bedford's family. We passed a delightful evening, parting with the hope of meeting again, and with a most comfortable feeling that the ideal was converted into the real. So much for our misgivings. Faith is a safer principle than some people hold it to be.\*

We finished our journey by the great western railway. It is little short of desecration to cut up this garden country, where all rough ways were already made smooth, all crooked ones straight, with railroads. They seem to have been devised for our uncultivated lands and gigantic distances.

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*London, 14th.*—HERE we are, with a house to ourselves, in modest, comfortable, clean lodgings (but

\* I have not dared to draw aside the curtain of domestic life, and give the particulars of Miss M.'s touching devotion to her father. "He is all to me, and I am all to him," she said. God help them in this parting world!

is not all England clean ?) in Halfmoon-street. It is the London season, so called from Parliament being in session, and all the fashion and business of the kingdom congregating here at this time. We are told that we are fortunate in getting any lodgings at the West End, while the town is so filled; and at the West End you must be if you would hope to live in the daylight of the known, that is, the fashionable world.\*

Would you know what struck me as we drove from the depôt of the western railroad to our lodgings? the familiar names of the streets, the neutral tint of the houses, the great superiority of the pavements to ours, and, having last seen New-York, the superior cleanliness of the streets. I have all my life heard London spoken of as dismal and dark. It may be so in winter; it is not now. The

\* As exact details of expenses are useful to inexperienced travellers, I may perhaps do a service to some one by giving the precise cost of our London lodging. We had a drawing and a dining room, a bedroom and dressing-room on the second floor, and three bedrooms on the third floor (all small), for seven guineas a week, and one guinea for firing and attendance. Under the term firing is included cooking. We lived simply, having regularly two dishes meat (or fish and meat), a pudding or tart, and the fruits in season, strawberries and cherries. Our breakfast was coffee and tea, bread, butter, rolls, muffins, and eggs. The cost to each person (one gentleman and five ladies) was a trifle more than two pounds twelve shillings (thirteen dollars) a week. Every article of food was perfect of its kind, and well served. The most fastidious could have found no ground of complaint. The high prices were raging when we left New-York, and we found the common articles of food in London not higher, in some cases lower; for instance, for excellent cauliflowers we gave sixpence—twelve and a half cents.

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smoke colour of the houses is soft and healthy to the eye, so unlike our flame-coloured cities, that seem surely to typify their destiny, which is, you know, to be burned up, sooner or later—*sooner*, in most cases. And, having had nothing to do to-day but gaze from our windows, what think you has struck us as quite different from a relative position in our own city? The groups of ballad-singers, consisting usually of a man and woman, and one or two children. I have seen such in New-York half a dozen times in my life, and they are always people from the Continent of Europe. Here, not half an hour passes without a procession of these licensed, musical, and, to us novices, irresistible beggars. Then there are the hawkers of flowers, as irresistible, lovely bouquets of moss-rosebuds, geraniums, heliotropes, and what not. As we are in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly and the parks, our street is quite a thoroughfare, and we are every moment exclaiming at the superb equipages that pass our window. Nothing, I presume, of the kind in the world exceeds the luxury of an English carriage with all its appointments; and yet, shall I confess to you that, after my admiration of their superb horses was somewhat abated, I have felt, in looking at them, much as I have at seeing a poor little child made a fool of by the useless and glittering trappings of his hobbyhorse. What would our labouring men, who work up the time and strength God gives them into independence, domestic happiness, and political existence — what would they, what should they say,

at seeing three—four servants—strong, tall, well-made young men (for such are selected)—attached to a coach, one coachman and three footmen, two, of course, perfect supernumeraries? We “moralize the spectacle,” too; observe the vacant countenance and flippant air of these men, chained to the circle of half a dozen ideas, and end with a laugh at their fantastical liveries; some in white turned with red, and some in red turned with white. Fancy a man driving, with a militia general’s hat, feathers and all, with three footmen, one seated beside him and two behind, all with white coats, scarlet plush breeches, white silk stockings, rosettes on their shoes, and gold-headed batons in their white-gloved hands. There must be something “rotten in the state,” when God’s creatures, “possible angels,” as our friend Doctor T. calls all humankind, look up to a station behind a lord’s coach as a privileged place. “Possible angels” they may be, but, alas, their path is hedged about with huge improbabilities!

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*London.*—SINCE the first day of our arrival here, my dear C., we have been going on with the swiftness of railroad motion. I have made, *en passant*, a few notes in the hope of retaining impressions that were necessarily slight and imperfect; and now, at my first leisure, I am about to expand them for you. You shall have them honestly, without colouring or exaggeration. I can scarcely hope they will have

any other merit; for, without any humble disclaimers which might be made as to the incompetency of the individual—that individual a woman always more or less hampered—what is one month in London! one month among two millions of people!

Coming to the cities of the Old World, as we do, with our national vanities thick upon us, with our scale of measurement graduated by Broadway, the City-Hall, the Battery, and the Boston-Common, we are confounded by the extent of London, by its magnificent parks, its immense structures, by its docks and warehouses, and by all its details of convenience and comfort, and its aggregate of incalculable wealth. We begin with comforting ourselves with the thought “why these people have been at it these two thousand years, and Heaven knows how much longer.” By degrees envy melts into self-complacency, and we say “they are our relations;” “our fathers had a hand in it;” we are of the same race, “as our new-planned cities and unfinished towers” shall hereafter prove. Mr. Webster said to me after we had both been two or three weeks here, “What is your impression now of London? my feeling is yet amazement.”

I got my best idea of the source of the wealth and power of the country from visiting the docks and warehouses, which we did thoroughly, under the conduct of our very kind countryman, Mr. P. Vaughan, whose uncle, Mr. William Vaughan, had much to do with the suggesting and planning these great works. Do not fear I am about to give you a

particular description of them, which you will get so much better from any statistics of London. Our "woman's sphere," the boundaries of which some of my sex are making rather indefinite, does not extend to such subjects. We yet have the child's pleasure of wonder, and we had it in perfection in passing through an apartment a hundred feet in length, appropriated to cinnamon, the next, of equal extent, to cloves, and so on and so on to a wine-vault under an acre of ground.

I never enter the London parks without regretting the folly (call it not cupidity) of our people, who, when they had a whole continent at their disposal, have left such narrow spaces for what has been so well called the lungs of a city; its breathing-places they certainly are.\* I do not know the number of squares in London. I should think a hundred as large as our boasted St. John's Park, *the Park*, Washington and Union Squares. Their parks appear to me to cover as much ground as half our city of New-York. The Regent's Park, the largest, contains 450 acres; Hyde Park, 395. Besides these, there are Green and St. James's Parks, which, however, are both much smaller than Hyde Park. I wonder if some of our speculating *lot-mad* people

\* A friend has suggested that this censure is unjust in regard to our largest cities, New-York and Philadelphia; that, being built on a limited space enclosed by great bodies of water, our people could not afford to devote building-ground to other purposes. But have they done what they could? What is the justification for the sacrifice of Hoboken? and has anything been done to secure the refinement of pleasure-grounds in our smaller towns and villages?

would not like to have the draining of their adorning-waters, and the laying out of the ground into streets and building-lots, a passion as worthy as Scott's old Cummer's for streaking a corse. It would, indeed, be changing the living into the dead to drive the spirit of health and the healthiest pleasure from these beautiful grounds. The utilitarian principle, in its narrowest sense, has too much to do in our country. I can fancy a Western squatter coming into Regent's Park and casting his eye over its glades, gardens, and shrubberies, exclaim, "Why, this is the best of parara\* land; I'll squat here!"

Yes, dear C., that surely is a narrow utilitarianism which would make everything convertible to the meat that perisheth; and to that would sacrifice God's rich provisions for the wants of man's spirit. The only chance a London tradesman has to feel that he has anything nobler in his nature than a craving stomach, is when he comes forth on Sunday from his smoky place of daily toil into these lovely green parks, where he and his young ones can lay themselves down on the green sward, under the shadow of majestic trees, amid the odour of flowers and the singing of birds: all God's witnesses even to their dulled senses. We have 300,000 souls now in New-York. We shall soon have our million; but, alas! we have no such paradise in preparation for them!

The Zoological Garden is in Regent's Park. As a garden merely, it is very beautiful; and I do not doubt its planner or planners had reference to the

\* The Western Anglice for prairie.

original type of all gardens. Its various and vast number of animals remind you at every turn of Milton's Paradise, though the women in blue and purple satin, and the men in the last fashion of Bond-street, bear little resemblance to the original specimens of those who, with their loyal subjects, were "to find pastime and bear rule."

"For contemplation, he and valour formed ;  
For softness, she and sweet attractive grace."

All the representatives of the bird and animal creation that were housed in the ark appear to have their descendants here; and, as if to guard them against dying of homesickness, they have their little surroundings made as far as possible to resemble their native places. They are accommodated according to the national taste, with private lodgings, and space to roam and growl at will à l'Anglais. There is sparkling water for aquatic birds, and ponds for the otter to dive in. There is space for the dainty giraffe, who seems hardly to touch the ground for very delicateness, to rove over, and trees, to whose topmost branches he stretches his flexile neck. The bear has his area, with poles to hug and climb, and the elephant his tank to swim in, and forest-like glades to lumber along; and camels we saw in the distance grazing on fields of green grass; and then there are "rows of goodliest trees" and "verdurous walls;" "blossoms and fruits;" all the luxuries of paradise, save authority, solitude, innocence, and a few such light matters. The garden

has not been open more than twelve years. The price of admission is only one shilling English. This we should think liberal enough in our democratic country. The pleasure is made more exclusive on Sunday by the requisition of a member's ticket, but these are easily obtained. Several were sent us unasked. If you care for such shows, you may then, in addition to the birds and beasts, see the gentry and nobility!

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I FANCY that most of our people, when they arrive in London, go to the Tower and Westminster Abbey, as the sights they have most and longest thirsted for. I have been told that Webster had not been half an hour in London when he took a cab and drove to the Tower; and I liked the boyish feeling still fresh and perceptible, like the little rivulet whose hue marks it distinctly long after it has entered some great river. I have *not* seen the Tower; not for lack of interest in it, for, ever since in my childhood my heart ached for the hapless state-prisoner that passed its portals, I have longed to see it. We went there at an unfortunate hour; the doors were closed; and I was like a crossed child when I felt that I should never see the Black Prince's armour, nor the axe that dealt the deathblow to Anne Boleyn, nor the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, nor any of the Tower's soul-moving treasures. We were admitted within the outer wall, which encloses an area where

three thousand people live ; a fact that, as it is all I have to communicate, will, I hope, surprise you as much as it did me.

We went three times to Westminster Abbey, and spent many hours there ; hours that had more sensation in them than months, I might almost say years, of ordinary life. Why, my dear C., it is worth crossing the Atlantic to enter the little door by which we first went into the Abbey, and have your eyes light on that familiar legend, "O rare Ben Jonson !" And then to walk around and see the monuments of Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, and of other inspired teachers. You have strange and mixed feelings. You approach nearer to them than ever before, but it is in sympathy with their mortality. You *realize* for the first time that they are dead ; for who, of all your friends, have been so living to you as they ? We escaped from our automaton guide, and walked about as if in a trance.

There is much embodied history in the Abbey—facts recorded in stone. And there are startling curiosities of antiquity, such, for example, as a coronation-chair as old as Edward the Confessor's time, and the helmet of Henry V., and his saddle, the very saddle he rode at Agincourt. I thought, as I looked at it, and felt the blood tingling in my veins, that his prophecy of being "freshly remembered," even "to the ending of the world," was in fair progress to fulfilment.



The Gothic architecture of parts of the Abbey is, I believe, quite unequalled; but the effect of the whole is impaired by Protestant spoliations and alterations. Henry the Seventh's chapel, with its carved stone-ceiling, is a proverb and miracle of beauty.

I was grievously disappointed in St. Paul's. I early got, from some schoolbook, I believe, an impression that it was a model of architecture, that Sir Christopher Wren was a Divine light among artists, and sundry other false notions. It stands in the heart of the city of London, and is so defaced, and absolutely blackened by its coal-smoke, that you would scarcely suspect it to be of that beautiful material white marble. A more heavy, inexpressive mass can hardly be found cumbering the ground. It takes time and infinite pains, depend on't, to educate the Saxon race out of their natural inaptitude in matters of taste. As you stand within and under the dome, the effect is very grand and beautiful. The statues here and at Westminster struck me as monstrous, and even curious, productions for an age when Grecian art was extant, or, indeed, for any age; for there is always the original model, the human form. The artists have not taken man for their model, but the *English* man, of whom grace can scarcely be predicated, and the Englishman, too, in his national, and sometimes in his hideous military costume.

One of the sights that much pleased me was the Inns of Court. The entrance to it is from one of

the thronged thoroughfares (Fleet-street, I believe), to which it seems a sort of episode, or, rather, like a curious antique pendent to a chain of modern workmanship. The ground, now occupied by the lawyers, was formerly appropriated to the Knights Templars. Their chapel still remains; a singular old structure it is. A part of it is in its original condition, as it was when the Du Bois Guiberts of the romantic days worshipped there. When I looked at their effigies in stone, I could almost hear their armour clanking and ringing on the pavement.

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As you will perceive from my barren report to you, I have given very little time to sight-seeing, and less to public amusements. I went once to Covent Garden Theatre with Mrs. —. She has a free ticket, which admits two persons, one of the small fruits of her literary sowing, a species of labour which should produce to her a wide-spread and golden harvest. We went unattended—a new experience to me. Necessity has taught women here more independence than with us, and it has its advantages to both parties; the men are saved much bother, and the women gain faculty and freedom. Mrs. — proceeded with as much ease as if she were going to her own room at home, and we met with no difficulty or impertinence whatever, not even a stare. The play was Henry V., as it is restored by Macready, who, with a zeal that all true

lovers of Shakspeare must venerate, is effacing the profane alterations of the poet's text; such mangling, for instance, as Garrick made of the last scenes of Lear; and, besides, is adding indescribably to the dramatic beauty of the representation by an elaborate conformity to the costume of the period which the play represents. Shakspeare himself would, I suspect, be somewhat startled by the perfection of scenic decoration and costume of Macready's presentation of Henry V. While the choruses are rehearsing by Time, there is a pictorial exhibition of the scenes he describes; and this is managed with such art as to appear to the spectator, not a picture, but an actual scene. As he finishes, a curtain, which seems like a dissolving cloud, is withdrawn, and discloses the actors.

Covent Garden Theatre is much larger, more elegant, and more commodiously arranged than the best of ours. There is a certain indefinite pleasure proceeding from seeing a play of Shakspeare played in the land where he lived; where he has seen them enacted, and himself enacted them. It is something like going to a friend's house for the first time after a long and close friendship with him. A few days since we were at Southampton, and passed through the arch under which Henry led his army when he embarked for the "fair and lucky war." This, and the recurrence of the names of localities that are now within our daily drives, gave me the *realizing* sensation of which you may well be tired of hearing by this time. And, by-the-way, how

could I describe this sensation without our expressive American (New-England ?) use of this word realize ?

We went once to the Italian opera, and sat in the pit. The intermixture of gayly-dressed ladies with men in the pit gives it a civilized and lively aspect ; it is something like turning a forest into a flower-garden. The pit of the opera is filled with people of respectable condition, as you may suppose from the cost of any box large enough for five or six people being seven or eight guineas. We paid two dollars for a seat. Mrs. ——— was with us, expounding to us, and enjoying, as none but those who have the genius to the fingers' ends that makes the artist, can enjoy. The people who have the reputation of being the first singers in the world, sang : Grisi, the young Garcia, Persiani, La Blache, Tamburini, and a very interesting young man, the son of an Italian marquis, whose *nom-de-guerre* is Mario. The little queen was in her box behind a curtain, as carefully hidden from her people as an Oriental monarch ; not from any Oriental ideas of the sacredness of her person, but that she may cast off her royal dignity, and have the privilege of enjoying unobserved, as we humble people do. No chariness of her countenance could make her "like the robe pontifical, ne'er seen but wondered at." She is a plain little body enough, as we saw when she protruded her head to bow to the high people in the box next to her : the queen-dowager, the Princess Esterhazy, and so on. Ordinary is the word for her ; you

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would not notice her among a hundred others in our village church. Just now she is suffering for the tragedy of Lady Flora, and fears are entertained, whenever she appears, that there will be voices to cry out "*Where is Lady Flora?*" a sound that must pierce the poor young thing's heart. Ah! she has come to the throne when royalty pays quite too dear for its whistle!

We had the ballet La Gitana after the singing—and Taglioni. No praise of her grace is exaggerated. There is music in every movement of her arms; and if she would restrict herself within the limits of decency, there could not be a more exquisite spectacle of its kind than her dancing. I would give in to the ravings of her admirers, and allow that her grace is God's beautiful gift, and that fitting it is it should be so used. But could not this grace be equally demonstrated with a skirt a few inches longer and rather less transparent? To my crude notions her positions are often disgusting; and when she raised her leg to a right angle with her body, I could have exclaimed, as Carlyle did, "Merciful Heaven! where will it end?"

Familiarity must dull the sense to these bad parts of the exhibition; for Mrs. ——— quoted a Frenchwoman, who said, on seeing Taglioni, "*Il faut être sage pour danser comme ça*" (one must be virtuous to dance like that). I should rather have said, "*Il ne faut pas être femme pour danser comme ça.*" And I would divide the world, not as our witty friend ——— does into men, women, and Mary Wolston-

crafts, but into men, women, and ballet-dancers. For surely a woman must have forgotten the instincts of her sex before she can dance even as Taglioni does. I am not apt, as you know, my dear C., to run a tilt against public amusements; but I hold this to be an execrable one; and, if my voice could have any influence, I would pray every modest woman and modest *man*, for why should this virtue be graduated by a different scale for the different sexes? every modest man and woman, then, in our land to discountenance its advancement there. If we have not yet the perfection of a matured civilisation, God save us from the corruptions that prelude and intimate its decline!

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We spent a morning at the British Museum, and could have passed a month there profitably. It is on a magnificent scale, worthy this great nation. We have made few excursions out of London. We took the fourth of July to drive to Hampton Court; and so bright and warm it was that, as far as the weather was concerned, we might have fancied ourselves at home, keeping our national festival. "Hampton's royal pile" was begun by Wolsey, who, "though of an humble stock," was born with a kingly ambition, and "fashioned to much honour from his cradle." His expenditure on this palace was most royal, and furnished, as you know, a convenient pretext for his master's displeasure. Henry put forth the lion's right—might—and took possession of it; and the

royal arms and badges of the Tudors are carved over the devices and arms of Wolsey. That part of the edifice which belongs to the age of the Tudors seemed to me alone to have any architectural interest or much beauty. It bears the marks of that era when feudal individual fortifications were giving place to the defences of a higher civilization; when the country-house was superseding the castle. From the time of Henry VIII. to the first two Georges it has been at various times enlarged, and has been one of the regular establishments of the reigning family. It is now, with its extensive and beautifully-ornamented grounds, given up to the public, who are admitted within the gates without a fee! There is no picturesqueness, no natural beauty in the grounds, or, rather, to speak more accurately, in the face of the ground; for who shall presume to say that trees are not natural beauties, and such trees as the magnificent elms, chestnuts, and limes of Hampton, the most surpassingly beautiful of all natural beauties?

There is one walk of a mile to the Thames, and there is shrubbery, and fountains, and artificial bits of water, and aquatic birds, and plants, as we have good reason to remember; for one of our girls, fancying, with truly American naïveté, they were growing *wild*, and unchecked by the pithy admonition on sundry bits of board, "It is expected the public will protect what is intended for public enjoyment," tempted our friend P. to pluck a lotus for her. He was forthwith pounced on by a lad, one of the po-

lice curs, who seized for "the crown and country" the poor water-lily, and compelled P. to appear before one of the officials. The regular fine was ten shillings English; but the man was lenient; and, on consideration of our being Americans (semi-barbarians?), P. was let off with paying a slight penalty for his good-natured gallantry. We left the gardens with reluctance for the duty of seeing the interior of the palace, and, beginning with a princely hall one hundred feet in length, we circulated through more banqueting-rooms, drawing-rooms, "king's sleeping-apartments," "queen's bed-chambers," "king's presence-chambers," "king's and queen's dressing-rooms," "queen's galleries," tapestry galleries, and what not, than ever rose above the horizon of your plebeian imagination.

The apartments are nearly all hung with pictures. There is little furniture, strictly so called, remaining, and what there is, is faded and timeworn.

I give you the following opinion with all modesty, knowing that I am not a qualified judge; the collection of pictures struck me as proving that art is not native to the country. Of course the pictures are chiefly by foreign artists, but obtained by Englishmen who had an unlimited power of patronage and selection. In the immense number of pictures there are few to be remembered. The celebrated portrait of Charles the First on horseback, by Vandyke, rivets you before it by its most sad and prophetic expression. It is such a portrait as Shakspeare



would have painted of Charles had he been an outside painter.

Sir Peter Lely's flesh-and-blood beauties of Charles the Second's time fill one apartment. Hamilton\* and Mrs. Jameson have given these fair dames an immortality they do not merit. They are mere mortal beauties, and not even the best specimens of their kind. They are the women of the coarsest English comedies; not such types of womanhood as Juliet, Desdemona, and Isabella. They have not the merit of individuality. They have all beautiful hands—probably because Sir Peter Lely could paint beautiful hands—and lovely necks and bosoms, most prodigally displayed. There is a mixture of finery and negligence in their dress that would seem to indicate the born slattern transformed into the fine lady. It would take a Mohammed's heaven of such beauties to work up into the spiritual loveliness of an exquisite head of St. Catharine, by Correggio, in another apartment of this gallery. What a text might be made of these counterfeit presentments of the sinner and the saint for an eloquent preacher in a Magdalen chapel!

Holbein's pictures were to me among the most interesting in the collection. Some one says that Holbein's pictures are "the prose of portrait-painting," the least poetic department of the art. If for "prose" you may substitute truth (and truth, to the apprehension of some people, is mighty prosaic), the remark is just. The truth is so self-evident, the in-

\* *Memoires de Grammont.*

dividuality of his pictures so striking, that his portraits impress you as delineations of familiar faces; and there are the pictures of Wolsey, of Sir Thomas More, of Harry the Eighth at different epochs of his life, and of Francis the First. Think of seeing contemporaneous pictures of these men by an exact hand! "Oh, ye gentlemen who live at home at ease," ye may sometimes envy us; and this I say while every bone is aching with the fatigue of this sight-seeing day.

We wound up with the gallery of Raphael's cartoons, so named, as perhaps you do not know, from their being done on a thin pasteboard, called in Italian *cartone*. They were done by the order of Leo the Tenth, to serve as models for the tapestry of one of the halls of the Vatican, and sent to Brussels, where the tapestry was to be woven. After vicissitudes whose history would make a volume, William the Third had this gallery constructed for them, and they were taken from the boxes, in which they were found carelessly packed, and in slips, and put together, and placed in plain frames. These cartoons are the delight of the artistic world. Perhaps the sketches and unfinished paintings of great artists give the best indications of those revelations of beauty that are made to their minds, and to which they can never give material expression. Can ideal perfection be manifested by form and colour? My admiration of the cartoons was very earnest, albeit unlearned. Paul preaching at Athens struck me as the grandest among them.

We returned to London through Bushy Park, where the trees are the most magnificent I ever beheld, not excepting those of Western Virginia. We passed by *Twickenham* and *Strawberry Hill*, and came to Richmond Hill (*Riche-mont*) to dine. The view from this hill has been lauded in poetry and prose, and filled so many dull pages of dull journals, that I, in much mercy, spare you a repetition. If an Englishman were to select a single view in his country to give a stranger the best idea of the characteristics of English rural scenery, it would probably be that of Richmond Hill. It is a sea of cultivation, nothing omitted, imperfect, or unfinished. There are no words to exaggerate these characteristics. It is all strawberries and cream; satingly rich; *filled*

“With hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towers, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.”

And yet, shall I confess it to you, I would have given all the pleasure I should get from it for a lifetime for one glance from S——’s hill at the valley with its wooden houses, straggling brown fences, and ragged husbandry! Yes, and apart from home associations, is there not more to kindle emotion in that valley, lying deep in her encircling hills with their rich woodlands and rocky steeps, than in this monotonous beauty? The one is a drawing-room lady, the other a wood-nymph.

We sent away our carriage, and came home in a steamer, which was crowded when we got on board. At first we looked around in the most self-compla-

cent manner, expecting, with our American notions, that seats would be offered on every side, as they would assuredly have been to all us womankind in one of our own steamers. Not a foot stirred. Some of us were positively unable to stand, and for those Mr. P. made an appeal to some men, who refused without hesitation, appearing to think our expectations were impertinent. We were too far gone to be fastidious, so we adopted the backwoods' expedient, and *squatted* upon what unoccupied territory we could find. If such personal selfishness and discourtesy is the result of a high civilization, I am glad we have not yet attained it. The general indifference of our companions in the steamer to the scenery of the river reminded us of the strictures of English travellers in America in similar situations. Nothing can be more fallacious than the broad inferences drawn from such premises. They were probably people intent on errands of business, or, like us, tired parties of pleasure; and I am sure, at that moment, nothing less than Niagara or the Alps could have excited us to express an emotion. We landed at Hungerford stairs: R. said it reminded him of the landing-place at Chicago. It was rude enough for the Far West. You may imagine our wearied condition when I tell you that when we arrived at home, the girls voluntarily let me off from a promise to chaperone them to Mrs. B——'s concert, where Grisi and the other Italian stars were "choiring—to young-eyed cherubims," no doubt.

We have been to Windsor, with the great advan-

tage of Mrs. — for our companion and guide. She puts a soul and a voice into dumb things, and her soul! We failed to get a permission to see the private apartments, though Lady B. and some other potent friends stirred in our behalf. Only a certain number of tickets are issued during the week, and our application was too late; so we could not see the luxurious furnishings for royal domestic life, if royalty may have domestic life, or ever in

“ Bed majestic  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave  
Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread.”

Windsor Castle, you know, is rich with the accumulated associations of ages, having been begun by Henry III., and enlarged and enriched from time to time down to George I., who put it in complete order. It stands on an eminence just above the little town of Windsor, which, built of brick and stone, is compact and clean, as is everything English, individual and congregate. It is said to be the best specimen of castellated architecture in England. Certainly it is very beautiful, and the most beautiful thing about it is the view from the terrace, which it would be little better than impertinent to describe in any other words than Gray's, in his invocation to those who stand on the terrace:

“ And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights, the expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver winding way.”

But such a mead ! such turf ! such shade ! "Father Thames" might be compared to an old king winding his way through his court ; the very sheep that were lying on the grass under the majestic trees in the "home park," looked like princes of the blood. The most thought-awakening object in the view is undoubtedly the Gothic pile of Eton College with its spires and antique towers. When the queen is at Windsor she walks every Sunday on this terrace, where she is liable to be jostled by the meanest of her subjects ; and as the railway from London passes within a mile and a half of Windsor, she must often endure there collisions to which English blood has such repugnance.

We spent some hours in going through the magnificent apartments of the palace, looking at the pictures, the Gobelin tapestry, &c., &c. The quaint, curious banqueting-room of the knights of the garter, with their insignia, pleased me best. Vacant places are left for future knights ; but how much longer an institution will last that is a part of a worn-out machine, is a question which your children, dear C., may live to see solved.

We had enough of the enjoying spirit of children to be delighted, and felt much in the humour of the honest man who said to Prince Esterhazy when he was blazing in diamonds, "Thank you for your diamonds." "Why do you thank me?" naturally asked the prince. "You have the trouble of them, and I the pleasure of looking at them." Wise and happy man ! He solved a puzzling problem. In

truth, the monarch has not the pleasure of property in Windsor Castle that almost every American citizen has in the roof that shelters him. "I congratulate your majesty on the possession of so beautiful a palace," said some foreign prince to whom Victoria was showing it. "It is not mine, but the country's," she replied. And so it is, and all within it. She may not give away a picture, or even a footstool.

We went into St. George's chapel, which is included in the pile of buildings. We saw there the beautiful effect produced by the sun shining through the painted windows, throwing all the colours of the rainbow on the white marble pillars and pavement. The royal family are buried in the vaults of this chapel. There is an elaborate monument in wretched taste in one corner, to the Princess Charlotte. We trod on a tablet in the pavement that told us that beneath it were lying the remains of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour! It is such memorials as these that we are continually meeting, which, as honest uncle Stephen says, "give one feelings."

Lady B. had said to me in a note, "if you attend service in St. George's chapel, observe the waving of the banners to the music. It seems like a strange sympathy with the tones of the organ before one reflects on the cause." We did attend the service, and realized the poetic idea. The banner of every knight of the garter, from the beginning of the institution, is hung in the choir.

This was the third time we had been present, since we came to England, at worship in the tem-

ples into which art has breathed its soul. First in Winchester Cathedral, then at Westminster Abbey, and now at this old royal chapel. The daily service appointed by the Church was performing with the careless and heartless air of prescription. The clergyman and clerk hurried sing-songing through the form of prayers, that, perfect as they are, will only rise on the soul's wings. I felt the Puritan struggling at my heart, and could have broken out with old Mause's fervour, if not her eloquence. I thought of our summer Sunday service in dear J.'s "long parlour." Not a vacant place there. The door open into the garden, the children strewed round the doorstep, their young faces touched with an expression of devotion and love such as glows in the faces of the cherubs of the old pictures; and for vaulted roof, columns, and storied glass, we had the blue sky, the everlasting hills, and lights and shadows playing over them, all suggestive of devotion, and in harmony with the pure and simple doctrine our friend Dr. Follen taught us. To me, there was more true worship in those all-embracing words "*Our Father!*" as he uttered them, than in all the task-prayers I have heard in these mighty cathedrals. Here it is the temple that is greatest. Your mind is preoccupied, filled with the outward world. The monuments of past ages and the memorials of individual greatness are before you. Your existence is amplified; your sympathies are carried far back; the "inexorable past" does give up its dead. Wherever your eye falls you see the work of a power new to you—the creative power

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of art. You see forms of beauty which never entered into your "forge of thought." You are filled with new and delightful emotions, but they spring from new impressions of the genius of man, of his destiny and history. No; these cathedrals are not like the arches of our forests, the temples for inevitable worship, but they are the fitting place for the apotheosis of genius.\*

I promised to give you honestly my impressions, and I do so. I may have come too old and inflexible to these temples; but, though I feel their beauty thrilling my heart and brimming my eyes, they do not strike me as in accord with the simplicity, universality, and spirituality of the Gospel of Jesus. Some modern unbelievers maintain that Christianity is a worn-out form of religion. Is it not rather true that the spirit escapes from the forms in which man, always running to the material, would embody it?

We took our lunch, and let me, *en passant*, bless the country where you can always command what is best suited "to restore the weak and 'caying nature," as — pathetically called it in his before-dinner

\* If perchance there is one among my readers unacquainted with Bryant's Poems, he may thank me for referring to his Forest Hymn, beginning thus:

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd  
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication."

grace. For lunch they give you a cold round of beef, juicy and tender; ham, perfectly cured, perfectly cooked, delicious bread and butter, or, indeed, what you will, and all so neatly served. Oh, my dear C., mortifying contrasts are forced on my ever-home-turning thoughts!\*

We walked to Eton, and, most fortunately, came upon its classic-play-ground at the moment the boys were let loose upon it. Of course, it was impossible not to recall Gray's doleful prophecy while looking at some former generation of Eton boys. Mrs. — repeated them :

“ These shall the fury passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind;  
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,  
And shame that skulks behind;  
Or pining love shall waste their youth,  
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
And envy wan, and faded care,  
Grim-visaged, comfortless despair,  
And sorrow's piercing dart.”

This is undoubtedly powerful poetry, but is it the true sentiment? I never liked it, and liked it less than ever when looking at these young creatures, among whom are the future teachers and benefactors of their land; it may be a Collingwood, a Wilber-

\* What would probably be served for an extempore lunch at an American inn? Bread and butter (probably fresh bread, and *possibly* not fresh butter), pies, cakes, and sweetmeats. May not the superior muscle and colour of the English be ascribed in part to our different modes of feeding? Our inns improve from season to season, and will, in proportion as our modes of living become more wise and salutary.

force, a Romilly, a Hallam. Should not the poet have seen within these bounding young frames immeasurable faculties, capacities for love and virtue, that eternity cannot exhaust?

The children here strike me as not having the bright, intellectual countenances of ours, which indicate their early development; but, as a physical production, the English boy, with his brilliant complexion and sturdy frame, is far superior to ours.

We have nothing corresponding, my dear C., to the luxury of space and adornment of this play-ground of Eton. The eye does not perceive its boundaries; the Thames passes through it, and the trees have been growing, and, at a fair rate, for hundreds of years.

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MY DEAR C.,

THE London breakfast party is a species of entertainment quite unknown to us, and we should not find it easy to acclimate it. It is not suited to our condition of society. Suppose E. attempting such a thing at New-York. She would naturally invite S. S. as the most agreeable woman of her acquaintance. The answer would probably be, "The children are ailing, and she cannot come." She, like most of our mothers, never leaves her house if there be a shadow in the nursery. Then Mrs. B.: "No, she expects a few friends to dinner, and she must overlook her servants;" and so on, and so on. But if the women, whose habits are most flexible, could be managed, where would you find half a dozen

men at leisure? D. must be at the office of the "Life and Trust" at nine; and of our agreeable poets—our home-lions—Bryant has his daily paper to get out, and Halleck, like poor Charles Lamb, his (only) "heavy works," his ledger, for his morning task; and, save some half dozen idlers, all the men in town are at their counting-houses or offices, steeped to the lips in business by nine o'clock in the morning. But here the case is quite different; the women are not so hampered with domestic life, and the men are "*rentiers*" and masters of their time. The breakfast party is not, however, I believe, of long standing here. I have been told that it was introduced by *that* Mr. Rogers whose household designation among us is "Rogers the poet."

The hour of the breakfast party is from ten to eleven. The number is, I believe, never allowed to exceed twelve; and only comes up to that when the host is constrained, like a certain friend of ours, by his diffusive benevolence, to extend his invitation (his "ticket for six") to a caravan of travellers.

The entertainment is little varied from our eight o'clock breakfasts. There are coffee, tea, and chocolate, rolls, toast, grated beef and eggs, and, in place of our solid beefsteaks and broiled chickens, rein-deers' tongues, sweetmeats, fruit, and ices. These are not bad substitutes for heavier viands, and for our variety of delicate hot cakes. You see none of these, unless it be the poorest of them all, a muffin.

On some occasions there were guests invited to come after breakfast, to enjoy the social hour that

follows it. Now that ideas travel so rapidly from one quarter of the world to another, I trust some steamer will bear to America that which is recently received in England, and has, as long as other cardinal points of philosophy, governed Continental society, viz., that eating and drinking is not a necessary element in social intercourse.

We had the pleasure of a breakfast at Rogers'. Your long familiarity with his poetry tells you the melancholy fact that he is no longer young; a fact kept out of your mind as far as possible, on a personal acquaintance, by the freshness with which he enjoys, and the generosity with which he imparts. I have heard him called cynical, and perhaps a man of his keen wit may be sometimes overtempted to demonstrate it, as the magnanimous Saladin was to use the weapon with which he adroitly severed a man's head from his body at a single stroke. If so, these are the exceptions to the general current of his life, which, I am sure, flows in a kindly current. K. told me he met him one winter in Paris, where he found him enjoying art like a young enthusiast, and knowing every boy's name in the street he lived in, and in friendship with them all. Does not this speak volumes?

He honoured our letters of introduction by coming immediately to see us, and receiving us as cordially as if we were old friends. He afterward expressed a regret to me that he had not taken that morning, before we plunged into engagements, to show me Johnson's and Dryden's haunts, the house

where our Franklin lived, and other classic localities. Ah! this goes to swell my pathetic reiteration of the general lament, "I have had my losses!"

His manners are those of a man of the world (in its best sense), simple and natural, without any apparent consciousness of name or fame to support. His house, as all the civilized world knows, is a cabinet of art, selected and arranged with consummate taste. The house itself is small; not, I should think, more than twenty-five feet front, and perhaps forty deep, in a most fortunate location, overlooking the Green Park. The first sight of it from the windows produces a sort of coup-de-théâtre, for you approach the house and enter it by a narrow street. Every inch of it is appropriated to some rare treasure or choice production of art. Besides the pictures (and "What," you might be tempted to ask, "can a man want besides *such* pictures?") are Etruscan vases (antiques), Egyptian antiquities, casts of the Elgin marbles decorating the staircase wall, and endless adornments of this nature. There are curiosities of another species, rare books, such as a most beautifully-illuminated missal, exquisitely-delicate paintings, designed for marginal decorations, executed three hundred years ago, and taken from the Vatican by the French—glorious robbers! In a catalogue of his books, in the poet's own beautiful autograph, there were inserted some whimsical titles of books, such as "Nebuchadnezzar on Grasses."

But the most interesting thing in all the collection was the original document, with Milton's

name, by which he transferred to his publisher for *ten pounds* the copyright of *Paradise Lost*.<sup>\*</sup> Next in interest to this was a portfolio, in which were arranged autograph letters from Pope and Dryden, Washington and Franklin, and several from Fox, Sheridan, and Scott, addressed to the poet himself. Among them was that written by Sheridan just before his death, describing the extremity of his suffering, and praying Rogers to come to him. But I must check myself. A catalogue raisonnée of what our eyes but glanced over would fill folios. I had the pleasure at breakfast of sitting next Mr. Babbage, whose name is so well known among us as the author of the self-calculating machine. He has a most remarkable eye, that looks as if it might penetrate science or anything else he chose to look into. He described the iron steamer now building, which has a larger tonnage than any merchant ship in the world, and expressed an opinion that iron ships would supersede all others; and another opinion that much concerns us, and which, I trust, may soon be verified—that in a few years these iron steamers will go to America in seven days!

Macauley was of the party. His conversation resembles his writings; it is rich and delightful, filled

\* We were the next morning, after breakfasting with Mr. R., in the presence of Carlyle speaking of this deed of sale and of Tagliani. He amused himself and us with calculating how many *Paradise Losts* she might pay for with a single night's earnings; and, after laughing at this picturesque juxtaposition of Milton and Tagliani, he added seriously, "But there have been better things on earth than *Paradise Lost* that have received worse payment; that have been paid with the scaffold and the cross!"

with anecdotes and illustrations from the abounding stores of his overflowing mind. Some may think he talks too much; but none, except from their own impatient vanity, could wish it were less.

It was either at Mr. Rogers', or at a breakfast a few days after at Mr. R.'s sister's (whose house, by-the-way, is a fair pendant for his), that we had much Monkbarn's humour, from worthy disciples of that king of old bachelors, on the subject of matrimony. H. said there had been many a time in his life when he should have married, if he could some fine day have walked quietly into a village-church, and met at the altar a lady having come as quietly into another door, and then, after the marriage service, each have departed their separate way, with no observation, no speculation upon the engagement, no congratulations before or after. Rogers, who seems resolved to win the crown of celibat martyrdom (is there a crown for it?), pronounced matrimony a folly at any period of life, and quoted a saying of some wicked Benedict, that, "no matter whom you married, you would find afterward you had married another person."

No doubt; but, except with the idealizing lover, I believe the expectation is as often surpassed as disappointed. There is a generous opinion for a single woman of your married fortunes!



I BELIEVE, of all my pleasures here, dear J. will most envy me that of seeing Joanna Baillie, and of seeing her repeatedly at her own home: the best point of view for all best women. She lives on Hempstead Hill, a few miles from town, in a modest house, with Miss Agnes Baillie, her only sister, a most kindly and agreeable person. Miss Baillie—I write this for J., for we women always like to know how one another look and dress—Miss Baillie has a well-preserved appearance; her face has nothing of the vexed or sorrowing expression that is often so deeply stamped by a long experience of life. It indicates a strong mind, great sensibility, and the benevolence that, I believe, always proceeds from it if the mental constitution be a sound one, as it eminently is in Miss Baillie's case. She has a pleasing figure—what we call lady-like—that is, delicate, erect, and graceful; not the large-boned, muscular frame of most Englishwomen. She wears her own gray hair: a general fashion, by-the-way, here, which I wish we elderly ladies of America may have the courage and the taste to imitate; and she wears the prettiest of brown silk gowns and bonnets fitting the beau ideal of an old lady: an ideal she might inspire if it has no pre-existence. You would, of course, expect her to be, as she is, free from pedantry and all modes of affectation; but I think you would be surprised to find yourself forgetting, in a domestic and confiding feeling, that you were talking with the woman whose name is best established among

the female writers of her country ; in short, forgetting everything but that you were in the society of a most charming private gentlewoman. She might (would that all female writers could !) take for her device a flower that closes itself against the noontide sun, and unfolds in the evening shadows.\*

We lunched with Miss Baillie. Mr. Tytler the historian and his sister were present. Lord Woodhouselie, the intimate friend of Scott, was their father. Joanna Baillie appears to us, from Scott's letters to her, to have been his favourite friend ; and the conversation among so many personally familiar with him naturally turned upon him, and many a pleasant anecdote was told, many a thrilling word quoted.

It was pleasant to hear these friends of Scott and Mackenzie talk of them as familiarly as we speak of W., B., and other household friends. They all agreed in describing Mackenzie as a jovial, hearty sort of person, without any indication in his manners and conversation of the exquisite sentiment he infused into his writings. One of the party remembered his coming home one day in great glee from a cockfight, and his wife saying to him, " Oh, Harry, Harry, you put all your feelings on paper !"

\* In the United States Mrs. Barbauld would perhaps divide the suffrages with Miss Baillie ; but in England, as far as my limited observation extended, she is not rated so high or so generally read as here. She has experienced the great disadvantage of being considered the organ of a sect. Does not the " Address to the Deity" and the " Evening's Meditation" rank with the best English poetry ? and are not her essays, that on " Prejudice" and that on the " Inconsistency of Human Expectations," unsurpassed ?

I was glad to hear Miss Baillie, who is an intimate friend of Lady Byron, speak of her with tender reverence, and of her conjugal infelicity as not at all the result of any quality or deficiency on her part, but inevitable.\* Strange this is not the universal impression, after Byron's own declaration to Moore that "there never was a better or even a brighter, a kinder or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B."

After lunch we walked over to a villa occupied by Miss Baillie's nephew, the only son of Dr. Baillie. It commands a view almost as beautiful and as English as that from Richmond Hill; a view extending far—far over wide valleys and gently-swell-ing hills, all standing thick with corn. Returning, we went to a point on Hampstead Hill overlooking the pretty "vale of 'ealth," as our coachman calls it, and which has been to us the vale of hospitality and most homelike welcome. This elevation, Miss B. told me, was equal to that of the ball on the dome of St. Paul's. We could just discern the dome penetrating far into the canopy of smoke that overhangs all London. Miss B. says Scott delighted in

\* I should not have presumed, by a public mention of Lady Byron, to have penetrated the intrenchments of feminine delicacy and reserve which she has with such dignity maintained, but for the desire, as far as in my humble sphere I might do it, to correct the impression so prevailing among the readers of Moore's biography in this country, that Lady B. is one of those most unlovely of women who, finding it very easy to preserve a perpendicular line, have no sufferance for the deviations of others, no aptitude, no flexibility. How different this image from the tender, compassionate, loveable reality! the devoted mother, the trusted friend, the benefactress of poor children.

this view. It is melancholy, portentous, better suited, I should think, to the genius of Byron. I have seen sublime sights in my life, a midnight thunder-storm at Niagara and a "gallant breeze" on the seashore, but I never saw so spirit-stirring a spectacle as this immense city with its indefinite boundaries and its dull light. Here are nearly two millions of human beings, with their projects, pursuits, hopes, and despairs, their strifes, friendships, and rivalries, their loves and hates, their joys and anguish, some steeped to the lips in poverty, others encumbered with riches, some treading on the confines of Heaven, others in the abysses of sin, and all sealed with the seal of immortality.

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THE dinner-hour in London, my dear C., is from six to eight. I think we have received no invitation later than for half past seven. You know the London—the English world, is divided into castes, and our letters have obtained access for us to families that never come together here in social life. We have dined with the suburban gentry, people who, enjoying an income of as many pounds as our country gentleman has dollars, give you a family-dinner of two or three dishes with some simple dessert. For such a dinner, one of our country ladies would be apt to make an apology; the mortifying truth is, that hospitality does not run so much into eating and drinking here, as with us. Everything is of the best quality and served in the best manner, but there

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is no overloading. Without exaggeration, I believe that the viands for a rich merchant's dinner-party in New-York would suffice for any half dozen tables I have seen here; and I am not sure that the supper-table at S.'s ball, just before I left New-York, would not have supplied the evening parties of a London season. The young men there drank more Champagne than I have seen in London. May we not hope that in three or four seasons we may adopt these refinements of civilization? No, not adopt these precisely. The modes of one country are not transferable, without modification, to another. A people who dine at three or four o'clock need some more substantial refection at ten than a cup of black tea; but they do not need a lord-mayor's feast, than which nothing can be more essentially vulgar.

I told you, my dear C., that I was going to dine at L—— house. I went, and I honestly confess to you that, when I drove up the approach to this great lord's magnificent mansion, I felt the foolish trepidation I remember to have suffered when, just having emerged from our sequestered country home, I first went to a dinner-party in town. I was alone. I dreaded conventional forms of which I might be ignorant, and still more the insolent observation to which, as a stranger and an American, I might be exposed. But these foolish fears were dissipated by the recollection of the agreeable half hour I had already passed with Lord L., when I had quite forgotten that he had a lordship tacked to his name, or

that he was anything but a plain, highly-informed gentleman.\* I felt, too, that an unpretending woman is always safe in her simplicity; and when I alighted and was received by half a dozen servants in white and crimson liveries, and announced through magnificent apartments, I felt no more embarrassment than, as a passably modest woman, I should have done in entering alone a gentleman's house in New-York. Lady L. has an air of birth and breeding, and still much beauty, not merely "the remains" of beauty, for so we always speak of a woman past forty. Lady L. was courteous, not condescending, the least acceptable grace of those who stand on a higher level than their associates, since it betrays the consciousness of elevation. There were several persons in the drawing-room to whom I had before been introduced, and I soon forgot that I was a stranger. The modes of English life are identically our own, and there was nothing to remind me I was not at home, save more superb apartments, a larger train of servants and in livery, a dinner-service all of plate, and those most covetable luxuries, first-rate pictures and sculpture. I perceived nothing of the studied stillness we have heard alleged of English society.

\* I have heard that an Englishman, on being asked what struck him most in Americans, replied, "their d—d free and easy manners." There was some truth with much coarseness in this. An American, bred in the best society in his own land, does not feel any more than he acknowledges superiority of rank in another. The distinctions of rank are as vague and imperceptible to him as the imaginary lines are to the puzzled child in his first studies on the globe.

Everything was natural and easy. Lord L. laughed as heartily as T. does, and M. talked to me across the table.

My dinner the next day was far more trying in its circumstances than that at L—— house. Accident had prevented my seeing the lady who invited me. I unwarily accepted the invitation; for, till you have passed the threshold of acquaintance, it is very awkward to plunge into a dinner-party. My invitations had usually been at seven. I had carelessly forgotten the hour named in Mrs. ——'s note, and we concluded it was safest to take the average hour. The distance was three miles from Halfmoon-street, longer than I supposed; our dawdling coachman drove slower than usual; and all the while I was tormenting myself with the fear I might be too late, and that Mrs. —— was thinking what a bore it was to be compelled to civility to a blundering stranger. To put the last drop in my brimming cup of vexation, the coachman made a mistake, and had twice to drive round a large square; and when I finally arrived I was ushered into an empty room—"portentous!" thought I. The gentleman of the house entered, and, disconcerted at my awkward position, and humanely hoping to help me out of it, he said, stammering, "There is some mistake!" "Heavens, yes!" I groaned, inwardly. "Our invitation," he continued, "mentioned six as our dinner hour. We waited till seven, and it is now past" (*past!* it was nearly eight)—"you can do as you please about going in!" I looked to the window—the carriage

was gone ; my ear caught the last faint sound of its receding wheels. There was no escape. A hen, the most timid of breathing things, is courageous when there is no alternative but "to do or die," and so was I. I begged ten thousand pardons, assured Mr. — that the dinner was a perfectly unimportant circumstance to me ; that I would not lose the only opportunity I might have of seeing Mrs. —, &c. So, with a dim smile, he gave me his arm, and I entered the dining-room. There were ten or twelve people present. There was an awful silence, an obvious suspension of the whole ceremony of dinner awaiting my decision. My courage was expended ; I felt it ebbing, when H., who was sitting next the lady of the house, came to my relief, both hands extended, as if to save a drowning creature. He is, as I have told you before, the very imbodiment of the kindly social principle. He stopped my apologies by assuming that I was the injured party, and dealt his blows to our host and hostess on the right and left. He declared that Mrs. — wrote a hand no one could decipher. He never, in a long acquaintance, had made out a note of hers, and he was sure I had not been able to tell whether I was invited at six or eight ! He would know "how — had received me." He was certain "he had made some blunder, it was so like him !" I answered, with strict truth, that Mr. — "had made me feel comfortable in a most uncomfortable position." To my dismay, and in spite of my protestations, Mrs. — insisted on re-beginning at the Alpha of the dinner ;



the guests had reached the Omega. The soup was brought back. H. averred that it was most fortunate for him; he had been kept talking, and had not eaten half a dinner; so he started fresh with me, and went bona fide through, covering me with his ægis as I run my gauntlet through the courses. The age of chivalry is *not* past. Match this deed of courtesy, if you can, from the lives of the preux chevaliers, taken from their sunrising to their sunsetting. This dinner, like many other things in life, was bitter in its experience and sweet in its remembrance.

Our pleasantest dinner, I think, was at K.'s; he who gave us "the ticket for six" to his breakfast. I knew him before coming here as the friend of many of our friends, and the author of very charming published poetry. He seems to me the personification of the English gentleman of Addison's time, "a heart of gold." I do not know that he is celebrated for wit, but I have heard more clever things from him than from any one else in London. No, it is not wit; in that I think there is a drop—it may not be more, but a *drop*—a tang of bitterness; but wit's innocent, sportive, and most lovely child, humour—the infant Bacchus among the higher divinities. K.'s manners are those of a man who has all the world's conventionalities at his command, and yet whose nature is too strong for them, so that the stream of humanity comes gushing fresh from its fountain, without heeding the prescribed channels, watermarks, and barriers that custom and fashion

have decreed.\* The enjoyment of an agreeable, well-bred society is something like passing over a good road through a well-ordered country: delightful in the passage, but no overturns to be remembered. And so I remember nothing of K.'s dinner but that I sat opposite to his picture, which the painter has, in spite of the original's superb head and intellectual eye, made to look so of the earth earthy, that some one said to him, "You should not let that picture hang there: it makes one doubt the immortality of the soul;" and that I sat next Proctor. He is so well known to you as "Barry Cornwall," that you have perhaps forgotten that is merely his *nom-de-guerre*. He was one of the intimate friends of Charles Lamb, and spoke of him in just the way that we, who look upon him with something of the tenderness that we do upon the departed members of our own household, would like to hear him spoken of. Proctor made inquiries about the diffusion of English literature in America, and showed a modest surprise at hearing how well he was known among us.

\* I have hesitated whether to transcribe the above passage from my private journal. Its transcription is a slight infringement of the rule I have prescribed to myself. The gentleman in question was our companion and friend on the Continent, and besides that leaving him out would be leaving out of our travelling web the golden thread, it pleased—my vanity, it may be—to prove how, on the very threshold of his acquaintance, we discerned the treasures within.

MY DEAR C.,

I MAY say that we have scaled the ladder of evening entertainments here, going from a six o'clock family tea up to a magnificent concert at L—— house; and the tea at this home-like hour was at Carlyle's. He is living in the suburbs of London, near the Thames; my impression is, in rather an humble way; but when your eye is filled with a grand and beautiful temple, you do not take the dimensions of surrounding objects; and if any man can be independent of them, you might expect Carlyle to be. His head would throw a phrenologist into ecstasies. It looks like the "forge of thought" it is; and his eyes have a preternatural brilliancy. He reminded me of what Lockhart said to me, speaking of the size of Webster's head, that he "had brains enough to fill half a dozen hats." Carlyle has as strong a Scotch accent as Mr. Combe. His manner is simple, natural, and kindly. His conversation has the picturesqueness of his writings, and flows as naturally, and as free from Germanism, as his own mountain streams are from any infusion of German soil. He gave us an interesting account of his first acquaintance with E——n. He was living with his wife in a most secluded part of Scotland. They had no neighbours, no communication with the world, excepting once a week or fortnight, when he went some miles to a postoffice in the hope of a letter or some other intimation that the world was going on. One day a stranger came to them—a young American—

and "he seemed to them an angel." They spoke of him as if they had never lost their first impression of his celestial nature. Carlyle had met Mr. Webster, and expressed a humorous surprise that a man from over the sea should talk English, and be as familiar as the natives with the English constitution and laws,

"With all that priest or jurist saith,  
Of modes of law, or modes of faith."

He said Webster's eyes were like dull furnaces, that only wanted blowing on to lighten them up. And, by-the-way, it is quite interesting to perceive that our great countryman has made a sensation here, where it is all but as difficult to make one as to make a mark on the ocean. They have given him the soubriquet of "the Great Western," and they seem particularly struck with his appearance. A gentleman said to me, "His eyes open, and open, and open, and you think they will never stop opening;" and a painter was heard to exclaim, on seeing him, "What a head! what eyes! what a mouth! and, my God! what colouring!"

We had a very amusing evening at Mr. Hallam's, whom (thanks to F., as thanks to her for all my best privileges in London) I have had the great pleasure of seeing two or three times. But this kind of seeing is so brief and imperfect that it amounts to little more than seeing the pictures of these great people. Mr. Hallam has a very pleasing countenance, and a most good-humoured and playful manner. I quite forgot he was the sage of the "Middle Ages." He reminded me of —; but his simplicity is more

genuine; not at all that of the great man trying to play child. You quite forget, in the freedom and ease of the social man, that he is ever the hero in armour. We met Sidney Smith at his house, the best known of all the wits of the civilized world. The company was small; he was i' the vein, which is like a singer being in voice, and we saw him, I believe, to advantage. His wit was not, as I expected, a succession of brilliant explosions, but a sparkling stream of humour, very like — when he is at home, and i' the vein too; and, like him also, he seemed to enjoy his own fun, and to have fattened on it.\*

He expressed unqualified admiration of Dickens, and said that 10,000 of each number of *Nicholas Nickleby* was sold. There was a young man present, who, being flushed with some recent literary success, ventured to throw himself into the arena against this old lion-king, and, to a lover of such sport, it would have been pleasant to see how he crackled him up, flesh, bones, and all.

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THE concert at L—— house was in a superb gallery of sculpture, with a carved and gilded ceiling, and other appropriate and splendid accompaniments. I am told that it is one of the choicest collection of

\* I have had the grace here, after transcribing and retranscribing them, to suppress some fresh bon mots of Sidney Smith's on recent works of popular authors being spoken of. Grace it is, knowing how much more acceptable to readers are bon mots than descriptions.

antiques in the Kingdom, but I had no opportunity of judging or enjoying, for the marble divinities were hidden by the glittering mortals. When K. and I entered, the apartments were filled with some hundreds of people of the first station and fashion in the land, luxuriously dressed and sparkling with diamonds, a sea of faces as strange as their diamonds to me. It was an overpowering kind of solitude. Lady L. had politely directed me to a favourable position, and I slunk into the first vacant place I could find, where I was beginning to feel quite comfortable in my obscurity, when K. said to me, with something of the feeling of Columbus' men when they first cried "land!" "there is Mr. — and Mr. —!" These gentlemen soon after made their way to us, and dissipated our forlornness. In the course of the evening we met many agreeable persons to whom we had been before introduced, and several of the most noted lions of the London menagerie were pointed out to us, Bulwer, Taylor, and Talfourd. Lady Seymour was there, a superb beauty certainly, and well entitled to the elective crown she is to wear, of Queen of Love and Beauty. I was introduced to Mrs. Norton, who is herself a most queenly-looking creature, a Semiramis, a Sappho, or an Amazon (the Greek ideal Amazon, remember, uniting masculine force with feminine delicacy, or anything that expresses the perfection of intellectual and physical beauty). There is another of these Sheridan sisters celebrated for her personal charms. I had read but a few mornings before, as I mentioned

to you, that miserable deathbed letter from their penniless grandfather, and I was somewhat struck with the shifting scenes of life when I saw these women occupying the most brilliant position of the most brilliant circle in London. But what are gold and lands to the rich inheritance of Sheridan's genius and Miss Linley's beauty?

It is indeed a royal entertainment to give one's guests such singing as Grisi's, Garcia's, Lablache's, and Rubini's, and can, I suppose, only be given by those who have "royal revenues."\*

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WE passed an evening at Miss C.'s; she is truly what the English call a "nice person," as modest in her demeanour as one of our village girls who has a good organ of veneration (rare enough among our young people), and this is saying something for the richest heiress in England. I was first struck here, and only here, with the subdued tone we hear so much of in English society. When we first entered Miss C.'s immense drawing-room, there were a few dowagers scattered up and down, appearing as few and far between as settlers on a

\* I think one of our parties must strike an Englishman like a nursery-ball. Even in this immense assembly at L. house I saw few young people, none extremely young; but I must confess the *tout ensemble* struck me as very superior in physical condition and beauty to a similar assembly with us. Our *girl*, with her delicate features and nymph-like figure, is far more lovely in her first freshness than the English; but the English woman, in her ripeness and full development, far surpasses ours. She is superb from twenty to forty-five.

prairie, and apparently finding intercommunication quite as difficult. And though the numbers soon multiplied, till the gentlemen came *genial* from the dinner-table, we were as solemn and as still as a New-England conference-meeting before the minister comes in. This, I think, was rather the effect of accident than fashion, the young lady's quiet and reserved manner having the subduing influence of a whisper. Society here is quieter than ours certainly. This is perhaps the result of the different materials of which it is compounded. Our New-York evening-parties, you know, are made up of about seventy-five parts boys and girls, the other twenty-five being their papas and mammas, and other ripe men and women. The spirits of a mass of young people, even if they be essentially well-bred, will explode in sound; thence the general din of voices and shouts of laughter at our parties.

I have rarely seen at an evening-party here anything beyond a cup of black tea and a bit of cake dry as "the remainder biscuit after a voyage." Occasionally we have ices (in alarmingly small quantity!) and lemonade, or something of that sort. At L—— house there was a refreshment-table spread for three or four hundred people, much like Miss D.'s at her New-York soirées, which, you may remember, was considered quite a sumptuary phenomenon. I am thus particular to reiterate to you, dear C., that the English have got so far in civilization as not to deem eating and drinking necessary to the enjoy-

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ment of society. We are a transition people, and I hope we shall not lag far behind them.

I have met many persons here whom to meet was like seeing the originals of familiar pictures. Jane Porter, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Austen, Lockhart, Milman, Sir Francis Chantry, &c.\* I owed Mrs. Opie a grudge for having made me, in my youth, cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair, cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits. Mrs. Austen stands high here for personal character, as well as for the very inferior but undisputed property of literary accomplishments. Her translations are so excellent that they class her with good original writers. If her manners were not strikingly conventional, she would constantly remind me of —; she has the same Madame Roland order of architecture

\* Some of my readers may be surprised to miss from the list of these eminent persons the names of the two female writers most read in the United States, Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jameson. Miss Martineau was on the Continent when I was in London, and in speaking of Mrs. Jameson in this public way would seem to me much like putting the picture of an intimate and dear friend into an exhibition-room. Besides, her rare gifts, attainments, and the almost unequalled richness and charm of her conversation are well known in this country. But with all these a woman may be, *after all*, but a kind of monster; how far they are transcended by the virtues and attractions of her domestic life, it was our happiness to know from seeing her daily in her English home.

and outline, but she wants her charm of naturalness and attractive sweetness; so it may not seem to Mrs. A.'s sisters and fond friends. A company attitude is rarely anybody's best.

There is a most pleasing frankness and social charm in Sir Francis Chantry's manner. I called him repeatedly *Mr.* Chantry, and begged him to pardon me on the ground of not being "native to the manner." He laughed good-naturedly, and said something of having been longer accustomed to the plebeian designation. I heard from Mr. R. a much stronger illustration than this of this celebrated artist's good sense and good feeling too. Chantry was breakfasting with Mr. R., when, pointing to some carving in wood, he asked R. if he remembered that, some twenty years before, he employed a young man to do that work for him. R. had but an indistinct recollection. "I was that young man," resumed Chantry, "and very glad to get the five shillings a day you paid me!" Mr. B. told a pendant to this pretty story. Mr. B. was discussing with Sir Francis the propriety of gilding something, I forget what. B. was sure it could be done, Chantry as sure it could not; and "I should know," he said, "for I was once apprenticed to a carver and gilder." Perhaps, after all, it is not so crowning a grace in Sir Francis Chantry to refer to the obscure morning of his brilliant day, as it is a disgrace to the paltry world that it should be so considered.

I have seen Owen of Lanark, a curiosity rather from the sensation he at one time produced in our

country, than from anything very extraordinary in the man. He is pushing his theories with unabated zeal. He wasted an hour in trying to convince me that he could make the world over and "set all to rights," if he were permitted to substitute two or three truths for two or three prevailing errors; and on the same morning a philanthropical phrenologist endeavoured to show me how, if his theory were established, the world would soon become healthy, wealthy, and wise. Both believe the good work is going on—happy men! So it has always been; there must be some philosopher's stone, some shorthand process, rather than the slow way of education and religious discipline which, to us, Providence seems to have ordained.

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You will perhaps like to know, my dear C., more definitely than you can get them from these few anecdotes of my month in London, what impressions I have received here; and I will give them fairly to you, premising that I am fully aware how imperfect they are, and how false some of them may be. Travellers should be forgiven their monstrous errors when we find there are so few on whose sound judgments we can rely, of the character of their own people and the institutions of their own country.

In the first place, I have been struck with the *identity* of the English and the New-England character—the strong family likeness. The oak-tree may be our emblem, modified, but never changed by

circumstances. Cultivation may give it a more graceful form and polish, and brighten its leaves, or it may shoot up more rapidly and vigorously in a new soil; but it is always the oak, with its strength, inflexibility, and "nodosities."

With my strong American feelings, and my love of home so excited that my nerves were all on the outside, I was a good deal shocked to find how very little interest was felt about America in the circles I chanced to be in. The truth is, we are so far off, we have so little *apparent* influence on the political machinery of Europe, such slight relations with the literary world, and none with that of art and fashion, that, except to the philosopher, the man of science, and the manufacturing and labouring classes, America is yet an undiscovered country, as distant and as dim as—Heaven. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at. There are new and exciting events every day at their own doors, and there are accumulations of interests in Europe to occupy a lifetime, and there are few anywhere who can abide Johnson's test when he says that, "whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the *distant*, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." Inquiries are often put to me about my country, and I laugh at my own eagerness to impart knowledge and exalt their ideas of us, when I perceive my hearers listening with the forced interest of a courteous person to a teller of dreams.

One evening, in a circle of eminent people, the

question was started, "what country came next in their affections to England?" I listened, in my greenness expecting to hear one and all say "America;" no, not one feeble voice uttered the name. Mrs. —, with her hot love of art, naturally answered, "Italy is *first* to us all." "Oh, no," replied two or three voices, "England first, and next—Germany." "England first," said Mrs. A., "Germany next, and I think my third country is—Malta!" I thought of my own land, planted from the English stock, where the productions of these very speakers are most widely circulated, and, if destined to live, must have their longest life; the land where the most thorough and hopeful experiment of the capacity of the human race for knowledge, virtue, happiness, and self-government is now making; the land of promise and protection to the poor and disheartened of every country; and it seemed to me it should have superseded in their affections countries comparatively foreign to them.

I have seen instances of ignorance of us in quarters where you would scarcely expect it; for example, a very cultivated man, a bishop, asked K. if there were a theatre in America! and a person of equal dignity inquired "if the society of Friends was not the prevailing religious sect in Boston!" A literary man of some distinction asked me if the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were read in America; and one of the cultivated women of England said to me, in a soothing tone, on my expressing admiration of English trees, "Oh, you will have such in time, when

your forests are cut down, and they have room for their limbs to spread." I smiled and was silent; but if I saw in vision our graceful, drooping, elm-embowering roods of ground, and, as I looked at the stiff, upright English elm, had something of the pharisaical "holier than thou" flit over my mind, I may be forgiven.

I was walking one day with some young Englishwomen, when a short, sallow, broad man, to whom Nature had been niggardly, to say the least of it, passed us. "I think," said I, "that is a countryman of mine; I have seen him in New-York." "I took him for an American," said one of my companions, with perfect nonchalance. "Pray tell me why." "He looks so like the pictures in Mrs. Trollope's book!" It is true, this was a secluded young person in a provincial town, but I felt mortified that in one fair young mind Mrs. Trollope's vulgar caricatures should stand as the type of my countrymen.

I have heard persons repeatedly expressing a desire to visit America—for what? "To see a prairie"—"to see Niagara"—"to witness the manner of the help to their employers; it must be so very comical!" but, above all, "to eat canvass-back ducks!" The canvass-backs are in the vision of America what St. Peter's is in the view of Rome. But patience, my dear C. In the first place, it matters little what such thinkers think of us; and then things are mending. The steamers have already cancelled half the distance between the two continents. The two worlds are daily weaving more closely their

interests and their friendships. I have been delighted with the high admiration expressed here in all quarters of Dr. Channing, and, above all, to find that his pure religion has, with its angel's wings, surmounted the walls of sectarianism. I have heard him spoken of with enthusiasm by prelates as much distinguished for their religious zeal as for their station. Prescott's History is spoken of in terms of unqualified praise. I have known but one exception. A reviewer, a hypercritic "dyed in the wool," sat next me at Mrs. ——'s dinner. He said Mr. Prescott must not hope to pass the English custom-house unless he wrote purer English, and he adduced several words which I have forgotten. I ventured to say that new words sprung out of new combinations of circumstances;\* that, for example, the French revolution had created many words. "Yes," he replied, "and American words may do for America; but America is in relation to England a province. England must give the law to readers and writers of English." After some other flippant criticisms, he ended with saying that the History of Ferdinand and Isabella was one of the best extant, and that Mr. Prescott had exhausted the subject.

\* I was struck with the different views that are taken of the same subject in different positions, when afterward, in a conversation with the celebrated Manzoni, he asked me if America, in emancipating herself from political dependance, had also obtained intellectual freedom; if, unenslaved by the classic models of England, we venture to modify the language, and to use such new phrases and words as naturally sprung from new circumstances.

He said, what was quite true before the habits of colonial deference had passed away, but is no longer, "that an American book has no reputation in America till it is stamped with English authority, and then it goes off edition after edition." He uttered sundry other impertinences; but, as he seemed good-natured and unconscious that they were so, I sat them down to the account of individual ignorance and prejudice, not to nationality, which has too often to answer for private sins.

Society, as I have before told you, has the same general features here as with us. The women have the same time-wasting mode of making morning visits, which is even more consuming than with us, inasmuch as the distances are greater. What would Mrs. — do in London, who thought it reason enough for removing from New-York to the country, that she had to spend one morning of every week in driving about town to leave visiting-cards? One would think that the proposition which circulates as undeniable truth, that time is the most valuable of possessions, would prevent this lavish expenditure. But it is not a truth. Nothing is less valuable to nine tenths of mere society people, or less valued by them, than time. The only thing they earnestly try to do is to get rid of it.

I have seen nothing here to change my opinion that there is something in the Anglo-Saxon race essentially adverse to the spirit and grace of society. I have seen more invention, spirit, and ease in one soirée in a German family at New-York, than I have



ever seen here, or should see in a season in purely American society. An Englishman has an uncomfortable consciousness of the presence and observation of others ; an immense love of approbation, with either a shyness or a defiance of opinion.

Thoroughly well-bred people are essentially the same everywhere. You will find much more conventional breeding here than with us, and, of course, the general level of manners is higher and the surface more uniform.

"Society is smoothed to that excess,  
That manners differ hardly more than dress."

They are more quiet, and I should say there was less individuality, but from a corresponding remark having been made by English travellers among us. I take it the impression results from the very slight revelations of character that are made on a transient acquaintance. There is much more variety and richness in conversation here, resulting naturally from more leisure and higher cultivation. But, after all, there seems to me to be a great defect in conversation. The feast of wit and reason it may be, but it is not the flow and mingling of soul. The Frenchman, instructed by his *amour propre*, said truly, "*tout le monde aime planter son mot*."\* Conversation seems here to be a great arena, where each speaker is a gladiator who must take his turn, put forth his strength, and give place to his successor. Each one is on the watch to seize his opportunity, show his power, and disappear before his vanity is wounded

\* "Every man likes to put in his word."

by an indication that he is in the way. Thus conversation becomes a succession of illuminations and triumphs—or failures. There is no such “*horreur*” as a bore; no such bore as a proser. A bore might be defined to be a person that must be listened to. I remember R. saying that “kings are always bores, and so are royal dukes, for they must not be interrupted as long as they please to talk.” The crowning grace of conversation, the listening with pleased eagerness, I have rarely seen. When Dr. C. was told that Coleridge pronounced him the most agreeable American he had ever seen, he replied, “Then it was because he found me a good listener, for I said absolutely nothing!” And yet, as far as we may judge from Coleridge’s Table-Talk, he would have been the gainer by a fairer battle than that where

“One side only gives and t’other takes the blows.”

A feature in society here that must be striking to Americans, is the great number of single women. With us, you know, few women live far beyond their minority unmated, and those few sink into the obscurity of some friendly fireside. But here they have an independent existence, pursuits, and influence, and they are much happier for it; mind, I do not say happier than fortunate wives and good mothers, but than those who, not having drawn a husband in the lottery of life, resign themselves to a merely passive existence. Englishwomen, married and single, have more leisure and far more opportunity for intellectual cultivation, than with us. The

objects of art are on every side of them, exciting their minds through their sensations and filling them with images of beauty. There is, with us, far more necessity, and, of course, opportunity, for the development of a woman's faculties for domestic life, than here; but this, I think, is counterbalanced by women's necessary independence of the other sex here. On the whole, it seems to me there is not a more loveable or lovely woman than the American matron, steadfast in her conjugal duties, devoted to the progress of her children and the happiness of her household, nor a more powerful creature than the Englishwoman in the full strength and development of her character.

Now, my dear C., a word as to dress for the woman-kind of your family. I do not comprehend what our English friends, who come among us, mean by their comments on the extravagance of dress in America. I have seen more velvet and costly lace in one hour in Kensington Garden than I ever saw in New-York; and it would take all the diamonds in the United States to dress a duchess for an evening at L—— house. You may say that lace and diamonds are transmitted luxuries, heir-looms (a species of inheritance we know little about); still you must take into the account the immense excess of their wealth over ours, before you can have a notion of the disparity between us.

The women here up to five-and-forty (and splendid women many of them are up to that age) dress with taste—fitness; after that, abominably. Wom-

en to seventy, and Heaven knows how much longer, leave their necks and arms bare ; not here and there one, "blinded, deluded, and misguided," but whole assemblies of fat women—and, O tempora ! O mores ! —and *lean*. Such parchment necks as I have seen bedizzened with diamonds, and arms bared, that seemed only fit to hold the scissors of destiny, or to stir the caldron of Macbeth's witches. — dresses in azure satins and rose-coloured silks, and bares her arms as if they were as round and dimpled as a cherub's, though they are mere bunches of sinews, that seem only kept together by that nice anatomical contrivance of the wristband on which Paley expatiates. This post-mortem demonstration is perhaps, after all, an act of penance for past vanities, or perhaps it is a benevolent admonition to the young and fair, that to this favour they must come at last ! Who knows ?\*

The entire absence of what seems to us fitness for the season may in part result from the climate. In June and July, you know, we have all our dark and bright colours, and rich stuffs—everything that can elicit the idea of warmth, laid aside ; here we see every day velvets and boas, and purple, orange, and cherry silks and satins. Cherry, indeed, is the prevailing colour ; cherry feathers the favour-

\* It is to be hoped that Mrs. —, in her promised essay on the philosophy of dress, will give some hints to our old ladies not to violate the harmonies by wearing auburn hair over wrinkled brows, and some to our young women on the bad taste of uniformity of costume without reference to individual circumstances or appearance. Her own countrywomen do not need these suggestions.

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ite headdress. I saw the Duchess of Cambridge the other evening at the opera with a crimson-velvet turban! Remember, it is July!

We have seen in the gardens plenty of delicate muslins over gay-coloured silks; this is graceful, but to us it seems inappropriate for an out-of-door dress.

The absence of taste in the middling classes produces results that are almost ludicrous. I am inclined to think taste is an original faculty, and only capable of a certain direction. This might explain the art of dress as it exists among the English, with the close neighbourhood of Paris, and French milliners actually living among them; and this might solve the mystery of the exquisite taste in gardening in England, and the total absence of it in France.

As you descend in the scale to those who can have only reference to the necessities of life in their dress, the English are far superior to us. Here come in their ideas of neatness, comfort, and durability. The labouring classes are much more suitably dressed than ours. They may have less finery for holidays, and their servants may not be so *smartly* dressed in the evening as are our domestics, but they are never shabby or uncleanly.\* Their clothes are of stouter stuffs, their shoes stronger, and their dress better preserved. We have not, you know,

\* Would it not be better if our rich employers would persuade their women-servants to wear caps, and leave liveries to countries whose institutions they suit?

been into the manufacturing districts, nor into the dark lanes and holes of London, where poverty hides itself; but I do not remember, in five weeks in England, with my eyes pretty wide open, ever to have seen a ragged or dirty dress. Dirt and rags are the only things that come under a rigid sumptuary law in England.

Order is England's, as it is Heaven's, first law. Coming from our head-over-heels land, it is striking and beautiful to see the precise order that prevails here. In the public institutions, in private houses, in the streets and thoroughfares, you enjoy the security and comfort of this Heaven-born principle. It raises your ideas of the capacities of human nature to see such masses of beings as there are in London kept, without any violation of their liberty, within the bounds of order. I am told the police system of London has nearly attained perfection. I should think so from the results. It is said that women may go into the street at any hour of the night without fear or danger; and I know that Mrs. —— has often left us after ten o'clock, refusing the attendance of our servant as superfluous, to go alone through several streets to the omnibus that takes her to her own home.\*

\* When we had been in London some weeks, one of my party asked me if I had not missed the New-York stacks of bricks and mortar, and if I had observed that we had not once heard a cry of "fire!" In these respects the contrast to our building and burning city is striking. In fifteen months' absence I never heard the cry of fire.

THE system of ranks here, as absolute as the Oriental *caste*, is the feature in English society most striking to an American. For the progress of the human race it was worth coming to the New World to get rid of it. Yes, it was worth all that our portion of the human family sacrificed, encountered, and suffered. This system of castes is the more galling, clogging, and unhealthy, from its perfect unfitness to the present state of freedom and progress in England.

Travellers laugh at our pretensions to equality, and Sir Walter Scott has said, as truly as wittily, that there is no perfect equality except among the Hottentots. But our inequalities are as changing as the surface of the ocean, and this makes all the difference. Each rank is set about here with a thorny, impervious, and almost impassable hedge. We have our walls of separation, certainly; but they are as easily knocked down or surmounted as our rail-fences.

With us, talents, and education, and refined manners command respect and observance, and so, I am sorry to say, does fortune; but fortune has more than its proverbial mutability in the United States. The rich man of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow, and so vice versa. This unstableness has its evils, undoubtedly, and so has every modification of human condition; but better the evil that is accidental than that which is authorized, cherished, and inevitable. That system is most generous, most Christian, which allows a fair start to all;

some must reach the goal before others, as, for the most part, the race is ordained to the swift, and the battle to the strong.

But you would rather have my observations than my speculations; and as, in my brief survey, I have only seen the outside, it is all I can give you, my dear C. I have no details of the vices of any class. I have heard shocking anecdotes of the corruption prevailing among the high people; and men and women have been pointed out to me in public places who have been guilty of notorious conjugal infidelities, and the grossest violations of parental duty, without losing caste; and this I have heard imputed to their belonging to a body that is above public opinion. I do not see how this can be, nor why the opinion of their own body does not bear upon them. Surely there should be virtue enough in such people as the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Duchess of Sutherland to banish from their world the violators of those laws of God and man, on which rest the foundations of social virtue and happiness.

Those who, from their birth or their successful talents, are assured of their rank, have the best manners. They are perfectly tranquil, safe behind the intrenchments that have stood for ages. They leave it to the aspirants to be the videttes and defenders of the out-works. Those persons I have met of the highest rank have the simplest and most informal manners. I have before told you that Lord L—— and the Bishop of —— reminded me of our friends Judge L—— and



Judge W——, our best-mannered country-gentlemen. Their lordships have rather more conventionalism, more practice, but there is no essential difference. Descend a little lower, and a very little lower than those gentry who by birth and association are interwoven with the nobility, and you will see people with education and refinement enough, as you would think, to ensure them the tranquillity that comes of self-respect, manifesting a consciousness of inferiority ; in some it appears in servility, as in Mrs. ——, who, having scrambled on to ——'s shoulders and got a peep into the lord-and-lady world, and heard the buzz that rises from the precincts of Buckingham Palace, entertained us through a long morning visit with third or fourth hand stories about "poor Lady Flora;" or in obsequiousness, as in the very pretty wife of ——, whose eyes, cheeks, and voice are changed if she is but spoken to by a titled person, though she remains as impassive as polar ice to the influence of a plebeian presence. Some manifest their impatience of this vassalage of caste in a petulant but impotent resistance, and others show a crushed feeling, not the humility of the flower that has grown in the shade, but the abasement and incapacity ever to rise of that which has been trodden under foot. Even the limbs are stiffened and the gait modified by this consciousness that haunts them from the cradle to the grave.

A certain great tailor was here yesterday morning to take R.'s directions. His bad grammar, his ob-

sequiousness, and his more than once favouring us with the information that he had an appointment with the Duke of —, brought forcibly to my mind the person who holds the corresponding position in S—. I thought of his frank and self-respecting manner, his well-informed mind, his good influence, and the probable destiny of his children. I leave you to jump to my conclusion.

The language of the shopmen here indicates a want of education, and their obsequiousness expresses their consciousness that they are the "things that live by bowing." And, by-the-way, I see nothing like the rapidity of movement and adroitness in serving that you find in a New-York shop. You may buy a winter's supply at Stewart's while half a dozen articles are shown to you here. If you buy, they thank you; and if you refuse to buy, you hear the prescribed automaton, "Thank you!" I say "prescribed," for you often perceive an under-current of insolence. You will believe me that it is not civility to which I object.

As you go farther down from the tradesman to the servant, the marks of caste are still more offensive. Miss — took me to the cottage of their herdsman. He had married a favourite servant, who had lived, I believe, from childhood in the family. The cottage was surrounded and filled with marks of affection and liberality. Miss — had told me that the woman belonged to a class now nearly extinct in England. "I verily believe," she said, "she thinks my mother and myself are made of a

different clay from her ;” and so her manner indicated, as she stood in a corner of the room, with her arms reverently folded, and courtesying with every reply she made to Miss —, though nothing could be more kindly gracious than her manner. I thought of that dear old nurse who, though wearing the colour that is a brand among us, and not exceeded in devotedness by any feudal vassal of any age, expressed in the noble freedom of her manner that she not only felt herself to be of the same clay, but of the same spirit with those she served.

I confess I do see something more than “urbanity” in this “homage.” I do not wish to be reminded, by a man touching his hat or pulling his forelock every time I speak to him, that there is a gulf between us. This is neither good for him nor me. Have those who pretend to fear the encroachments and growing pride of the inferior classes never any conscientious fears for their own humility ? Do their reflections never suggest to them that pride is the natural concomitant of conscious superiority ? But to return to these demonstrations of respect ; they are not a sign of real deference. I have seen more real insolence here in five weeks in this class of people than I ever saw at home. At the inns, at the slightest dissatisfaction with the remuneration you offer, you are sure to be told, “Such as is *ladies* always gives more.” This is meanness as well as insolence.

As we drove off from Southampton a porter de-

manded a larger fee than we paid. H. called after us to be sure and give the fellow no more. The fellow knew his quarry; he mounted on the coach, and kept with us through a long street, demanding and entreating with alternate insolence and abjectness. He got the shilling, and then returning to the homage of his station, "Do you sit quite comfortable, ladies?" he asked, in a sycophantic tone. "Yes." "Thank you." "Would not Miss — like better this seat?" "No." "Thank you." Again I repeat it, it is not the civility I object to. I wish we had more of it in all stations; but it is the hollow sound, which conveys to me no idea but the inevitable and confessed vassalage of a fellow-being.

I am aware that the sins we are not accustomed to are like those we are not inclined to, in the respect that we condemn them heartily and en masse. Few Englishmen can tolerate the manners of our tradespeople, our innkeepers, and the domestics at our public houses. A little more familiarity with them would make them tolerant of the deficiencies that at first disgust them, and after a while they would learn, as we do, to prize the fidelity and quiet kindness that abound among our servants without the expectation of pecuniary reward; and they would feel that it is salutary to be connected with this large class of our humble fellow-creatures by other than sordid ties.

If I have felt painfully that the men and women of what is called "good society" in America are

greatly inferior in high cultivation, in the art of conversation, and in accomplishments, to a corresponding class here, I have felt quite assured that the "million" with us occupy a level they can never reach in England, do what they will with penny magazines and diffusive publications, while each class has its stall into which it is driven by the tyranny of an artificially constructed society.

While the marks No. 2, No. 3, and so on, are seen cut in, there cannot be the conscious power and freedom, and the self-respect brightening the eye, giving free play to all the faculties, and urging onward and upward, which is the glory of the United States, and a new phase of human society.

With your confirmed habits, my dear C., you might not envy the English the luxuries and magnificence of their high civilization; but I am sure you would the precise finish of their skilful agriculture, and the all-pervading comfort of their everyday existence. *If you have money*, there is no human contrivance for comfort that you cannot command here. Let you be where you will, in the country or in town, on land or on water, in your home or on the road, but signify your desires, and they may be gratified. And it is rather pleasant, dear C.—it would be with your eye for order—to be in a country where there are no bad—bad! no imperfect roads, no broken or unsound bridges, no swinging gates, no barn-doors off the hinges, no broken glass, no ragged fences, no negligent husbandry, nothing to signify that truth omnipresent in America, that there is a

great deal more work to do than hands to do it. And so it will be with our uncounted acres of unsubdued land for ages to come. But we are of English blood, and we shall go forward and subdue our great farm, and make it, in some hundreds of years, like the little garden whence our fathers came. In the mean time, we must expect the English travelers who come among us to be annoyed with the absence of the home-comforts which habit has made essential to their well-being, and to be startled, and, it may be, disgusted with the omission of those signs and shows of respect and deference to which they have been accustomed; but let us not be disturbed if they growl, for "'tis their nature to," and surely they should be forgiven for it.\*

\* It is difficult for an American to appreciate the complete change that takes place in a European's position and relations on coming to this country; if he did, he would forgive the disgusts and uneasiness betrayed even by those who have the most philanthropic theories. He who was born in an atmosphere of elegance and refinement, far above the masses of his fellow-beings; who has seen them eager to obey his slightest signal, to minister to his artificial wants, ready to sit at his feet, to open a way for him, or to sustain him on their shoulders; who is always so far above them as to be in danger of entirely overlooking them, finds suddenly that all artificial props are knocked from under him, and he is brought down to a level with these masses, each individual elbowing his own way, and he obliged to depend on his own merit for all the eminence he attains. M. de Tocqueville is a striking illustration of the conflict between a democratic faith and the habits and tastes engendered by a European education. Perhaps some observation and reflection on this subject would convince parents of the injudiciousness of rearing children in Europe who are to live in America.

*July 8.*—To-morrow we leave England, having seen but a drop in the ocean of things worthy to be examined. We mean, next year, to travel over it, to see the country, to visit the institutions of benevolence, the schools, &c. We are now to plunge into a foreign country, with a foreign language and foreign customs. It seems like leaving home a second time. If anything could make us forget that we are travellers, it would be such unstinted kindness as we have received here. You cannot see the English in their homes without reverencing and loving them; nor, I think, can an Anglo-American come to this, his ancestral home, without a pride in his relationship to it, and an extended sense of the obligations imposed by his derivation from the English stock. A war between the two countries, in the present state of their relations and intercourse, would be fratricidal, and this sentiment I have heard expressed on all sides.

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Antwerp, July 12, 1839.

MY DEAR C.,

WE left the Tower Stairs yesterday at twelve, and were rowed to the steamer Soho, lying out in the Thames, in a miserable little boat, the best we could obtain. We found a natural *American* consolation in remarking the superiority of our Whitehall boats. We nearly incurred that first of all minor miseries (if it be minor), losing our baggage.

François, not speaking a word of English, has been of little use to us; and in our greatest need, at our arrivals and departures, he has been worse than useless, as John Bull's nerves are disturbed by a foreign tongue, and the sub-officials are sure to get in a fluster. Mr. P.'s intervention came in most timely to our aid, and the last boat from the shore brought us our baggage safely. What we shall do without this friend, whose ministering kindness has been so steadfast and so effective, I know not; though François said, as soon as he had shaken the London dust from his feet, with a ludicrously self-sufficient air, "*à present, madame, le courier fait tout !*"\*

The Soho, we were told, is the best steamer that plies between London and Antwerp. It is one hundred and seventy-five feet in length and twenty-eight in breadth. It has some advantages over our Hudson River steamers, a steadier motion, the result of more perfect machinery, a *salle à manger* (an eating-room where there are no berths), and two dinners, served two hours apart. So that, with one hundred and twenty passengers, there is no scrambling, and the dinner is served with *English* order, and eaten at leisure. I was disappointed to find, last night, our condition quite as bad as in a similar position at home. There were thirty more passengers than berths, and these luckless thirty were strewn over the saloon floor, after having waited till a late hour for the last loitering men to be driven forth

\* "From this time your courier does everything."



from their paradise, the dinner-table. The servants were incompetent, and the bedding was deficient, and in the morning we had no place for washing, no dressing-room but this cluttered, comfortless apartment. We all felt a malignant pleasure in having these annoyances to fret about in an English dominion. Even they cannot beguile Dame Comfort to sea — like a sensible woman, she is a stayer-at-home, a lover of the fireside. The English go in troops and caravans to Germany and Switzerland for the summer, and most of our fellow-passengers seemed to be of these gentry, travelling for pleasure. How different from the miscellaneous crowd of an American steamer! There is here more conventional breeding, not more civility, than with us.

When I went on deck in the morning we had entered the Scheldt, and poor M., with her eyes half open, was dutifully trying to sketch the shores. They are so low and uniform that a single horizontal stroke of her pencil would suffice to give you at home all the idea we got; and, for a fac-simile of the architecture, you may buy a Dutch town at Werckmeister's toyshop.

We now, for the first, realize\* that we are in a foreign land, and feel our distance from home. In our memory and feeling England blends with our own country.

We entered into the court of the Hotel St. An-

\* My English reader must pardon the frequent repetition of this word, and may judge of the worth of its American use by the reply of my friend, to whom I said, "I cannot dispense with this word." "Dispense with it! I could as well dispense with bread and water!"

toine through an arched stone gateway, and were, for the first time in our lives, in a paved court, round three sides of which the house, in the common Continental fashion, is built. The mistress of the hotel, in pretty full dress, came out to receive us; and, after hearing our wants, we were conducted through a paved gallery to spacious and well-furnished apartments. Before the hotel is a little square, surrounded with three rows of dwarf elm-trees, and in honour of these, I presume, called *La Place Verte* (Green Place), for there is nothing else green about it. The ground is incessantly trodden by people crossing it, or seated about on the wooden benches in social squads. All the womankind wear a high lace cap, dropping low at the ears, short gowns, and very full petticoats in the Dutch fashion, with which we were familiar enough formerly at Albany. A better class wear a black shawl over the head hanging down to their feet—a remnant of the Spanish mantilla. It is curious to see this and other vestiges of Spanish occupation here, such as some very grand old Spanish houses.

We have been driving about the town in a comfortable carriage, six of us besides the coachman, after a fat, sleek Flemish horse, who seemed quite able to trot off double the number, if need were. I wish I could give you a glimpse of these streets thronging with human life, and seemingly happy human life too. The “honest Flemings” have a most contented look. I almost doubt my identity as I hear this din of a foreign tongue in my ear, and

the clattering of the wooden shoes on the pavement. However, that "I is I," I feel too surely at this moment, having just mounted the tower of the Cathedral, 613 steps: a cathedral built in 1300, and eighty-three years in the building. The tower is beautifully wrought. Charles V. said of it, it should be kept in a case, and Napoleon compared it to Mechlin lace. If these great people have not the fairy gift of dropping pearls from their lips, their words are gold for the guides that haunt these show-places. We paid two francs for the above *jeux d'esprit* to a young *ciceroni*, who could speak intelligibly French, Spanish, English, Italian, and Flemish of course, but could not write, and had never heard of America!!

We saw from the gallery of the tower to a distance (on the word of our guide) of eighty miles. The atmosphere was perfectly transparent, undimmed by a particle of smoke from the city; a fact accounted for by the fuel used being exclusively a species of hard coal. It is worth while to mount a pinnacle in a country like this, where there is no eminence to intercept the view. You see the Scheldt, which is about as wide as the Hudson at Albany, winding far, far away through a sea of green and waving corn,\* and towers, churches, and villages innumerable. The view gave us New-World people

\* Some of our readers may not be aware that this word is not applied in Europe, as with us, alone to Indian corn, but to every kind of grain.

a new idea of populousness.\* After we descended from the tower a bit of antiquity was pointed out to us that would have interested your young people more than any view in Belgium. It is an old well covered with an iron canopy wrought by Quentin Matsys, the "Blacksmith of Antwerp," who, before blacksmiths were made classic by Scott's "Harry of the Winde," fell in love with the pretty daughter of a painter, and left his anvil and took to painting to win her, and did win her, and for himself won immortality by at least one master-piece in the art, as all who have seen his "Misers" at Windsor will testify.

Antwerp is rich in paintings. Many master-pieces of the Flemish painters are here, and, first among the first, "Ruben's Descent from the Cross." Do not think, dear C., that, before I have even crossed the threshold of the temple of art, I give you my opinion about such a painting as of any value. I see that the dead body is put into the most difficult position to be painted, and that the painter has completely overcome the difficulty; that the figures are perfect in their anatomy, and that the flesh is flesh, living flesh; but I confess the picture did not please me. It seemed to me rather a successful representation of the physical man than the imbodiment of the moral sublime which the subject demands. Another picture by Rubens, in the church of St. Jacques, was far more interesting to

\* This was from the dense population of the surrounding country. Antwerp itself contains but about 77,000 inhabitants.

me. It is, considering the subject, fortunately placed, being the altar-piece of the altar belonging to the family of Rubens; and you look at it with the feeling that you are in the presence of this greatest of Flemish artists, as the marble slab on which you are treading tells you that his body lies beneath it. The revolutionary French, with their dramatic enthusiasm for art, spared this tomb when they broke open and pillaged every other one in this church. The picture is called a holy family. The painter, by introducing his own dearest kindred with the names and attributes of saints, has canonized them without leave of pope or cardinal. His own portrait he called St. George; his father's, St. Jerome; his old grandfather's, Time; and his son naturally enough falls into the category of angels. Martha and Mary Magdalen, two most lovely women, are portraits of his two wives; one of these is said to be the same head as the famous "Chapeau de Paille"—probably *the Magdalen*.

For the rest—and what a rest of churches, pictures, carvings, and tombs, that cost us hours of toilsome pleasure, I spare you.

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*Brussels, Monday, 15.*—We came here twenty-five miles by railroad. The cars we thought as good as those on the "Great Western" in England; and our fare was a third less, and so was our speed. The country was a dead level. A Flemish painter only could work up its creature comforts into pic-

turesqueness; rich it certainly is, and enjoyed it appears. After a bustle and confusion at the depôt that made us feel quite at home, we finally got into an omnibus with twelve persons inside, nearly as many outside, and an enormous quantity of baggage, all drawn with apparent ease by two of these gigantic Flemish horses, looking, like their masters, well content with their lot in life.

Brussels is a royal residence, and gay with palaces and park. The park impresses me as twice as large as St. John's in New-York; it has abundance of trees, a bit of water with a rich fringe of flowers, and statues, in bad taste enough. There are splendid edifices overlooking it, and among them the palace of the Prince of Orange, and King Leopold's. That of the Prince of Orange, which Leopold, with singular delicacy for a king, has refused to occupy or touch, is shown to strangers. We were unlucky in the moment of making our application to see it. First come first served is the democratic rule adopted. Four parties were before us, and as we could not bribe the portress to favour us—to her honour I record it—and had no time to waste in waiting, we came away and left unseen its choice collection of paintings. Our roachman, to console us for our disappointment, urged us to go into the royal coach-house and see a carriage presented to William, which, he gave us his assurance—truly professional—was better worth seeing than anything in Brussels! A gorgeous thing it was, all gold and crimson outside, white satin and embroidery in; and with

a harness emblazoned with crowns. Besides this were ten other coaches of various degrees of magnificence.

We next visited the lace manufactory of Monsieur Ducepetiaux. The Brussels' lace is, as perhaps you do not know, the most esteemed of this most delicate of fabrics. "The flax from which it is made grows near Hal; the finest sort costs from 3000 to 4000 francs per pound, and is worth its weight in gold. Everything depends on the tenuity of its fibre."\*

It was fête-day, and we found only a few old women at work; however, we were shown the whole process very courteously, without any other fee being expected than a small alms to the poor workwomen, which, after seeing them, it would be difficult to withhold. I observed women from sixty to seventy at this cobweb-work without spectacles, and was told that the eye was so accustomed to it as not to be injured by it; a wonderful instance of the power of adaptation in the human frame in its most delicate organ. Girls begin at this work at four years of age, and the overseer told us she employed old women of eighty. They begin at six in the morning and work till six in the evening; the maximum of wages is one franc; and, to earn this, a woman must work skilfully and rapidly twelve hours and find herself! I thought of the king's ten coaches.

There are a good many changes to be made before this becomes "the best of all possible worlds!"

\* Murray's Hand-Book.

I spare you our visit to the Cathedral, &c., but I wish, my dear C., I could show you the most fantastical pulpit ever made: the master-piece of Ver-Bruggen, with the story of Adam and Eve carved in wood. I am sure the artist had his own private readings of his work. There seemed to me some precious satire in the symbols he has perched about the pulpit—the monkey! the peacock! and the serpent!

We went into the market-place this morning. It was filled with well-looking peasants, with good teeth and rich nice hair. They were selling flowers, fruit, and vegetables. They addressed us in a very kindly manner, always as "*ma chère*." We saw excellent butter for ten sous per pound, a good cabbage for two sous, two quarts of beans for four sous.

This market-square, now looking so cheerful with the fruits of man's rural industry, has been stained with the blood of martyrs of liberty. It was here that Counts Egmont and Horn were executed by the order of the ruthless Alva; and in the Hotel de Ville, overlooking the square, we saw the hall where his master, Charles V., went through the ceremony of abdication.

We pay here, for a good carriage and two horses, two francs per hour. Some difference, M. remarks, between this and the price we paid in London of one pound twelve shillings per day; but nowhere, I believe, is social life so taxed as in London.



WE set off this morning for the field of Waterloo, a distance of twelve miles from Brussels. I sat on the box beside our coachman, a civilized young man. Travelling is a corrector of one's vanities. I heard myself designated in the court to-day as "*la dame qui s'assit a côté du cocher*"—my only distinction here. I liked my position. My friend was intelligent and talkative, and not only gave me such wayside information as I asked, but the history of his father's courtship and a little love-story of his own, which is just at the most critical point of dramatic progress, and of which, alas! I shall never know the denouement.

It is the anniversary of the Belgian revolution, and, of course, a fête-day. The streets were thronged. I should imagine the whole number of inhabitants, 100,000, were out of doors; and as the streets are narrow and have no side-walks, we made slow progress through the crowd—but so much the better. It was pleasant looking in their good, cheerful faces, the children in their holiday suits, and the women in their clean caps and freshest ribands. Green boughs hung over the windows, and the fruit-stalls were decked with flowers. I looked up the lanes on the right and left; they were a dense mass of human beings, looking well fed and comfortably clad. "Where are your poor people?" I asked my friend. "They are put a oneside," he replied. Alas! so are they everywhere if in the minority. There was wretchedness enough in those lanes that now ap-

peared so well; but he assured me I might walk through them without fear, "the police was too strong for them." The suburbs were thronged too; the straggling little villages along the road full of human life. The women and men were sitting on long benches beside the houses, drinking beer and eating cakes. The pressure of the population would have driven Malthus mad. Everything of woman-kind, down to the girl of four years old, had a baby in her arms, and young things were strewn over the ground, kicking up their heels, and making all manner of youthful demonstrations of happiness.

If some of our worn, pale mothers, who rock their cradles by the hour in close rooms, would turn their young ones into the sweet open air, they would find it play upon their spirits like the breath of Heaven on an *Æolian* harp. I never before saw the young human animal as happy as other animals, nor felt how much they were the creatures of mere sensation. "You see how well they look," said my friend, who observed my pleasure in gazing at them; "they work hard too, all that can work, and eat nothing but potatoes and milk." Simple, wholesome diet, and plenty of fresh air: this tells the whole story of health.

The forest of Soignies, which Byron makes poetically grieve over the "unreturning brave," lies now, at least a good portion of it, as low as they; and in the place of it are wheat, barley, potatoes, &c., which my utilitarian friend thought far better than unedible trees. The King of the Netherlands made a

very pretty present to Wellington, along with his title of "Prince of Waterloo," of 1000 acres of this forest-land, which is extremely valuable for its timber. Waterloo itself is a straggling, mean little village, in which, as we were going to the burial-place of thousands of brave men, we did *not* stop to weep over the grave of the Marquis of Anglesea's leg, which, with its monument, epitaph, and weeping willow, is one of the regular Waterloo lions. At Mont St. Jean, on the edge of the field of battle, we took our guide Martin, a peasant with a most humane physiognomy, indicating him fitter to show a battle-field than to fight on it.

Now do not fear that I am about to commit the folly of describing "the field of Waterloo." I shall merely tell you that we have seen the places whose names are magic words in the memories of those who remember 1815. As we left Mont St. Jean we came upon an unenclosed country, and at the large farmhouse called *Ferme de Mont St. Jean* we first saw a mound, surmounted by the Belgic lion. This mound is two hundred feet high, and covers the common burying-place of friends and foes. The lion is placed over the very spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, and is cast from the cannon taken in the field of battle. To those cavillers who see no good reason why, amid such a mass of valiant sufferers, a wound of the Prince of Orange should be illustrated, or why the *Belgic* lion should crown the scene, and who lament that the face of the field has been changed by the elevation of the

mound, it has been answered pithily, if not satisfactorily, that it is appropriate, "since it serves at once for a memorial, a trophy, and a tomb."\*

Hougoumont remains as it was after the day of the battle. It is an old Flemish chateau, with farm-offices and a walled garden. The house is shattered, and the walls look as if they had been through the wars. There were twenty-seven Englishmen in the chapel, a structure not more than thirteen feet square, when it took fire. A wooden image of our Saviour is suspended over the door; and our guide averred (and, though a guide, with a moistened eye) that when the flames reached the image they stopped. "C'est vrai," he repeated. "Aux pieds du bon Dieu! Un miracle, n'est ce pas, madame?"† I almost envied the faith that believed the miracle, and had the miracle to believe. The English, in their passion for such relics, had begun chipping off the foot, and our good Martin said, shuddering, that if the proper authority had not interfered, "on auroit mis le bon Dieu toutes en

\* It was interesting to read, on the very spot, Byron's testimony to this as a position for a battle-field. "As a plain," he says, "Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Plataea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Cheronæa, and Marathon; and the field around Mount St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of them, except, perhaps, the last mentioned."

† "It is indeed true. At the feet of the good God. A miracle, was it not, madam?"

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pièces!" The Catholic sentiment is nearly untranslatable into Protestant English.

The inner wall is written over with the names of visitors. Byron's was there; but some marauding traveller has broken away the plaster and carried it off to Paris. "Do you not think," said our guide, with an honest indignation, "that a man must be crazy to do this?" The simple peasant-guide knew the worth of Byron's name. This *is* fame.

We drove round the rich wheat-field to *La Haye Sainte*. There is no ground in all rich Belgium so rich as this battle-field. In the spring the darkest and thickest corn tells where the dead were buried! The German legion slaughtered at *La Haye Sainte* are buried on the opposite side of the road, where there is a simple monument over them.

"Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce canst tread  
Here on a spot unhallowed by the dead."

*La Belle Alliance*, where Wellington and Blucher met after the battle, was pointed out to us; and Napoleon's different positions, the very spot where he stood when he first descried Blucher, and his heart for the last time swelled with anticipated triumph. How I wished for Hal to stand with me where Wellington gave that ringing order, "Up, guards, and at them!"

We were shown the places where Gordon, Picton, and others of note fell; and there, where the masses lay weltering in blood, the unknown, unhonoured, unrecorded, there was

“Horror breathing from the silent ground.”

“It was a piteous sight,” said our guide, “to see, the next day, the men, with clasped hands, begging for a glass of water. Some had lost one side of the face with a sabre-cut; others had their bowels lain open! They prayed us to put an end to their miseries, and said, ‘surely God would forgive us.’ All the peasants, men, women, and children, that had not been driven clear away, came in to serve them; but there were not enough; and they died, burned with thirst, and their wounds gangrened, for there were not surgeons for the half of them. They would crawl down to those pools of water and wash their wounds; the water was red and clotted with *blood*. Oh, c’est un grand malheur, la guerre, mesdames!” he concluded. Martin would be an eloquent agent for our friend Ladd’s Peace Society.

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BELGIUM is a perfect garden. Between Brussels and Liege, a distance of sixty miles, we did not see, over all the vast plain, one foot of unused earth. There are crops of wheat, rye, oats, beans, and pease, and immense cabbage plantations, with no enclosures, neither fences nor hedges; no apparent division of property. You might fancy the land was under the dominion of an agrarian law, and that each child of man might take an equal share from mother earth; but, alas! when the table is spread there is many a one left without a cover.

On arriving at the dépôt, a league from Liege, we

had a scene of confusion unusual in these countries, that should and do get the benefit of order from their abounding police-men. A number of arklike, two-story omnibuses were drawn up. Calling out being prohibited, the signal to attract attention was a hiss, and the hissing of rival conductors was like nothing so much as a flock of enraged geese. We got involved in a dispute that menaced us with a fate similar to that adjudged by Solomon to the contested child. *Monsieur le Courier* had promised us to the "omnibus Jaune," and *Mademoiselle la Couriere* to the "omnibus Rouge;" the yellow finally carried it, and we were driven off amid such hisses as Dante might have imagined a fit Inferno for a bad actor. Poor M. lost her travelling-cloak in the confusion. I can tell you nothing of Liege, from my own observation, but that it is a most picturesque old place, with one part of the town rising precipitously above the other in the fashion of Quebec; and that we went to see the interior court of the Palais de Justice, formerly the archbishop's palace, whose name will recall to you Quentin Derward. It is surrounded by a colonnade with short pillars, each carved after a different model. We walked round the space within the colonnade, which is filled with stalls containing such smaller merchandise as you find around our market-places. The English call Liege the Birmingham of Belgium. Their staple manufactory is firearms, and Mr. Murray tells us "they produce a better article, and at a lower price, than can be made for the same sum in England"—a

feather, this, in the Belgian cap ! The source of their prosperity is the abundance of coal in the neighbourhood. "The mines are worked on the most scientific principles. Previous to the revolution, Holland was supplied with coal from Belgium ; but the home consumption has since increased to such an extent, from the numerous manufactories which have sprung up on all sides, that the Belgian mines are now inadequate to supply the demand, and a recent law has been passed, permitting the importation of coals from Newcastle."\* Wise Hollanders !

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THE diligences did not suit our hours, and François could obtain no carriage to take us to Aix-la-Chapelle but an enormous lumbering omnibus. Imagine what a travelling-carriage ! Though the distance is but about twenty-five miles, we were nine mortal hours passing it ; however, it was through a lovely country, varied with hill and dale, a refreshing variety after the monotonous dead-level of our preceding days in Belgium. On leaving Liege we passed the Meuse and ascended a long hill, and from the summit looked over a world of gracefully-formed land, all under the dominion of the husbandman. The fields are enclosed by hedges, inferior to the English, but resembling them in the trees that intersperse them. There is very little pasture-land amid this garden-like cultivation. I have seen one flock of sheep to-day of a tall, slender breed ; and very

\* Murray's Hand-Book.



beautiful cows, white with brown spots, that, cow-fancier as you are, would enchant you. They rival your Victoria and her mother the duchess.

We passed villages at short intervals, not bearing the smallest resemblance to a New-England village, for there is nothing that bears the name in Europe so beautiful. I may say this without presumption after having seen the English villages. The village here is usually one long street of small, mean houses built contiguously. At almost every house there is something exposed to sell. The tenants are all out of door—the “seven ages” of man—and at least half are smoking. We saw girls not more than six years old with their pipes; and they smoke on to old age, apparently cheerful and healthy. Yet we hold tobacco to be a poison; perhaps the out-of-door life is the antidote. We have passed pretty villas to-day, and substantial farm-houses with capital barns and offices, all indicating rural plenty.

With the threats of beggars in our guide-book, we have been surprised at our general exemption; but to-day we have seen enough of them, and a sight it is quite as novel to our New-World eyes as a cathedral or a—police-man. They have followed us in troops, and started out from their little lairs planted along the road, blind old men and old crones on crutches. As we begin the ascension of the hills we hear slender young voices, almost overpowered by the rattling of the wheels on the paved road; by degrees they multiply and grow louder, and before we reach the summit they over-

power every other sound, crying out to the *demoiselles* in the *coupé* and to the *monsieur* and *madame* in the *intérieure*, in a mongrel patois of French and Flemish: "Ah donnez moi un petit morceau de *brod*—vous n'en serez pas plus pauvre—da-do—charité pour un pauvre aveugle, madame—da-do!"\*

A few leagues before reaching Liege we experienced another equally disagreeable characteristic of the social system of the Old World. We passed the Prussian frontier, and were admonished by the black eagle—a proper insignia for a custom-house, a bird of prey—that our baggage must be inspected. We dreaded the disturbance of our trunks, and looked with suitable detestation on the mustachoeed officials that approached us. While they were chaffering with François to settle the question whether they should go up to the baggage or the baggage come down to them, and deciding that the mountain *should* come to Mahomet, an officer of as harmless aspect as Deacon I., with spectacles on nose and a baby in his arms, came to our relief, saying that if Monsieur le Courier would give his parole d'honneur (a courier's parole d'honneur!) that there was nothing to declare—that is, customable—the examination might be omitted. François pledged his word, and there was no farther trouble. This contrasts with the torment we had in England, of having all our baggage overhauled and disarranged, and sent home to us, some light articles lost and

\* "Give us a morsel of bread—da-do—you will not be the poorer for it—da-do!—charity for a poor blind man!"

delicate ones ruined. That this should happen in civilized England at this time of day is disgraceful. I felt it a mortification, as if the barbarism had been committed by my own kindred.

While our lunch was preparing we strolled off to a little meadow, where there were some young people loading a cart with hay. We sat down on the grass. The scene was pretty and rural, and so home-like that it brought tears to our eyes; home-like, except that there was a girl not so big as your Grace—no, not five years old, raking hay and smoking a pipe.

Returning to the inn we passed the open window of our friend the master of the customs. I thanked him for his forbearance. He appeared gratified, and when we came away he came out of his door with a friend, and they bowed low and repeatedly. Better this wayside courtesy than the bickerings that usually occur on similar occasions.

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*Aix-la-Chapelle.*—THIS name will at once recall to you Charlemagne, whose capital and burying-place it was. We have just returned from La Chapelle, which so conveniently distinguishes this from the other Aix in Europe. Otho built the present church on the site of Charlemagne's chapel, preserving its original octagonal form, which Charlemagne, intending it for his own tomb, adopted from the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. We stood under the centre of the dome on a large marble slab,

inscribed "Carolo Magno;" and over our heads hung a massive chandelier, the gift of *Frederic Barbarossa*. How these material things conjured back from the dead these mighty chieftains!

The vault must have been a startling sight when Otho opened it and found the emperor, not in the usual supine posture, but seated on his throne in his imperial robes, with the crown on his fleshless brow, his sceptre in his hand, the good sword *joyeuse* at his side, the Gospels on his knee, the pilgrim's pouch, which, living, he always wore, still at his girdle, and precious jewels sparkling amid decay and ashes. The sacristan showed us his scull—the palace of the soul!—enclosed in a silver case. His lofty soul has, I trust, now a fitter palace. There are shown also several relics found in his tomb which touch a chord of general sympathy: his hunting-horn, a relic of the true cross, and a locket containing the Virgin's hair, which he wore in death, as he had always worn in life.

This church is said to be the oldest in Germany. The choir, built in 1356, is more modern. Its painted windows are so exquisite in their form that they affect you like a living beauty.

There is a fête to-day. The "*grandes reliques*," which are shown once in seven years, are exhibiting, and the town is thronged with the peasantry. They were literally packed on the little *place* before the Cathedral. A priest was in a very high gallery with attendants, displaying the relics. This church is rich in these apocryphal treasures. The priest

held up one thing after another, the Virgin's chemise, the swaddling-clothes, &c., against a black surface, and at each holy thing down sunk the mass upon their knees. There were exceptions to this devout action; travellers who, like us, were staring, and talking, and making discord with the deep responses, and there were a few persons pushing their way through the crowd, hawking little books in German and French describing the relics; and selling beads that had been blessed by the priest. If not holy, the relics have an historical interest that makes them well worth seeing. They were presented to Charlemagne by a patriarch of Jerusalem, and by a Persian king.\*

The baths of Aix were enjoyed by the Romans. We went to one in the centre of the town, where a brazen lion spouts out the mineral water, and where there is a very handsome building with a colonnade and refreshment-rooms. We would have gladly lingered here for a few days instead of these very few hours; but, like all our country people, we seem always urged by some demon on—on—on.

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*Cologne.*—STILL, my dear C., the same story to tell you of yesterday's journey. The peasants have just begun their mowing and harvesting, and the hay and corn are all as thick as the choicest bits in our choice meadows. There were immense plantations

\* "Formerly 150,000 pilgrims resorted to this fête, and so late as 1832 there were 43,000."

of potatoes, oats, pease, and beans ; no fences, hedges, or barrier of any sort—one vast sea of agricultural wealth.

We are now, as Mr. Murray tells us, “in the largest and wealthiest city on the Rhine,”\* and have more than enough to do if we see the half set forth on the eight well-filled pages of his best of all guide-books. We leave here at four P.M. ; so you see how slight a view we can have even of the outside of things. Our habit of breakfasting at nine abridges our active time, but it gives me a quiet morning hour for my journal. Do you know—I did not—that Cologne received its name from Agrippina, Nero’s mother — surely the most wretched of women ? She was born here, and sent hither a Roman colony, calling the place *Colonia Agrippina*. A happy accident I should think it, if I were a Colognese, that blotted out her infamous name from my birthplace.

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We passed the day most diligently ; and as it is not in human nature not to value that which costs us labour, you must feel very grateful to me if I spare you the description of church after church, reliques, and pictures. Such reliques, too, as the real bones of St. Ursula and her thirteen thousand virgins ! the bones, *real* too, of the Magi, the three kings of Cologne (whose vile effigies are blazoned on half the sign-boards on the Continent), and such pictures as Ruben’s crucifixion of St. Peter, which

\* Cologne has 65,000 inhabitants.

he deemed his best, because his last, probably. The real thing, that would please you better than all the reliques in Belgium, is the establishment of Eau de Cologne, of the actual Jean Maria Farina, whose name and fame have penetrated as far as Napoleon's. No wonder that this dirtiest of all towns should have elicited the perfumer's faculties. When some one said, "The Rhine washes Cologne," it was pithily asked, "What washes the Rhine?"

Another sight here, my dear C., would in earnest have pleased you ; the only one of the kind I have seen on the Continent : troops of little boys and girls with their books and slates. A woman of distinction, who was born here, tells us that the feudal feeling of clanship is in high preservation. "I never come here," she says, "without being assailed by some one of the *basse classe*, who obliges me to listen to all the details of a family grievance as if it were the affair of my own household." This sentiment of feudal dependance will probably melt away before the aforesaid books and slates. So the good goes with the bad. It is a pity we have not a moral flail ; but, as of old, the tares and the wheat are too intricately intermingled for human art to separate them. I promised to spare you the churches of Cologne, but I cannot pass by the Cathedral. It would be as bad as the proverbial leaving out Hamlet from the enacting of his own tragedy. The Cologne Cathedral is not, and probably never will be, finished. It impressed me anew with a conviction of the immortality of the human mind. What an infinite distance between its

conceptions and the matter on which it works! A work of art rises in vision to the divinely-inspired artist; what years, what ages are consumed in expressing in the slow stone this conception! and the stone is transformable, perishable. Can the mind be so?

The name of the architect of the Cathedral of Cologne is unknown. No matter; here are his thoughts written in stone.

You cannot see the Gothic architecture of Europe without being often reminded of Victor Hugo's idea that architecture was, till superseded by printing, "the great book" wherein man wrote his thoughts in "marble letters and granite pages;" and, being once possessed with this notion, you cannot look at the beautiful arches and columns, at such stupendous flying buttresses as these of the Cologne Cathedral, and its "forest of purfled pinnacles," without feeling as if you were reading a Milton or a Dante. There are innumerable expressions that you cannot comprehend, but, as your eye ranges over them, you read the rapturous praises of a David, and prophecy and lamentation, and, even in these sacred edifices, the keen satires and unbridled humour of the profane poets. Victor Hugo says that, at one period, whoever was born a poet became an architect; that all other arts were subservient to architecture, all other artists the servants of the architect, "the great master workman."\*

I do not know that the ideas which he has so well

\* "L'architecte, le poete, le maitre totalisait en sa personne la  
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elaborated originated in his own mind, nor can I tell whether this wondrous art would have suggested the idea to my mind without his previous aid. We see by the bright illumination of another's mind what the feeble light of our own would never reveal; but remember we do as certainly see.

The Apostles' Church here is exquisitely beautiful. Mr. Hope said it reminded him of some of the oldest Greek churches in Asia Minor; and that, when looking at the east end, he almost thought himself at Constantinople; and, though you may think me bitten by Victor Hugo's theory, I will tell you that its romantic and Oriental beauty brought to my mind "The Talisman," in Scott's Tales of the Crusaders.

MY DEAR C.,

*Bonn.*—WE embarked, for the first time, yesterday on the Rhine, the "father and king of rivers," as the German poets with fond reverence call it. "The majestic Rhine" it has not yet appeared to us, having but just come opposite to the Sichengebirge, a cluster of mountains where the scenery first takes its romantic character. We were four hours, in a good steamer, getting to Bonn, a distance of about twenty miles. This slow ascent of the river is owing to the force of the current. We were much struck with the social, simple, and kindly manners of our

sculpture qui lui ciseleait ses façades, la peinture qui lui enluminaient ses vitraux, la musique qui mettait sa cloche en branle et soufflait dans ses orgues."—*Victor Hugo.*

German companions in the steamer. Several well-bred persons addressed us and asked as many questions as a Yankee would have asked in the same time. Some of them made us smile, such as whether the language in America was not very like that spoken in England! and if New-York had more than thirty thousand inhabitants! Before we separated the girls were on familiar terms with some pretty young ladies going to boarding-school, and half a dozen people, at least, had ascertained whence we came and whither we were going. M. was quite charmed with this unreserve. "Like to like," you know!

There was a lady on board who riveted our attention. Without being handsome, she had the "*air noble*," that is, perhaps, the best substitute for beauty. Her face was intellectual, and her eyes such as I have never seen except in the head of a certain harpy eagle in the zoological gardens. Lest you should get a false impression from this comparison, I must tell you that these harpy eyes haunted me for days after I saw them reviving, with their human expression and wonderful power, my childish superstition about the transmigration of souls.

"That woman is very ill-bred," said M., "to peer at us so steadily through her eyeglass." "We look at her just as steadily, only without eyeglasses," said L.; and, as none think themselves ill-bred, we came to the silent conclusion that the stranger might not be so. There was something in her air, and in a peculiarity, as well as elegance of

dress, that indicated she felt well assured of her position.

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*Bonn.*—We brought letters to the celebrated Schlegel, who resides here, and to a certain Madame M. Schlegel sent us a note, saying he was kept in by indisposition, but would be most happy to receive us. Soon after breakfast Madame M. was announced, and proved to be the harpy-eyed lady of the steamer. Her manner struck me as cold, and I felt all the horror of thrusting myself on involuntary hospitality. "She is doing a detestable duty," thought I, "in honouring Mrs. ——'s letter of credit in behalf of strangers from a far country, and of a language that she does not speak." By degrees her manner changed from forced courtesy to voluntary kindness. She marked out occupation for all our time at Bonn, lavished invitations on all our party, and insisted on my going home with her to see what was to be seen at her house, which, she said, in a way to excite no expectation, "was better than staying at the inn." I went, and found that she had a superb establishment in the best quarter of the town. We met a pretty young woman on the stairs, whom she introduced to me as her daughter. She had her long sleeves tucked up over her elbow, and a cotton apron on, and reminded me of a thrifty New-England *lady* preparing to make her "Thanksgiving pies." Mademoiselle M. soon after brought in a small waiter, with rich hot chocolate and cakes. I

asked Madame M. if the accounts we had received of the domestic education of women in Germany of the condition of her daughter were true. She said yes; they were taught everything that appertained to house-affairs. We know they do not find this domestic education incompatible with high refinement and cultivation. Knowledge of house-affairs is a necessity for our young countrywomen—perhaps some of them would think it less an evil if they could see Mademoiselle M. in her luxurious home expressing, as did Eve, Penelope, and other classic dames, by the dainty work of her own hands, that she was “on hospitable thoughts intent.”

When I entered Bonn through an ineffably dirty street, I little dreamed it could contain a house with the lovely view there is from Madame M.’s window, of gardens and cornfields; and much less did I anticipate sitting with that fearful lady of the steamer over cases of antique gems—some as old as remote epochs of Grecian art—while she expounded them to me; so at the mercy of accident are the judgments of tourists. Madame M.’s house is filled with productions of the arts, pictures, busts, &c., which I was obliged to leave all too soon to go with my party to pay our respects to Schlegel; and I went, half wishing, as L. did on a similar occasion, that there were no celebrated people that one must see.

Schlegel is past seventy, with an eye still brilliant, and a fresh colour in his cheek. He attracted our attention to his very beautiful bust of Carrara marble, and repeatedly adverted to the decay of the

original since the bust was made, with a sensibility which proved that the pleasures and regrets that accompany the possession of beauty are not limited to women. He makes the most of his relics by wearing a particularly becoming black velvet cap, round which his wavy white locks lay as soft as rays of light. He was courteous and agreeable for the half hour we passed with him ; but I brought away no new impression but that I have given you, that he is a handsome man for threescore and ten.

At three Madame M. came, according to appointment, to show us the Bonn lions and surroundings. We drove first to the University, which is the old electoral palace. Bonn was comprehended within the Electorate of Cologne. The façade of this palace of the lord elector, which has now become a flourishing seat of learning, is nearly a quarter of a mile in extent. The palaces and cottages of Europe indicate its history.

The University, which has now between eight and nine hundred students, was established by the King of Prussia, and is said to owe its reputation to its distinguished professors ; Niebuhr was here, and Schlegel is. We were shown a library of one hundred thousand volumes, a museum of natural history, and a very interesting museum of Roman remains found on the banks of the Rhine, altars, vases, weapons, &c. We were conducted through the botanical garden by Monsieur l'Inspecteur, a celebrated botanist, and one of a large family of brothers devoted to the science. "Une aristocratie

botaniste," said Madame M. He showed us a rich collection of American plants, and I stood amid the mosses and ferns, my old friends of the ice-glen, feeling very much as if I ought to speak to them as they did to me!

We drove, by a road that reminded me of the drives through the Connecticut River meadows, to Godesberg. There was one pretty object, the like of which we shall never see in our Puritan land—a high and beautifully-carved stone cross. It marked the spot where two cavaliers—brothers—fought for their lady-love, and the unhappy survivor erected this cross, hoping the passers-by would stop to say a prayer for the soul of his brother.

There is a cluster of hotels at Godesberg, and some villas belonging to the Cologne noblesse; it is a favourite summer retreat. We went to see the ruins of the Castle of Godesberg. They crown an isolated mount, which looks, in the midst of the surrounding level, as if it were artificial; but it is one of those natural elevations which, being castellated and strongly fortified, make up so much of the romantic story of the middle ages, and, with their ruins, so much of the romantic embellishment of the present day. This Castle of Godesberg has its love story, and a true and tragic one. It was here that the Elector of Cologne who married Agnes of Mansfeldt held out against his Catholic enemies. His marriage made his conversion to Protestantism somewhat questionable; and the separation and misery in which the unhappy pair died was probably

interpreted into a judgment on these two apostate servants of the Church. It has been one of the purest of summer afternoons, and we had a delicious stroll up to the ruins; a world of beauty there is within the small compass of that mount. Fancy a hill rising from the bosom of meadows as our Laurel Hill does, but twice as high and twice as steep, with a path winding round it, every foot of cultivable earth covered with grape-vines, having shrines chiselled in the rocks, and crucifixes and madonnas for the devout. Half way up is a little Gothic church and a cemetery, where the monuments and graves—yes, *old* graves—were decked with fresh garlands, the lilies and roses that have blown out in this day's sun. Is not this a touching expression of faith and love—faith in God, and enduring love for the departed?

What a picture was the country beneath us, and what a pretty framework for the picture, the stone arches of the old castle! The earth was washed clean by the morning showers. Beneath us was an illimitable reach of level land covered with crops. The harvesting and hay-making just begun, but not a blade yet taken off the piled lap of mother earth. At our feet were the peasants' dwellings, little brown cottages, almost hidden in fruit-trees; beyond, the gay villas of the noblesse; and still farther, the lively-looking town of Bonn, with its five-towered Cathedral. Still farther, on one side Cologne, on the other the seven mountains, with the ruins of Drachenfels; fine wide roads—those unquestionable

marks of an old civilization—traversing the country in every direction, and, as far as your eye could reach, that king of roads, the Rhine.

Madame M. so fully enjoyed the delight she was bestowing, that she proposed to prolong it by an excursion to-morrow, which shall be still richer in romance. She will come at ten with two carriages. We shall take our *déjeuner à la fourchette* here, and then drive to Roland's Castle, then pass to the monastery of Nonenworth, where, her son officiating as chaplain she proposes to make a nun of Miss K., all to end in a dinner, for (I must tell you the disenchanting fact) the monastery is converted into an inn. This is too pleasant a project to be rejected, and if—and if—and if—why we are to go.

While enjoying to-day and talking of to-morrow, we had returned to the inn. Tea was preparing at the order of our charming hostess. Dispersed about the house and piazza were coteries of German ladies, who had come out for the afternoon, and were knitting and gossiping most serenely.

Our repast was very like a home tea for a hungry party of pleasure, with the agreeable addition to our cold roast fowl and Westphalia ham and strawberries, of wine, melons, and Swiss cheese.

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MY DEAR C.,

TO-DAY has played a common trick with yesterday's project—dispersed it in empty air. Compelled to proceed on our journey, we did not lose the



highest pleasure we had counted on—Madame M.'s society. She stayed with us to the last moment, and then, when saying farewell, a kind impulse seized her; she sent her footman back for her cloak, and came with us as far as Andernech, where she has one of her many villas. This was just what L. M. would have done on a similar occasion; but how many of these incidental opportunities of giving pleasure, these chance-boons in the not too happy way of life, are foregone and—irretrievable!

At Bonn the romantic beauty of the Rhine begins. I have often heard our Hudson compared to the Rhine; they are both rivers, and both have beautiful scenery; but I see no other resemblance except so far as the Highlands extend, and there only in some of the natural features. Both rivers have a very winding course, and precipitous and rocky shores. But remember, these are shores that bear the vine, and so winding for *forty* miles that you might fancy yourself passing through a series of small lakes. I have seen no spot on the Rhine more beautiful by Nature than the Hudson from West Point; but here is

“A blending of all beauties, streams, and dells,  
Fruits, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells,  
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.”

Read Byron's whole description in his third canto of *Childe Harold*, of this “abounding and exulting river,” and you will get more of the sensation it is fitted to produce than most persons do from actually

seeing it. Its architecture is one of its characteristic beauties; not only its ruined castles—and you have sometimes at one view three or four of these stern monuments on their craggy eminences—but its pretty brown villages, its remains of Roman towers, its walls and bridges, and its military fortifications and monuments:

“A thousand battles have assailed its banks,”

and have sown them richly with their history. And every castle has its domestic legend of faithful or unfaithful love, of broken hopes or baffled treachery. Story, ballad, and tradition have breathed a soul into every tumbling tower and crumbling wall.

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We passed the night at Coblenz. The Romans called it *Confluentes*, “modernized into Coblenz, from its situation at the confluence of the Mosel and the Rhine. It is the capital of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, and its population, together with that of Ehrenbreitstein, including the garrison, is about 22,000.” Thank our guide Murray for the above well-condensed paragraph, containing more information than half a dozen pages of my weaving.

The younger members of our party, *including myself*, were enterprising enough to quit our luxurious and most comfortable apartments at the Bellevue at five o'clock, to go to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein (“Honour’s broad stone,” is it not a noble name?).

We passed the Rhine on a bridge of boats, and followed a veteran Austrian soldier, who was our valet de place, to the fortified summit. It has been from the time of the Romans a celebrated military post. Byron saw and described it after it had been battered and dismantled by the French, and not as it now is, capable of resisting, on the word of Wellington, "all but golden bullets." It only yielded to famine when the French besieged it. The Prussians have made it stronger than ever, at an expense of five millions of dollars! So the men of toil pay for the engines that keep them mere men of toil.

The works struck me as appallingly strong, but, as I could not comprehend their details, after our guide had told me there were magazines capable of containing a ten years' supply of food for 8000 men, that there were cisterns that would hold a three years' supply of water, and, when that was exhausted, the Rhine itself could be drawn on by a well which is pierced through the solid rock; when I had got all this *available* information, I turned to what much better suited me, the lovely view. Oh, for my magic-mirror to show you how lovely looked, in this morning light, the scene below us; the blue Moselle coming down through its vine-covered hills, towns, ruins, villas, cottages, and the Rhine itself, "the charm of this enchanted ground!" I think I like it the better that it is frozen three months in the year. This seems to make it a blood-relation of our rivers. You cannot imagine how much the peasant girls in their

pretty costumes embellish these surroundings. They do not wear bonnets, but, in their stead, an endless variety of headgear. Some wear a little muslin cap or one of gay-coloured embroidery, and others a sort of silver case that just encloses the long hair, which is always braided and neatly arranged.

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Do you know that the prince of diplomatists and arch-enemy of liberty, Metternich, was born at Coblenz? We have just been to see a fountain, on which is an inscription commemorative of the French invasion of Russia. It was put there by the French prefect of the department, and a few months after, when the Russians passed through here in pursuit of the scattered army of Napoleon, their commander annexed the following happy sarcasm: "Vu et approuvé par nous commandant Russe," &c. (Seen and approved by us, the Russian commander.)

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Wiesbaden, *Poste Restante*, July 24.

K. and I came here this morning to purvey for the party, and get lodgings for a month or two. The best hotels were full. We were shown disagreeable rooms at *the Poste*, and though the man assured us he could not keep them for us ten minutes, as all the world was rushing to Wiesbaden, we took our chance, and hazed about the streets, finding nothing that we liked. At last I made inquiry in a book-shop, and a good-natured little woman entering into

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our wants, ran across the street with us, and in five minutes we had made a bargain with a man whose honest German face is as good security as bond and mortgage. We have a very nice parlour and three comfortable rooms for thirty-five florins a week—about fourteen dollars. We pay a franc each for breakfast, for tea the same, and we have delicious bread, good butter, and fresh eggs; for our dinners, we go, according to the custom here, to the table d'hôte of a hotel. We could not get as good accommodations as these in a country town at home for the same money, nor for double the sum at a watering-place.

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MY DEAR C.,

*Sunday evening.*—WE have been here now more than a week, and, with true traveller's conceit, I am sitting down to give you an account of the place and its doings. Wiesbaden (*Meadow-baths*) is the capital of the duchy of Nassau, about two miles from the Rhine. It is a very old German town, and was resorted to by the Romans. It may be called the ducal residence, as the duke, in natural deference to his fair young wife's preference, now resides here a good portion of the time, and is building a large palace for the duchess.

Wiesbaden has more visitors than any of the numerous German bathing-places. The number amounts to from twelve to fifteen thousand annually, and this concourse is occasioned by the unrivalled reputation of its mineral-water. At six this morn-

ing we went to the Kochbrunnen (boiling spring). There is a small building erected over it, and a square curb around it, within which you see it boiling vehemently. Its temperature is  $150^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. Its taste is often compared to chicken-broth. If chicken-broth, it must have been made after the fashion of Dr. T.'s prescription to his hypochondriac patient, who fancied water-gruel too strong for her digestion: "Eight gallons of water, madam, and the shadow of a starved crow!"

From six to eight the water-drinkers did their duty, drinking faithfully. Some read or lounged in a sunny corridor where a band of musicians were stationed playing gay tunes; but the approved fashion is to saunter while you sip. We were mere lookers-on, and it was ludicrous to see these happy-looking Germans, whom it would seem Heaven had exempted from every evil flesh is heir to, save obesity, come down to the spring with their pretty Bohemian glasses of all colours and shapes, walk back again up the long acacia walks, sipping in good faith, and giving the water credit, no doubt, for doing what, perhaps, might be done without it by their plentiful draughts of the sweet early morning air.

After breakfast I went to the window, and here are my notes of what I saw. "How freshly the windows are set out with flowers. Our opposite neighbour has new-garnished her little shop-window with fresh patterns of calico, and scarfs, fichus, and ribands. Two girls are standing at the next door-step, knitting and gossiping; and at the

next window sits the selfsame pretty young woman that I saw knitting alone there all last Sunday. It is a happy art that distils contentment out of a passive condition and dull employment. The street is thronging with fair blooming peasant-girls come into town to pass their Sunday holyday. How very neat they look with their white linen caps and gay ribands, and full, dark-blue petticoats, so full that they hang from top to bottom like a fluted ruffle. The bodice is of the same material, and sets off in pretty contrast the plaited, snow-white shift-sleeve. There are the duke's soldiers mingling among them ; their gallants, I suppose. Their deportment is cheerful and decorous.

“Here is a group of healthy-looking little girls in holyday suit, their long, thick hair well combed, braided, and prettily coiled, and a little worked worsted sack hanging over one shoulder. The visitors of Wiesbaden—German, Russian, English—are passing to and fro ; some taking their Sunday drive, some on foot. Beneath my window, in a small, triangular garden, is a touching chapter in human life ; the whole book, indeed, from the beginning almost to the end. There is a table under the trees in the universal German fashion, and wine and Seltzer-water on it ; and there, in his armchair, sits an old blind man, with his children, and grandchildren, and the blossoms of yet another generation around him. While I write it, the young people are touching their glasses to his, and a little thing has clambered up behind him and is holding a rose to his nose.”

If you recollect that we are now in Protestant Germany, you will be astonished at the laxity of the Sabbath. The German reformers never, I believe, undertook to reform the Continental Sabbath. They probably understood too well the inflexible nature of national customs, and how much more difficult it is to remodel them than to recast faith. We are accustomed to talk of "the horrors of a Continental Sabbath," and are naturally shocked with an aspect of things so different from our own. But, when I remember the dozing congregations I have seen, the domestics stretched half the heavy day in bed, the young people sitting by the half-closed blind, stealing longing looks out of the window, while the Bible was lying idle on their laps; and the merry shouts of the children at the going down of the sun, as if an enemy had disappeared, it does not seem to me that we can say to the poor, ignorant, toil-worn peasant of Europe, "I am holier than thou!"

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I LEFT my journal to go to church. At all these Continental resorts there is service in English, and here the duke permits it to be held in his own church. The service was performed by a clergyman of the Church of England.

At four o'clock we set off for our afternoon walk. The gay shops in the colonnade were all open, but there were few buyers, where buyers most do congregate, at the stalls of the all-coloured, beau-



tiful Bohemian glass, and of the stag-horn *jim-cracks* so curiously carved by the peasants; even Monsieur Jugel's bookshop was deserted. The English are, for the most part, the buyers, and they do not buy on Sunday. We went into the Kur-Saal Garden, which at this hour is alive with people, hundreds sitting at their little tables on the gravelled area between the hall and a pretty artificial lake, smoking, sipping coffee, wine, and Seltzer-water, and eating ices. A band of capital musicians were playing. We had some discussion whether we should go into the *Kur-Saal*, and finally, determining to see as much as we womankind can of what characterizes the place, we entered. The *Kur-Saal* (cure-hall) belongs to the duke, and its spacious apartments are devoted to banqueting, dancing, and gambling. The grand saloon is a spacious apartment with rows of marble pillars, and behind them niches with statues, alternating with mirrors. It was an odd scene for us of Puritan blood and breeding to witness. A circular gambling-table in the midst of the apartment was surrounded with people five or six deep, some players but more spectators. The game was, I believe, roulette. It was most curious to see with what a cool, imperturbable manner these Germans laid down their gold, and won or lost, as the case might be, on the instant. There were not only old and practised gamblers, but young men, and people apparently of all conditions, and among them women, *ladies*. These are a small minority, seldom, as I am told, more than half a dozen among a hundred men.

I watched their faces ; they looked intent and eager, but I did not, with their change of fortune, detect any change of colour or expression. We walked through the smaller rooms, and found in all gambling-tables and players in plenty, and that where there were fewest spectators the passions of the players were more unveiled.

This buying and selling, and vicious amusement, is indeed a profaning of the day when God has ordained his earth to be a temple of sacred rest from labour, and sordid care, and competitions. When and where will it be so used as to do the work it might achieve—regenerate the world ?

We soon emerged into the garden again, and were glad to see a great many more people outside than in. This garden, or rather, ornamented ground, for the greater part of it is merely in grass and trees, extends up the narrowing valley for two miles to the ruins of the old Castle of Sonnenberg. We passed the little lake with its fringe of bright flowers, its social squads of ducks and its lordly swans, and many a patch of bright flowers and shrubberies, and rustic benches with tête-à-tête pairs or family groups, and kept along a path by a little brook that seems good-naturedly to run just where it looks prettiest and is most wanted, till we mounted the eminence where the feudal castle guarded the pass between two far-reaching valleys, and where the old keep, chapel, and masses and fragments of wall still standing, extend over a space half as large as our village covers. Fragments of the wall form one side

of a range of cottages, serving a better purpose than when they were the bulwark of a half-savage warrior.

Sonnenberg is kept in beautiful order by the duke's command and money. There are plantations of furze about the old walls, narrow labyrinthine walks enclosed with shrubbery and imbowered with clematis, and seats wherever rests are wanted. I unluckily disturbed a tête-à-tête to-day, which, if there be truth in "love's speechless messages," will make a deep mark in the memory of two happy-looking young people.

There is a compact village nestled close under the ruins of the castle. Here it was that the feudal dependants of the lord lived, and here the rural population is still penned. These villages are picturesque objects in the landscape, but, on a close inspection, they are squalid, dirty, most comfortless places, where the labouring poor are huddled together without that good gift—sweet air, and plenty of it, which seems as much their right as the birds'.

When I see the young ones here playing round a heap of manure that is stacked up before their door, I think how favoured are the children of the poorest poor of our New-England villages—but softly—the hard-pressed German peasant, in his pent-up village, has a look of contentment and cheerfulness that our people have not. If his necessities are greater, his desires are fewer. God is the father of all, and these are his compensations.

We got home to Burgh-strasse just as the last hues

of twilight were fading from the clouds, and just as K. was taking off her hat she remembered that, after coming down from the castle, she turned aside to gather some flowers, and meanwhile hung her bag, containing sundry articles belonging to herself and *my* purse, on the railing of a bridge. What was to be done? We hoped that in the dusky twilight it might have escaped observation. K. proposed sending for a donkey and going herself in search of it. I consented, being most virtuously inclined (as those to whom it costs nothing are apt to be) to impress on Miss K. a salutary lesson. The donkey came, and off she set, attended by François and followed by a deformed donkey driver with the poking-stick, and everlasting *A-R-R-H*, much to the diversion of the denizens of Burgh-strasse, who were all on their doorsteps looking on. She was hardly out of my sight before I repented sending her off with these foreign people into the now obscure and deserted walk. I thought there was an evil omen in the donkey boy's hump-back, and, in short, I lost all feeling for "my ducats" in apprehension for "my daughter;" and when she returned in safety without the bag, I cared not for Herr Leisring's assurance "that it would yet be found; that it was rare anything was lost at Wiesbaden."

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THIS morning "my ducats" rose again to their full value in my esteem, and just as I was pondering on all I might have done with them, Leisring's broad,

charming face appeared at the door with the announcement, "On l'a trouvée, mademoiselle" (It is found!), and he reiterated, with a just burgher pride, "rarely is anything lost at Wiesbaden." The bag, he says, was found by a "writer" and left with the police, and Leisring, the writer, and the police, all decline compensation or reward. If this abstemiousness had occurred in our country, we might, perhaps, have thought it peculiar to it.

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I WENT last evening with the girls to a ball given every week to such as choose to attend it; I went, notwithstanding Mr. ——'s assurance (with a horror not quite fitting an American) that we should meet "Tom, Dick, and Harry there." One of the girls replied that "Tom, Dick, and Harry were such very well-behaved people here, that there was no objection to meeting them;" and so, fortified by the approbation of our English friends Miss —— and Miss ——, who are sufficiently fastidious, we went. The company assembled in the grand saloon of the Kur-Saal at the indefinite hour at which our evening lectures are appointed, "early candle-lighting," and it was rather miscellaneous, some in full, some in half dress. The girls had been told it was customary to dance, when asked, without waiting for the formality of an introduction, and they were only too happy to obtain their favourite exercise by a courteous conformity to the customs of the country. They had partners, and very nice ones, in plenty. I

was struck with the solemn justice of one youth, who, dispensing his favour with an equal hand, engaged the three at the same time, one for a quadrille, one for a gallopade, and one for a waltz. We had no acquaintance in the room, no onerous dignity to maintain; the girls had respectful partners, plenty of dancing, and no fagging, as we were at home and in bed by eleven.

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It seems to me that Sir F. Head, in his humorous account of the German dinner, has done some injustice to the German cuisine. After you have learned to thread its mazes to the last act of its intricate plot, you may, passing by its various greasy messes, find the substantial solace of roast fowls, hare, and delicious venison, that have been pushed back in the course of precedence by the puddings and sweet sauces. These puddings and sauces are lighter and more wholesome than I have seen elsewhere. Indeed, the drama, after the prologue of the soup, opens with a tempting boiled beef, at which I am sure a "Grosvenor-street cat," if not as pampered as my lord's butler, would *not*, in spite of Sir Francis' assertion, turn up his whisker.

We dine at the Quatre Saisons, the hotel nearest to us, and as we are told, the best table d'hôte in the place. There is a one o'clock, and in deference to the English, a five o'clock dinner. The universal German dinner-hour is one. The price at one is a florin—about forty-two cents; at five, a Prussian

dollar—about seventy-five cents. This is without wine. We dine usually at one, but we have been at the five o'clock table, and we see no other difference than the more aristocratic price of that aristocratic hour. Besides the *trifling* advantage of dining at one in reference to health, it leaves the best hours of the day free for out-of-door pleasures. The order and accompaniments of our dinner are agreeable; the tables are set on three sides of a spacious *salon à manger*, with a smaller table in the centre of the room, where the landlord (who carves artistically) carves the dinner. His eyes are everywhere. Not a guest escapes his observation, not a waiter omits his duty.

When the clock is close upon the stroke of one, people may be seen from every direction bending their steps towards the hotel. You leave your hats and bonnets in an ante-room. The *ober kelner* (head-waiter) receives you at the door, and conducts you to your seats. The table is always covered with clean (not very fine) German table-linen, and of course, supplied with napkins. Pots with choice odorous plants in flower are set at short intervals the whole length of the table; a good band of music is playing in the orchestra. The dinner-service is a coarse white porcelain. As soon as you are seated, little girls come round with baskets of bouquets, which you are offered without solicitation. You may have one, if you will, for a halfpenny, and a sweet smile from the little flower-girl thrown into the bargain. Then come young women with a printed sheet con-

taining a register of the arrivals within the last three days, for which you pay a penny. I observe the newcomers always buy one, liking, perhaps, for once in their lives, to see their names in print. The *carte à vin* is then presented, and, if you please, you may select an excellent *Rhine* wine for twenty-five cents a bottle, or you may pay the prices we pay at home for Burgundy and Champagne.\* These preliminaries over, the dinner begins, and occupies between one and two hours, never less than an hour and a half. The meats are placed on the table, then taken off, carved, and offered to each guest. You see none of those eager looks or hasty movements that betray the anxieties of our people lest a favourite dish should escape. A German eats as long and as leisurely as he pleases at one thing, sure that all will be offered to him in turn; and they are the most indefatigable of eaters; not a meat, not a vegetable comes on table which they do not partake. A single plate of the cabbage saturated with grease that I have seen a German lady eat, would, as our little S. said when she squeezed the chicken to death, have "deaded" one of our dyspeptics "*very* dead;" and this plate of cabbage is one of thirty varieties. The quiet and order of the table are admirable. The servants are never in a hurry, and never blunder. You know what angry, pathetic, and bewildering calls of "Waiter!" "Waiter!" we hear at our tables. I have never heard the call of "Kelner!" from a German.

\* Not the hotel prices, but about one dollar and fifty cents.



I leave the table each day expecting half the people will die of apoplexy before to-morrow, but to-morrow they all come forth with placid faces and fresh appetites ! Is this the result of their leisurely eating ? or their serene, social, and enjoying tempers ? or their lives, exempt from the keen competitions and eager pursuits of ours ? or their living out of doors ? or all of these together ? I leave you to solve a problem that puzzles me.

A German, of whatever condition, bows to his neighbours when he sits down and when he rises from table, and addresses some passing civility to them. We are sometimes amused at the questions that are asked us, such as, "Whether English is spoken in America ?" A gentleman asked me "Whether we came from New-York or New-Orleans ?" as if they were our only cities ; and another said, in good faith, "Of course there is no society except in New-York !" Oh, *genii locorum* of our little inland villages, forgive them !

We are too often reminded how far our country is from this. Yesterday a Russian gentleman said to K., "Qui est le souverain de votre pays, mademoiselle ?" "Monsieur Van Buren est le President des Etats Unis." "Ah, oui. Mais J'ai entendu le nom de Jackson. Il est du bas peuple n'est ce pas ?"

"Comment s'appellent les chefs des petits arrondissements ?"\* It might be salutary to such of our

\* "Who is the sovereign of your country, miss?" "Mr. Van Buren is the President of the United States." "Ah, yes. But I

people as are over anxious about what figure they make in foreign eyes to know they make none.

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I HAVE been attracted to the window every morning since I have been here by the troops of children passing to the public school, their hands full of books and slates; the girls dressed in cheaper materials, but much like those of our village-schools, except that their rich German hair is uncovered, and they all, the poorest among them, wear good stockings—so much for the universality of German knitting. Education is compulsory here as in Prussia; the parent who cannot produce a good reason for the absence of the child pays a fine. I went into the girls' school nearest to us this morning. They looked as intelligent, as early developed, and as bright as our own children.

They went successfully through their exercises in reading, geography, and arithmetic. At an interval in these lessons, the master, who was a grave personage some sixty years old, took from a case a violin and gave them a music lesson, which, if one might judge from the apparent refreshment of their young spirits, was an aliment well suited to them. What is to be the result of this education system in Germany? Will people, thus taught, be contented to work for potatoes and black bread?

We have been in search of an infant school which we were told was near the *Poste*.

have heard the name of Jackson. He sprang from the lower class, did he not?" "Pray what is the title of the chiefs of the lesser departments?"

We passed the Poste and lost our clew, so I resorted to my usual resource, a bookseller, who directed me up a steep, narrow street, and told me to ask for the "*Klein Kinder Schule*." I went on, confident in my "open sessime," but nothing could be more ludicrous than my stupefaction when the good people to whom I uttered my given words, not doubting that one who could speak so glibly could also understand, poured out a volume of German upon me; up—up we went, half the people in the street, with humane interest, looking after us, till we came to the window of an apartment that opened on to a court where the little urchins were seated. The appearance of visitors was a signal for the cessation of their studies. There was a general rising and rush to their plays; but first the little things, from two years old to six, came, unbidden, to us with smiling faces, to shake our hands. It puzzles me as much to know how this quality of social freedom gets into the German nature, as how the African's skin became black! If a stranger were to go, in like manner, among our school children, and they were forced forward by a rule, they would advance with downcast eyes and murky looks, as if the very demon of bashfulness stiffened their limbs. The infant-school is supported by charitable contributions, and conducted much like our infant-schools. The children stay all day, and the parent pays a kreutzer for the dinner of each—less than a penny. We followed them to their plays, and as I looked at them trundling their little

barrows and building pyramids of gravel, and the while devouring black bread, I longed to transport them to those unopened storehouses of abundance which the Father of all has reserved in our untrodden "West" for the starved labourers of Europe.

But they were a merry little company, and, if no other, they have here a harvest of contentment and smiles.

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Our letters came to-day ! The delay was owing to the change in our plans. While we were every day going to the poste for them they were lying quietly at Wildbad. This interruption of communication with those who are bound up in the bundle of life with us, is one of the severest trials of a traveller. It was past eleven when we had finished reading them, and then I went to bed with mine under my pillow. I could as easily have gone to sleep if the hearts of those who wrote them had been throbbing there ! "Blessings on him who invented sleep !" says Sancho. "Blessings on him," say I, "who invented that art that makes sleep sweet and awaking happy !"

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Our good landlord, Leisring, is, in all exigencies, our "point d'appui." He has the broad, truth-telling German face, and a bonhomie quite his own. He is, in a humbler position, a Sir Roger de Coverly ; and his family and numerous dependants seem

to have as kind a master as was the good knight. He is a master-carpenter, and is just now employed in finishing off the new palace which the Duke of Nassau is building for his duchess, and has twelve subordinates in his service—nine journeymen and three apprentices. To the nine journeymen, he tells me, he has paid, in the last four months, one thousand florins, about eleven dollars a month each, besides feeding them. The apprentices he supports, and gives them a trifle in money. They eat in a back building attached to ours. I asked leave to-day, while they were at dinner, to look in upon them. They had clean linen on their table, and everything appeared comfortable. They are allowed three rolls of brown bread for breakfast, and coffee, beer, or schnapps (a mixture with some sort of spirit), whichever they prefer. They have soup, meat, and vegetables for dinner, and soup, bread, butter, and cheese for supper. A florin and a half (sixty cents) pays for the meat for their dinner.\* The best butter is twenty-four kreutzers (eighteen cents) a pound; the rolls a kreutzer each. Vegetables are excessively cheap.

There is a law in Germany compelling an apprentice, when the term of his apprenticeship is completed, to travel a year, to work in different towns, and enrich himself with the improvements in his art. In each town there is an inn for these

\* The game is all taken in the duke's preserves, and is, of course, his property. Old venison is four kreutzers a pound; young from twelve to sixteen; a hare without the skin twenty-four kreutzers (eighteen cents).

travelling mechanics. After reporting himself to the police, he goes there and then finds employment. You meet these young men on the road with their knapsacks, and they often take off their caps and present them at your carriage-window, modestly asking a halfpence. At first we were quite indignant at seeing such decent-looking people begging. But our hasty misjudgments have been corrected by the information that these poor youths go forth penniless; that it is not considered a degradation for them to solicit in this way; and that they are, in fact, sustained by the wayside aid of their countrymen.

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We have made another experiment of German society. The girls went with E. to a *soirée* at the Kur-Saal. This was a *soirée musicale*, that is, a ball beginning with a concert; a higher entertainment, and more choice in its company than the one I have described to you. The only condition for admission was the payment of a little less than a dollar for the ticket of each person. They all came home charmed with the young duchess, with her very sweet, blond beauty, simple dress, and unassuming and affable manners. They were the more pleased as they contrasted her with another sprig, or, rather, sturdy branch of a royal house: a certain Russian princess, who, though assuredly of a very coarse material, fancies herself of a choicer clay than the people about her. This woman, whom

we meet everywhere, in the garden, at the table d'hôte, and at the Kochbrunnen, is quite the noisiest and most vulgar person we encounter. Such a person would naturally be fastidious in her associates; and her prime favourite, if we may judge from their constant juxtaposition, is a coloured man with woolly hair, some say from New-Orleans, others that he is a West Indian. I do not speak of this in any disrespect to him, but as a proof that colour is no disqualification in European society.

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LAST night, while the fair young duchess was dancing at a brilliant soirée at her palace at Bieberich, a courier arrived with the news of the duke's death of apoplexy while drinking the waters of his bubbles of Kissingen. Rather a startling change from that sound of revelry to the knell of widowhood—from being the “cynosure of all eyes” to be the dowager stepdame of the reigning duke!

Our host tells us the duke was “un bon enfant” (a good fellow), and much beloved, and will be much regretted. No one can doubt that a sober, well-intentioned man of forty-five, who is to be succeeded by a boy of twenty, is a great loss to his people. Where power has, as here, no constitutional restrictions, the people are at the mercy of the personal character of the sovereign.

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THE good people of Wiesbaden seem to take the

death of their political father very coolly. I see no demonstrations of mourning except that the bells are rung an hour daily, and that the music has ceased at our dinners and in the garden, and that the public amusements are stopped: a proceeding not likely to endear the duke's memory to the inn-keepers and their host of dependants, who are all in despair lest their guests should take their departure. The influx of the money-spending English is a great source of profit to the duchy of Nassau, so that nothing can be more impolitic than this prohibition, which extends to Schwalbach, Slangenbad, &c.

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WE have now been here more than a month, and I may venture to speak to you of what has been a constant subject of admiration to us all, the manners of the Germans. The English race, root and branch, are, what with their natural shyness, their conventional reserves, and their radical uncourteousness, cold and repelling. The politeness of the French is conventional. It seems in part the result of their sense of personal grace, and in part of a selfish calculation of making the most of what costs nothing; and partly, no doubt, it is the spontaneous effect of a vivacious nature. There is a deep-seated humanity in the courtesy of the Germans. They always seem to be feeling a gentle pressure from the cord that interlaces them with their species. They do not wait, as Schiller says, till you "freely invite" to "friendly stretch you a hand," but the hand is in-



stinctively stretched out and the kind deed ready to follow it.

This suavity is not limited to any rank or condition. It extends all the way down from the prince to the poorest peasant. Some of our party driving out in a hackney-coach yesterday, met some German ladies in a coach with four horses, postillions, footmen in livery, and other marks of rank and wealth. What would Americans have done in a similar position? Probably looked away and seemed unconscious. And English ladies would have done the same, or, as I have seen them in Hyde Park, have leaned back in their carriages, and stared with an air of mingled indifference and insolence through their eyeglasses, as if their inferiors in condition could bear to be stared at. The German ladies bowed most courteously to the humble strangers in the hackney-coach.

Yesterday, at the table d'hôte, I observed a perpendicular old gentleman, who looked as if he had been born before any profane dreams of levelling down the steeps of aristocracy had entered the mind of man, and whose servant, in rich livery, as stiff as himself, was in waiting behind him, bow to the persons opposite to him as he took his seat, and to those on his right hand and his left. Soon after our landlord came to speak to him, and familiarly and quite acceptably, as it appeared, laid his hand on the nobleman's shoulder while addressing him.

Soon after we came here, a gentleman with whom we passed a few hours in a Rhine steamer met us

at the table d'hôte. "Had I not," he said, "the pleasure of coming from Bonn to Cologne with you? I see one of your party is absent. She is, I hope, well," &c. To appreciate as they deserve these wayside courtesies, you should see the relentless English we come in contact with, who, like ghosts, *never* "speak till they are spoken to."

A few days since, as we were issuing from our lodgings, a very gentlemanly German stopped us, begging our pardons, and saying, "English, I believe?" and then added, that as we appeared to be strangers in quest of lodgings, as he had just been, he would take the liberty to give us the addresses of two or three that had been recommended to him. This was truly a Samaritan—a *German* kindness. The hotel-keepers, that important class to travellers, often blend with the accurate performance of the duties of "mine host" the kindness of a friend. Their civility, freedom, and gentlemanliness remind me of my friend Cozzens and others, the best specimens of their fraternity at home. The landlord often sits at the table with his guests, and, with his own country people, converses on terms of apparent equality.\*

The same self-respect blends with the civility of the shopkeeper. He is very happy to serve and suit you, but, if he cannot, he is ready to direct you elsewhere. Shopmen have repeatedly, unasked, sent

\* This opinion may appear to have been formed on a very slight acquaintance with the country. It was afterward amply confirmed in Germany and Switzerland, where the manners are essentially the same.

a person to guide us through the intricate Continental streets to another shop.

The domestics are prompt, faithful, and cheerful in their services. There is freedom, but no presumption in their manners, and nothing of that unhappy uncertainty as to their exact position, so uncomfortable in our people. In all these subordinate classes you see nothing of the cringing servility that marks them in England, and to which they are exposed by their direct dependance on their employers.

Our English friend, Miss —, who has been repeatedly in Germany, and is a good observer, acquiesces in the truth of my observations, and says this general freedom of deportment comes from people of all ranks freely mingling together. If so, this surely is a healthy influence, a natural and beneficent effect from an obedience to that Divine precept, "honour all men." Wo to those who set the brethren of one family off into *castes*, and build up walls between them so that they cannot freely grasp hands and exchange smiles !

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I HAVE just been to the *poste* to see our English friends off. Their departure is a sad epoch to us, for they have been our solace and delight. A curious scene is the "*poste*" in a Continental town. Here (and ordinarily, I believe) it has a quadrangular court, enclosed on three sides by a hotel and its offices, including that for letters, and having on the fourth side a passage through a stone arch to the

street. Here the public coaches arrive, and hence take their departure ; and here the travellers and their luggage are taken up and discharged. I will describe the scene to you precisely as I just saw it. Besides the diligence for Sewalback, in which our friends were going, and towards which the luggage of various passengers was converging, while that which exceeded the authorized weight was passing through the postoffice window out of the hands of the weighmaster,\* there were private carriages arriving and departing. Some of these were elegant, and the horses curveting and prancing right royally, so that I fancied they must be carrying German princes, or *Englishmen*, who are princes all over Europe.

My friend's postillion, with his yellow and black Nassau livery, his official band round his arm, his leather boots cut to a peak in front and extending some inches above his knee, his immense yellow tassel bobbing over his shoulder, was blowing his note of preparation from the trumpet he carries at his side. Fat Germans stood at the windows of the different stories of the hotel, smoking and talking to women as fat as they. There were other Germans, mustachoeed and imperturbable, coolly awaiting the moment of departure, meandering about among the carriages and barrows, with their pipes

\* The allowed weight of baggage in Germany as well as in France is small, thirty pounds, I think. And for the excess of this you pay at so high a rate, that the transportation of one's luggage often costs more than that of one's self.

dangling from one side of their mouths, and their incessant "Ja," "Ja wohl" (yes—yes, indeed), dropping from the other. Our friend's female fellow-passengers, in caps without bonnets, had ensconced themselves in a little nook, where they were knitting as if they were neither part nor parcel of this stirring world.

But what a contrast to this quietude, the English traveller! You may know him by the quantity and variety of his luggage, by every ingenious contrivance for comfort (alas! comfort implies fixture), impregnable English trunks, travelling-bags, dressing-cases, cased provisions for all the possible wants that civilization generates, and all in travelling armour. There is no flexibility about an Englishman, no adaptation to circumstances and exigencies. He must stand forth, wherever he goes, the impersonation of his island-home. I said his luggage betrayed him; I am sure his face and demeanour do. His muscles are in a state of tension, his nerves seem to be on the outside of his coat, his eyebrows are in motion, he looks, as my friend says she felt when she first came to such a place as this, "as if all the people about her were *rats*;" his voice is quick and harsh, and his words none of the sweetest, so that you do not wonder the Continental people have fastened on him the descriptive soubriquet of "Monsieur God-d—n."

An interesting little episode to me in this bustling scene was Miss W., the very essence of refinement and *English gentlewomanliness*, running hither and

yon, settling with porters, garçons, and maitres de poste, while her Yorkshire maid was watching, with dismay, the rough handling of her lady's precious parcels, and Miss St. L. looking as if she did not care if they were all lost, if she could but save her friend from these rough duties, to which she is compelled by being the only one of the party who speaks German.

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MY DEAR C.,

WE have been waiting for fine weather, that being an indispensable element in a party of pleasure, for an excursion down the Rhine, and this morning we set off, the girls and myself, without any attendant of mankind; an elegant superfluity, as we are beginning to think.

While François was getting our *billets*, we, eager to secure the best places in the diligence, jostled past the Germans, who stood quietly awaiting the conductor's summons; and when, ten minutes after, our fellow-passengers were getting in, offering to one another precedence, the conductor came to us and said, "Ah, ladies, you are placed; I had allotted better seats for you." Was not this an appropriate punishment for our selfish and truly national hurrying? I could give you many instances of similar offences committed by ourselves and other travellers among these "live-and-let-live" people. There is a steam navigation company on the Rhine, who have three boats ascending and descending daily; this en-

ables you to pay your passage to a certain place, and avail yourself of each boat or all, as suits your convenience. You are at liberty, at any point you please, to quit the steamer, ramble for two or three hours on the shore, and then proceed on your expedition. We are descending the river rapidly; the current runs at the rate of six miles an hour.

The big Russian princess, who is a sort of "man of the sea" to us, is flourishing up and down the deck with two of her suite, one on each side, as if to guard her from contact with the plebeian world. Every look and motion says "I do *not* love the people." The royal brood may wince, but they must submit to the democratic tendencies of the age. These steamers and rail-cars are undermining their elevations. I have not, as you know, my dear C., any vulgar hostility to those who are the heirs of the usurpations of elder times—"the accident of an accident"—but when I see a person, radically vulgar like this woman, queening it among those who are her superiors in everything but this accidental greatness, my Puritan blood and republican breeding get the better of my humanity.

We are passing the chateau of Johannisberg—a castle of Prince Metternich, an immense white edifice which, as we see it, looks much like a Saratoga hotel. It is on a gently-sloping hill, covered with vines which confessedly produce the best Rhine wine. "The extent of the vineyard is," Murray says, "fifty-five acres. Its produce in good years amounts to about forty butts, and has been valued at

80,000 florins." This vineyard was formerly attached to the Abbey of St. John; and a genial time, no doubt, the merry monks had of it. Would they not have regarded the modern tabooing of wine as the *ne plus ultra* of heresy? But, poor fellows! their abbey and their wine were long ago secularized, and have fallen into the hands of military and political spoilers. Napoleon made an imperial gift of these vineyards to Marshal Kellerman, and in 1816 they again changed hands, being presented to Metternich by the Emperor of Austria. I have drank wine bearing the name of Johannisberg in New-York, but I have been told by a person who had tasted it at Metternich's table, that it is only to be found unadulterated there. Murray informs us that they permit the grape to pass the point of seeming perfection before they gather it, believing that the wine gains in body by this, and that so precious are the grapes that those which have fallen are picked up by a fork made for the purpose.

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WE met a countryman to-day who has been travelling through France and Italy with his sister, "without any language," he says, "but that spoken on the rock of Plymouth," which, true to his English blood, he pronounces, with infinite satisfaction, to be the best, and all-sufficient. He is a fair specimen of that class of Anglo-American travellers who find quite enough particulars, in which every country is inferior to their own, to fill up the field of their

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observation. He has just crossed the deck to say to me, "I have let them know what a *tall* place America is; I have told them that an American steamer will carry 2000 people and 1000 bales of cotton, and go down the river *and up* twice as fast as a Rhine steamer." He has *not* told them that a Rhine steamer is far superior in its arrangement and refinement to ours. These little patriotic vanities are pleasant solaces when one is three thousand miles from home—but truth is better.

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*Braubach.*—We arrived here at half past three, having passed about fifty miles of the most enchanting scenery on the Rhine. Imagine, my dear C., a little strip of level land, not very many yards wide, between the river and precipitous rocks; a village with its weather-stained houses in this pent-up space; an old chateau with its walls and towers, and at the summit of the rocks, and hanging over them, for the rocks actually project from the perpendicular, the stern old Castle of Marksburg, and you have our present position. Murray says this castle is the only one of the strongholds of the middle ages that has been preserved unaltered, the beau ideal of an old castle; and this is why we have come to see it. I am sitting at the window of the chateau, now the *Gast-haus zur Phillipsburg*. Under my window is a garden with grapes, interspersed with fruit-trees and flowers, and enclosed by a white paling, and finishing at each end with the old towers of the castle-

wall. Along the narrow road between the garden and the river there are peasant-girls going homeward with baskets of fresh-mown grass on their heads, followed by peasants in their dark blouses, with their sickles swung over their shoulders. Little boats are gliding to and fro, guided, and, as their ringing voices tell you, enjoyed by children. But here is mine host to tell us the *esels* are ready—the four asses we have ordered to take us to Marksburg.

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Of all “riding privileges,” that on a donkey is the least. You are set on to something half cushion, half saddle, that neither has itself nor imparts rest. Though there is a semicircular rampart erected, to guard you from the accident of “high vaulting ambition,” it seems inevitable that you must fall on one side or the other. There is a shingle strapped to the saddle for the right foot, and a stirrup for the left; fortunate are you if you can extricate your feet from both. A merry procession we had of it, however, up the winding road to Marksburg. The Braubach donkeys have not had much custom of late, I fancy, for we ran a race, fairly distancing our donkey-drivers, who seemed much amused with our way of proceeding. The fellow who was spokesman demanded, as I thought, an exorbitant price, and I appealed to one of his comrades, who decided that half he asked was quite enough. I mention this with pleasure, because it is the only thing of the sort we have had to complain of since.

we came into Germany. The fellow was a stranger and an alien from this worthy household, I am sure ; he had a most *un-German* expression.

The castle has been, till recently, a state-prison, and is now occupied by invalid soldiers. We were led through dark passages and up a winding stone staircase to the apartment where prisoners were put to the rack ; and we were shown another gloomy den, where there were two uprights and a transverse beam, and beneath them a trap-door ; if not satisfied with so much of the story as these objects intimate, you may descend and search for the bones which you will certainly find there ! In another apartment are some mediocre paintings on the wall, done with only a gleam of light by a poor fellow who had thus happily beguiled weary years of imprisonment. On the whole, the castle was not so interesting, not nearly so striking as I expected. Nothing is left to indicate the rude luxury of its lordly masters ; its aspect is merely that of an ill-contrived prison.

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WHEN we got back to the inn an old man, who seemed an *habitué*, asked us, in very good French (which Germans of the inferior orders never speak), to walk into the garden. Such a pretty garden, with its towers, its fragment of the old castle-wall, its bowers and wreaths of grapes, and such grapes ; oh, you would go mad if you could see them, remembering your seasons of hope and despair over

your few frostbitten vines. The old man picked some plumbs, and served them to us with sylvan grace on a grape-leaf. We fell into conversation. He told me the story of his life; it was common enough, but there was a gentleness and sensibility in his voice and expression very uncommon. He came from Alsace, and was travelling in this vicinity with his wife and only surviving child, a girl, "trying to forget home;" for he had lost at short intervals his three sons, when his daughter was asked in marriage by a young man of Braubach. The parents gave their consent, and, wisely resolving to have but one home among them, he bought this old chateau, and converted it into the *Hotel zur Phillipsburg*; and here he and his wife have reposed under the spreading shadow of their posterity. "I am not rich," he said, "but I have enough. I thought myself happy; my life was gliding in the midst of my family and my vines; but man, with whom nothing lasts, should not call himself happy. Seven months ago my wife died"—the old man's eyes filled—"it was a sudden and a hard blow; we must bow before the stroke of the good God! My daughter has four children. I am their instructor. In my youth I was at college, and, afterward being engaged in commerce, I travelled: so I can teach them French, Dutch, and Italian. Certainly I am not a severe master; but they love me, and love can do more than fear. The youngest is sometimes too much for me. He is a superb boy, madame! When I say, 'Julius, come to your lessons!' he answers, 'Oh, it is too fine

weather to study ; see how the sun shines, grandfather, and the boys are all at play,' and away he goes." You may think me as garrulous as the old man to repeat all this to you, since I cannot send with it this lovely scene in twilight, harmonizing so well with the twilight of his closing life.

I inquired into the condition of the poor in this neighbourhood. He says their poverty is extreme. They live on potatoes and *some* black bread ; on Sunday they have, for a family, half a pound of meat. A woman with three or four children to support has a florin a month allowed her. Begging is prohibited, but they must subsist on charity. Every hotel has a *poors' box*, of which the magistrate keeps the key, and comes each month to take out and distribute the travellers' alms.\* He says that, whenever a poor woman of the village lies in, she is supplied for fifteen days from their plentiful table. God bless their basket and their store !

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WE left Braubach this morning. The old grandfather and that *youngest* grandchild, " a superb boy," truly, came to the shore with us, and we exchanged cordial good wishes at parting.

As we pushed off in our little boat and looked up to the precipitous shore, it seemed, even while we gazed on them, incredible that the vines should be reached for cultivation there, where they hung like a

\* I have repeatedly observed these boxes affixed to the wall, and have been told that a German rarely passes them without a donation.

rich drapery. The peasants, women as well as men, scale the precipices to dress their vines, and every particle of manure is carried up on their shoulders.

In the steepest places the vines are put in baskets as the only way of retaining the soil about them. For the most part the vineyards are a series of terraces or steps (we have counted from twenty to thirty) covering the face of the hill. Each terrace is supported by a wall from five to ten feet high. Murray tells us the Rhineland vinedresser is not rich, but generally the possessor of the vineyard he cultivates. What a beautiful gift of Providence is the vine to the patient, contented tiller of ground that would produce nothing but this! and this "makes glad the heart of man."

The steamer carried us past village after village most beautiful as seen in passing; but again, my dear C., I warn you not to let this, the greenest word in memory, call before you wide streets, shaded courtyards, ample space, and all rural luxuries. A village here is a mass of wretched dwellings stuck against mouldering walls, where human existence, in point of comfort, is nearly on a level with the brutes; in fact, the same roof often shelters all the *live-stock*, from the master to his ass. The streets are scarcely wide enough for a carriage to pass, and the lanes are but a flea's leap across—a measurement that naturally occurs here. But mark the compensating blessing! The denizens of these dreary places, steeped to the very lips in poverty, are a smiling, kindly people.

WE landed at St. Goar's, in the midst of the most enchanting scenery of the Rhine, and in showery weather giving us the most favourable possible light. Nature, like "ladies and fine Holland," owes much of its effect to the right disposition of light and shadow. The mountains enclose this little village. The Mouse and the Cat, the beautiful ruins of two castles, are at either extremity of the view. The "Cat" is well stationed to watch its prey, but, contrary to all precedent, the "Mouse" is said always to have been the strongest when they were held by their lords, rivals and enemies. The immense Castle of Rheinfels, half way up the steep behind St. Goar, looks, as L. says, like a great bulldog that might have kept all its subordinates civil. Rheinfels, as early as the fourteenth century, was the strongest hold on the Rhine. It was built by a Count Deither, who, secure in his power, levied tribute (the exclusive privilege of governments at present, and they, as Murray happily says, call it *laying duties*) with such unsparing cupidity that the free cities of Germany confederated against him, and not only dismantled his castle, but the other "robbers' nests" on the Rhine.

The girls carried my carpet-bag up to the inn, which being rather weighty with my journal, one of them expressed the pious wish it "might not be so heavy in the reading as the carrying." On our way we went into a most grotesque little Catholic church, where an image of the good hermit who

gave his name to the village is preserved. He looks like an honest German, and, though his head had been crowned with a fresh garland of roses last Sunday, and plenty of cherubs were hovering round him, I fancied he would have liked better a pipe in his mouth and a table before him, and the cherubs converted into garçons, to serve him with Rhine wine and Seltzer-water.

We took a boy from the steps of "The Lily" to cross the river with us and guide us up the Schweitzer Thal (the Swiss Valley). We followed the pathway of a little brook resembling some of our mountain-haunts. *Die Katz* hung over our heads half way up a steep, which Johanne (our guide) told us was higher than the Lur Lieburg. It may be, but there is nothing on the Rhine so grand as this pile of rocks, which look with scorn on the perishable castles built with man's hands. It is in the whirlpool in their deep shadow that Undine, the loveliest of water-nymphs, holds her court. No wonder it requires, as says the faith of the peasants of St. Goar, the miraculous power of their canonized hermit to deliver the ensnared from her enchantments.

We walked a mile up the valley, and loitered at little nooks, so walled in by the hills that we looked up to the sky as from the bottom of a well. To us it appeared clear and blue as a sapphire, but we were sprinkled with rain so sparkling that L. said the sun was melting and coming down in drops! I amused myself with finding out as much of my little guide's history as could be unlocked with the talis-

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manic words "father," "mother," "brother," helped out with dumb show; and I found out that he had one sister that was shorter than he, and one brother much taller, who was a soldier, and so would Johanne be. Against this resolution I expostulated vehemently (as a friend of William Ladd and a member of the Peace Society should do), but Johanne laughed at me; and I doubt not, as soon as he has inches and years enough, he will buckle on his sword.

When we got back to St. Goar the shower came on in earnest, and we took refuge at a jolly miller's, a fit impersonation of that classic character. In an interval of his work he was sitting over his bottle and cracking his jokes. We invited him to go to America. "No," he said, holding up his Rhenish and chuckling over it, "I should not get this there; and, besides, all the millers that go there die!" He is right to cherish a life so joyous.

The steamer came up at a snail's pace. We had the pleasure of finding on board one of our fellow-passengers in the Saint James. He had been purifying in the bubbles of Schlangenbad, which produce such miraculous effects on the skin that Sir Francis Head avers he heard a Frenchman say, "Monsieur, dans ces bains on devient absolument amoureux de soi-même!" ("One falls in love with one's self in these baths"). Our friend was a witness to its recreative virtue.

MY DEAR C.,

I WILL not even name to you the beautiful pictures past which we floated. Everything is here ready for the painter's hand. Oberwesel, with its Roman tower, its turreted walls and Gothic edifices; the old Castle of Schonberg, Anglice *Beautiful Hill*, where there are seven petrified maidens who were converted into these rocks for their stony-heartedness—fit retribution. Villages, vineyards, and ruins appeared and disappeared, as the mist, playing its fantastic tricks, veiled and unveiled them. As we drew near to Bingen the sun shone out, throwing his most beautifying horizontal beams on Rheinstein and other famed points of the landscape, while masses of black clouds, driven on by the gusty wind, threw their deep shadows now here, now there, as if (we flies on the wheel fancied) to enchant the senses of travellers for the picturesque.

After much discussion with a friendly Englishman (an old stager in these parts) as to the comparative advantage of landing at Bingen or Rudesheim, we followed his advice and went on shore at the former place, where we found a cheerful welcome in the face of mine host of the Weisse Rosse, but no room in his house. This man is quite my beau ideal of a German innkeeper, and, but that it would take too much space, I should like to tell you the pains he took to get us rooms in another inn, and how, after he did get them, we reconsidered our decision and determined to pass the night at Rudesheim, and

how, when we came to him with our tongues faltering with some mere pretext for being off, he just good-humouredly brushed aside the flimsy veil, saying, "Never mind, you choose to go, and that is enough;" and proceeded to select boatmen for us, and to make them promise to take us down to Rheinstein and back again to Rudesheim at the lowest and a very moderate rate. Would not the world go on swimmingly if all strangers errant were dealt by as mine host of the Weisse Rosse dealt by us?

How would you like, dear C., to see us, your nearest and dearest relations, boating on the Rhine with men whose German even K. found it hard to comprehend? There would be no reason for anxiety; they took us in good faith in half an hour to Rheinstein, or, rather, the current took us. The Castle of Rheinstein has been restored by Prince Frederic of Prussia and refurnished, and is now supposed to represent the castles as they were when there was wassail in the hall and love in the bower. The castle itself is the most beautiful on the Rhine. It is planted on a projecting rock, half way to the summit of a steep, and set off by a dark, rich woodland. It is built of stone taken from the bed of rock that forms its foundation, and you can scarce tell where nature finishes and art begins. In truth, the art is so perfect that you forget it. Nature seems to have put forth her creative power, and to have spoken the word that called from its mother rock this its indescribably beautiful and graceful offspring.

We wound up a path of easy ascent, passed over

a drawbridge and under a portcullis, when the warder appeared. He was a sober-suited youth, with a rueful countenance; love-lorn, the girls said, pointing to his hump-back and a braid of hair round his neck. He bowed without relaxing a muscle, and led us through a walled court where there were green grass and potted plants, and, perched over our heads in niches of the rock, eagles who, it would appear, but for the bars of iron before them, had selected these eyries of their own free-will. Our warder proceeded through a passage with a pretty mosaic pavement to the knight's hall, which is hung with weapons of the middle ages, disposed in regular figures. The ceiling is painted with knight's devices, and complete suits of armour, helmets, and richly-embossed shields hang against the wall.

We were repeatedly assured that the furniture was, in truth, of the middle ages, and had been collected by the prince at infinite pains; and looking at it in good faith as we proceeded, everything pleased us. There is a centre-table with an effigy in stone of Charlemagne, a most fantastical old clock, carved Gothic chairs, oak tables; in the dining-room an infinite variety of silver drinking-cups, utensils of silver, and of ivory richly carved, and very small diamond-shaped mirrors, *all* cracked; by-the-way, an incidental proof of their antiquity. The princess' rooms, en suite, are very prettily got up; her sleeping-room has an oaken bedstead of the fourteenth century, with a high, carved foot-board like a rampart, and curtains of mixed silk and woollen. In the

writing-room are beautiful cabinets of ivory inlaid, and wood in marquetric—that is, flowers represented by inlaying different coloured woods.

In the working-room was a little wheel, which made me reflect with envy on the handiwork of our grandames, so much more vivacious than our stitching. You will probably, without a more prolonged description, my dear C., come to my conclusion that Rheinstein bears much the same resemblance to a castle of the middle ages that a cottage ornée does to a veritable rustic home. I imagined the rough old knights coming from their halls of savage power and rude luxury to laugh at all this *jimcrackery*.

The prince and princess make a holyday visit here every summer, and keep up this fanciful retrocession by wearing the costume of past ages. The warder maintained his unrelenting gravity to the last. "Man pleased him not, nor woman either," or I am sure my laughing companions would have won a smile.

We found going up the river quite a different affair from coming down. Our oarsmen raised a ragged sail. The wind was flawy, and we were scared; so they, at our cowardly entreaties, took it down, and then, rowing the boat to the shore, one of the men got out, and fastening one end of a rope to our mast and the other round his body, he began toilsomely towing us up the stream. Our hearts were too soft for this, so we disembarked too, and walked two miles to "The Angel" at Rudesheim; an angel indeed to us after this long day of—pleasure.

*Friday. Rudesheim.*—THIS morning we set off on an excursion to the Niederwald, the “Echo,” “The Temple,” “The Enchanted Cave,” and the Rossel. Now, let your fancy surround you with the atmosphere of our cool, bright September days, and present the images of your friends, mounted on asses, winding up steep paths among these rich Rudesheim vineyards, which produce some of the finest wines on the Rhine. See our four *esel-meisters* slowly gossiping on after us, and our path crossed, ever and anon, with peasant women emerging from the vineyards with baskets on their heads, piled with grape-cuttings, and weeds to feed the asses, pigs, or—children! See us passing through the beech and oaken wood of the Niederwald, and coming out upon the “Temple” to look down on the ruins of the Castle of Brömser, amid a world of beauty, and think upon its old Jephthah-lord who, when a captive among the Saracens, vowed, if he returned, to devote his only daughter Gisela to the church—of poor Gisela, who had devoted herself to a human divinity, and, finding her crusading father inexorable, threw herself from the tower of the castle into the river. With the clear eye of peasant faith, you may see now, of a dark and gusty night, the pale form of this modern Sappho, and you may hear her wailings somewhere about Hatto’s Tower.

Next see us emerging from our woodland path, and taken possession of by a *very* stout woodland

nymph, who has the showing of the Bezauberte Hole (Enchanted Cave); but, no; you shall not see that with our eyes, but read Sir Francis Head's description of it, which proves that, if he has any right to designate himself as "the old man," time has not done its sad work in abating the fervours of his imagination. He has made a prodigious bubble of this cave. His "subterranean passage" was, to our disenchanted vision, but a walled way on upper earth; and where he looked through fissures of the rock, we had but the prose of windows, whose shutters were slammed open by our Dulcinean wood-nymph. But never mind! long may he live to verify the fantastical figure in the vignette to the Frankfort edition of his charming work, to walk over the world blowing bubbles so filled with the breath of genius and benevolence that they diffuse sweet odours wherever they float.

See us now standing at the Rossel, looking with the feeling of parting lovers at the queenly Rhein-stein sitting on her throne of Nature's masonry—at a long reach of the river up and down—at the lovely Nahe; not merely at its graceful entrance into the Rhine, but far, far away as it comes serenely gliding along its deep-sunken channel from its mountain-home—at Drusus' bridge, with its misty light of another age and people—at the massy ruin of Ehrenfels under our feet—at the Mouse Tower of old Bishop Hatto on its pretty island—at vineyards without number—at hills sloping to hills, at the green ravines between them, and the roads that traverse

them—at villages, towers, and churches; and, finally, at our little hamlet of Rudesheim, which, with its 3500 people, is so compact that it appeared as if I might span it with my arms. And remember that into all this rich landscape, history, story, ballad, and tradition have breathed the breath of life. Do you wonder that we turned away with the feeling that we should never again see anything so beautiful? thank Heaven, to a scene like this “there can be no farewell!”

We were delighted on getting down to “the Angel” to see the “Victoria” puffing up the Rhine; for, to confess the truth, now that the feast of our eyes and imaginations was over, we began to feel the cravings of our grosser natures. There is no surer sharpener of the appetite than a long mountain-ride in a cool morning. The Niederwald, the Hohle, the Rossel, all were forgotten in the vision of the pleasantest of all repasts—a dinner on the deck of a Rhine steamer. It was just on the stroke of one when we reached the Victoria. The table was laid, and the company was gathering with a certain look of pleased expectation, and a low murmur of sound much resembling that I have heard from your barnyard family when you were shelling out corn to them. The animal nature is strongest at least once in the twenty-four hours! The Russian princess was the first person we encountered. “Monsieur Tonson come again.” “We’ll not have a seat near her,” I whispered to the girls, as, with some difficulty, we doubled the end of the table which her



enormous royal person occupied. "No; farthest from her is best," said K.; so we proceeded to the other extremity of the table, where we were met by the head-waiter. "Places for four, if you please," said I. He bowed civilly, was "very sorry, but there was no room." "Surely you can make room!" "Impossible, madame!" A moment's reflection convinced me that a German would not risk the comfort of one guest by crowding in another, so I said, "Well, give us a table to ourselves." "I cannot; it is impossible!" "What!" exclaimed the girls, "does he say we cannot have places? Do order a lunch, then; I am starved," "and so am I," "and I." My next demand showed how narrowed were our prospects. "Then," said I, "I'll ask for nothing more if you will give me some bread and butter and a bottle of wine!" "Afterward, afterward, madame," he replied, his German patience showing some symptoms of diminution; "afterward lunch, dinner, or what you please; but now it is impossible." Like the starving Ugolino when he heard the key of the Tower of Famine turned on him,

"Io guardái

Nel viso a' mie' figliuoli senza far motto."

But soon touched by their misery and urged by my own, I once more intercepted the inexorable youth, and mustering all my eloquence, I told him he had no courtesy for ladies, no "sentiment;" that he would have to answer for the deaths of those three blooming young women, &c., &c.; he smiled, and I thought relented, but the smile was followed

with a definitive shake of the head, and away he went to perform well duties divided between half a dozen half-bred waiters in our country. Nothing remained for us but to submit. In a Hudson River steamer (we remembered regretfully our national despatch) the "afterward" would have been time enough; at most, an affair of half an hour's waiting, but the perspective of a German's meandering through his "meridian" was endless. Besides, we were to land at Bieberich in two or three hours, so, "ladies most deject," we sat ourselves down in the only vacant place we could find, close to the head of the table. The people, for the most part, had taken their seats; here and there a chair awaited some loiterer, but one dropped in after another, and my last faint hope that, after all, the waiter would distribute us among them, faded away. There was some delay, and even those seated with the sweet security of dinner began to lose something of their characteristic serenity. There was a low growl from two English gentlemen near us, and the Germans beside us began mumbling their rolls. "Ah," thought I, "if ye who have been, as is your wont, feeding every half hour since you were out of bed, sitting lazily at your little tables here, could feel 'the thorny point of our distress,' you surely would give us that bread!"

The soup came, and as each took his plate, from the top to the bottom of the table, the shadows vanished from their faces as I have seen them pass from a field of corn as a cloud was passing off the sun. "I should have been quite content," said M., meekly,

"with a plate of soup on our laps." "Yes," said L. in a faltering voice, "I should be quite satisfied with soup and a bit of bread." But away went the soup, no one heeding us but a fat German whose back was towards us, and who, comprehending our dilemma, felt nothing but the ludicrousness of it. He turned when he had swallowed his soup, and smiled significantly.

Next came the fat, tender bouilli with its three satellites, potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel*, cucumbers, and a fat compound called "gravy." "I always relish the bouilli," said K., faintly. Bouilli, potatoes, and cucumbers were eaten in turn; a German has no sins of omission to answer for at table.

Then appeared the entremets, the croquets, sausages, tongue, the queenly cauliflower floating in butter, rouleaux of cabbage, macaroni, preparations of beans and sorrel, and other messes that have baffled all our investigation and guessing.

Now, fully to comprehend the prolongation of our misery, you must remember the German custom of eating each article of food presented, each separately, and lounging through a change of twenty plates as if eating dinner comprehended the whole duty and pleasure of life. "If they would only give us a bit of tongue!" said K., "or a croquet," said M., "or just one sausage," said L. But tongue, croquet, and sausage vanished within the all-devouring jaws, and again the emptied dishes were swept off, and on came salmon, tench, pike, and trout (served cold, and with bits of ice), and the

-delicious puddings. Now came my trial. The puddings, so light, so wholesome, with their sweet innocent fruit-sauces, are always my *poste-restante* at a German dinner. But "what was I to Hecuba, or Hecuba to me?" the pudding, in its turn, was all eaten, and our fat friend, wiping his mouth after the last morsel, turned round and laughed, yes, actually laughed; and we, being at that point of nervousness when you must either cry or laugh, laughed too—rather hysterically.

Are you tired? I have described but the prefatory manœuvring of the light troops. Now came the procession of joints, mutton, veal, and venison, interspersed with salads, stewed fruit, calves'-foot jelly, and blancmanges. "Surely they might spare us one form of jelly," said M., "Or a blancmange," said K.; but no; meat, jelly, and all were eaten, and again our stout friend looked round, with less animation this time, for he was beginning to resemble a pampered old house-dog who is too full to bark. The dessert appeared: apricots, cherries, mulberries, pears, and a variety of confectionary. The conductor appeared, too, with the *billets*. "Surely," I said, "that is not Bieberich!" "Pardon, madame, we are within a quarter of an hour of Bieberich." "It is a gone case!" I sighed out to the girls; and, in truth, we arrived before the Duke of Nassau's heavy palace just as the company, with the most provoking flush of entire satisfaction, were turning away from the table. We had learned to appreciate

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the virtue of those Lazaruses who, witnessing the feasting of the Dives, go hungry *every* day.

I have given you an exact inventory of the dinner, "setting down naught in malice" or in misery; and when you are told that it costs but one florin (forty-two cents), that it is served with nice table-linen, large napkins, and silver forks, you must conclude that provisions are cheap, and that the traveller—if he can "catch the turbot"—is a happy man in Germany.\*

When we got into the diligence at Bieberich there were two neat peasant-women beside us. We saw the Russian princess, whose carriage had disappointed her, waddling about, attended by her suit, in quest of a passage to Wiesbaden. One of the gentlemen said to her, "The sun is hot; it will be tiresome waiting," and counselled her highness to take a seat in the diligence. "It is quite shocking," she said, "to go in this way." "But there is no other, madame." So she yielded to necessity, and put her royal foot on the step, when, looking up, she shrunk back, exclaiming, "Comment? il y a des paysannes" ("How is this? there are peasants here!") I am sure we should not have been more dismayed if we had been shoved in with the asses that carried us in the morning. We drove off; and when I compared this woman, with her vacant, gross

\* The Englishman goes from here to London in two days, and there must pay at a hotel, for the single item in his dinner of a lobster sauce to his salmon, seventy-five cents! No wonder he "puts up" with Germany.

face, her supercilious demeanour, and her Brussels-lace mantilla, to our peasant companions, with their clean, substantial, well-preserved dresses, their healthful, contented, and serene faces, and their kindly manners, all telling a story of industry, economy, and contentment, I looked proudly, thankfully back to my country of no princesses! Arrogance and superciliousness exist there, no doubt, but they have no birthright for their exercise.

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I THINK it is Madame de Staël who, in speaking of travelling as a "triste plaisir," dwells much upon that sad part of it, "hurrying to arrive where none expect you." This was not now our case. We were going "home to Wiesbaden," and there sparkling eyes, welcoming voices, and loving hearts awaited us. And, don't be shocked at the unsentimentality of my mentioning the circumstance, we arrived in time for the five o'clock dinner at the *Quatre Saisons*, after having passed three days that will be forever bright in memory's calendar, and having paid for all our varied pleasures but about seven dollars each. Had we not them "at a bargain?"

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## FRANKFORT.

MY DEAR C.,

*August 30.*—THE spell is broken and we have left Wiesbaden. We arrived here last evening, after a drive of four hours through a tame country,

varied here and there by a brown village, a church, or little chapel, and the old watch-towers near the town, marking the limits of its territory which does not exceed ten English square miles. I had supposed this was a free city, and I was surprised to meet at the gate we entered, soldiers in the Austrian uniform. We should think it an odd sort of freedom that was protected by the forces of a foreign prince.\* The annual fair is just beginning, and the town is crowded, though these fairs are no longer what they were before the general diffusion of commerce and manufactures; the introduction of railroads will soon put an end to them.

We drove to six hotels before we could find a place to lay our heads in: this is certainly a *very* "triste plaisir" that we travellers have now and then.

Having secured a roof to shelter us, we sallied forth for a walk. We went up the principal street, the Zeil, where the buildings are magnificent, looked in at the shop windows, examined the bronze images at the fountain, and then, as if by instinct, turning at the right places and proceeding just as far as was necessary, we reached the Main, which is not much wider than the Housatonic in our meadows. Returning, we went into the public gardens, which occupy the place of the old ramparts. This green and flowery belt girdling the town is a pretty illus-

\* I was afterward informed that there was an alarming effervescence among the students in 1833, which induced the Frankforters to call in the aid of Austria and Prussia, who have kindly since watched over the "tranquillity" of the city—a kind of vigilance in which they excel.

tration of turning the sword into the pruning-hook. The redeemed ground is laid out with economy of space and much taste. We passed through copses, groves, and parterres, and came out upon a growth of firs encircling a bronze bust of a benefactor who had contributed to this adornment. As I looked at the children and various other happy groups we passed, I wished there were some arithmetic that could calculate the amount of happiness produced by a man who originated a public garden, and set it off against the results of the lives of those great conquerors whose effigies and trophies cumber the earth !

Our first impression of Frankfort is very agreeable. It has not the picturesque aspect of the other Continental towns, but it is clean, with broad streets and modern houses, and appears lively and prosperous, as if one might live and breathe and get a living in it. M., true to her general preference of cleanliness and comfort to the picturesque, declares it is the only place she has seen since she left England she could be tempted to live in, while L., as true to her peculiar tastes, prefers the oldest, wretchedest German village, provided there is a ruined castle brooding over it, and plenty of fragments of towers, peasants in costume, &c.

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“NECESSARY is the mother of Invention.” I believe she is the mother of half our faculties, and so will you, dear C., when I tell you, you who



would not trust me to buy a go-cart, that I have selected and bought to-day our travelling carriage. Mr. K. tells me I have good reason to be satisfied with my bargain, though I did not take François' advice, who said to me, as we were entering the coach warehouse, "No matter if you are very well pleased, always shake your head and say 'il ne vaut rien'" ("it is good for nothing"): this is a fair specimen of courier diplomacy.

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WE took tea this evening with Madame —. She has a gem of a country-house half a mile from town, resembling the cottage of a Boston gentleman. The grounds are laid out and cultivated with the elaborateness of an English suburban villa. Madame — received us at the gate, and conducted us to seats beside a green painted table surrounded with flower-beds and under the shadow of fine old chestnuts. She told us her husband was induced by these chestnuts to buy the lot for a playground for his grandchildren. Then, in case of a shower, they must have a shelter, and he built a tea-room, and the shelter expanded to its present comfort and elegance; a pleasant illustration of the growth of a project. Madame — gave us our choice of taking our tea in the garden, the balcony, or the drawing-room. The Germans seem to me to go into their houses as the pigeons do, only for shelter and sleep. Their gardens are, in fact, their drawing-rooms.

After tea Madame —— took us a drive. We crossed the Main on a stone bridge to Sachsenhausen, a suburb of the town, and drove to an eminence, where we had a good view of the town, the river, and very extensive vegetable gardens. We then drove quite round the town, outside the public gardens. The environs are gay with summer-houses and gardens, now brilliant with dahlias and asters. Very cheerful and uniform they looked, as if each one had a fair portion; not one a feast and another a fast, the too general condition of life in the Old World. On our return we passed the new library, with the inscription, "Studiis, libertati, reddita civitas" ("The city returned to studies and freedom"); and we were beginning to feel as if we were surrounded by a home atmosphere, when we plunged into the Jews' quarter, so dark, narrow, and intricate that it reminded me of Fagan's haunts. The old town is very curious. The old houses have grated windows and massive doors, and are many stories high, each story projecting over that below it. The fronts of those which are of stone are curiously carved or painted in compartments. All this, indeed, looked "the ancient, imperial, free city!"

We finished the day in Madame ——'s box at the theatre, literally the day, for it was yet twilight when we got home. The theatre is by law closed at nine o'clock precisely. This very rational hour obviates a serious objection to the amusement.\*

\* The theatre at Frankfort was near our hotel, and it used to amuse me to see the people going to it with much the air of quiet

We were fortunate in seeing one of the great dramatic performers of Germany, Emile Devrient. The play was one of the Princess Amelia's; a tale of domestic sorrow, as I ascertained by my interpreters. There was no scenic effect, no dramatic contrivance to aid it. The scene was not once shifted during the play. Devrient seemed to me, as far as I could judge merely from his action, expression, and voice, to deserve the applauses showered on him. The playing was all natural, and the voices of the women marvellously sweet. Have I never yet remarked to you the sweet, low tone of the German woman's voice? From the cultivated actress to your chambermaid, it is a musical pleasure to hear them speak. Is it an atmospheric effect, or the breath of a placid temper? The latter, I thought, when, a moment since, my inkstand was upset, and the girl summoned to repair the mischief held up her hands, smiled, and uttered, in a lute-like tone, a prolonged g—u—t! (good!)

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We dined to-day at Mr. Köck's. He is an eminent banker here, and, from his extensive English connexions, is in some sort compelled to be a general receiver of the Continental tourists. We do not bank with him, and therefore have not this  
ness and sobriety that you will see an assembly collecting for a lyceum lecture in a New-England village. Ladies go without any male attendant, and in their ordinary dress. The price of a box ticket is fifty cents. The orchestra is said to be one of the best in Germany. Does not all this indicate a high degree of civilization?

claim, such as it is, upon his hospitality ; but, for all that, it has been most liberally extended to us. A family whose hospitality is not exhausted in such a thoroughfare as Frankfort, must have an inexhaustible fountain of humanity. Hospitality in an isolated country residence is the mere gratification of the appetite of a social being; here it is virtue. Our dinner-table was arranged in a manner quite novel to me. In the centre of the table there was a china vase with a magnificent pyramid of flowers, and the whole table was covered with fruits, flowers, wine, and confectionary.

“Fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell.”

If you think the confectionary was not quite à la Paradise, remember Milton makes Eve to “temper dulcet creams” “from sweet kernels pressed.” Considering her unfortunate love of delicacies, her skill, and the climate, nothing is more probable that in the “fit vessels” which Milton mentions she converted her “dulseet creams” into ice. However that may be, Madame K.’s table looked like a sylvan feast. We had the most delicious atmosphere of fruits and flowers, instead of being stupified with the fumes of meat. There was no bustle of changing dishes, no thrusting in of servant’s arms. The meat was carved and brought from an adjoining room. We had one of the very largest pineapples I ever saw, raised in Yorkshire !\*

\* This mode of serving a dinner was, as I have said, quite novel to me ; but I am told that within the last few months it has become common in New-York. So easily do we adopt foreign fashions !

*Kronthül.*—OUR decision is made, and, instead of being on our way to Italy, here we are, close under the Taunus Hills, trying the virtue of a gas-bath recently discovered. E. says you cannot turn up a stone with your foot in Germany without finding mineral water under it. The bathing-places are innumerable. The water here is very like, in its taste, to the Hamilton spring at Saratoga. The gas is conveyed in India-rubber pipes into a bathing-tub, in which you sit down dressed, and are shut in except your head. The perceptible effect is a genial warmth and a slight moisture. We hear marvellous stories of its cures. It makes the deaf hear and the dumb speak; and, in short, does what all other baths do if you believe their believing champions. One rare advantage that we have here is a physician of excellent sense, and of a most kind and winning disposition; another is, that we see the manners of the people of the country without the slightest approach to foreign fashions or intermixture of foreign society. It is a two hours' drive to Frankfort over a perfectly level plain. The Frankfort gentry come out every day with their children and servants, and seem to find quite pleasure enough in sitting down at a table before the door and working worsted, knitting, smoking, drinking wine and Seltzer-water, sipping coffee and eating Mademoiselle Zimmermann's cakes, which are none of the most delicious. Her *very* frugal table must be rather a contrast to those of their luxurious homes, but I never see a wry

face or hear a discontented word from them. Of a fine day the area before the door is covered with coteries of people who have no amusement in common, none but such as I have mentioned; these suffice. They interchange smiles and bows as often as they cross one another's path, and thus flow down the stream of life without ever ruffling a feather.

The Germans never stray beyond the gravelled walks around the house. Such quietude would kill us, so we appease our love and habit of movement with a daily donkey ride among the Taunus Hills or a walk through the lovely woodland paths. The famous castles of Kronberg (Crown-hill), Konistein (King's-stone), and Falkenstein are within a reasonable walk. Konistein has been an immense fortress, and its story is interwoven with the annals of the country. We visited the ruins yesterday. The girls wandered away and left me with an English woman, who, while I was admiring these irregular, romantic hills, and the sea-like plain that extends eastward from their base without any visible bound, was telling me a marvellous tale, and an "o'er-true one," as she believed. Some other time I will give you the particulars; I have now only space for the catastrophe. Two *American* lovers, whether married or not no one knew, came to Konistein, mounted the loftiest part of the ruin, and, clasped in one another's arms, as the peasant-boy who saw them averred, threw themselves down. "It was from that old tower," said my companion; "you see how tottering it looks; they say the view is better there,

but it is considered so unsafe that it is forbidden to mount it." I started up, not doubting that my girls, with the instinct that young people seem to have to get into places of peril, had gone there. I fancied them tumbling down after their sensible compatriots. I screamed to them, and was answered distinctly—by a well-mannered echo! However, I soon found, by a little ragged boy, that they were loitering unharmed about the old tower, and I got them down before they had time to add to the American illustrations of Konistein.

To-day we have been to Falkenstein. It is one of the highest summits of the Taunus, near those loftiest pinnacles, the Fellberg and Auld Konig. There is a pretty story of a knight having won a daughter of Falkenstein by making a carriage road in a single night up to the castle-wall. The most sensible miracle I ever heard being required of a lover. The elf who lent him spades and pickaxes and worked with him, demanded in payment the fee simple of some wild woodland hereabout. I like this story better than that in Schiller's ballad of the "Lord of Falkenstein." One does not like to mar such a scene as this with the spectre of a treacherous and cruel lover, or to remember, amid this rural peace and beauty, that there are sweet deceived young mothers, whose spirits brood over the graves of the children they in madness murdered. And who that has seen Retzsch's exquisite sketch of the peasant-girl of Falkenstein can forget it? We were there just before sunset. The little stone-built vil-

lage lay in the deep shadow of the woodland steep which is crowned by the castle. It was a fête-day, and the villagers in their pretty costumes looked so happy and yet so poor, that they almost made me believe in the old adage, "no coin, no care." While the girls sat down to sketch, I escaped from a volunteer companion whose voice was as tiresome as a March wind, and, getting into an imbowered path, passed the prettiest little Gothic church I have seen since we were in the Isle of Wight. Here, in the green earth, as the legend rudely scrawled above them tells you, "ruhen in Gott" ("rest in God") the generations that have passed from the village. Faith, hope, and memory linger about these graves. There are roses and heart's-ease rooted in the ground, and wooden crosses, images of saints, and freshly-platted garlands of flowers over the graves. What more could the richest mausoleum express? I mounted through a fragrant copse-wood to the castle—part rock and part masonry. The tower is standing, and waving from its top is some rich shrubbery, like a plume in a warrior's cap. Falkenstein village, close under the castle, looked like a brood of chickens huddled under its mother's wing. Kronberg and its towers were in shadow; but the vast plain beyond was bathed in light, and the Main and the Rhine were sparkling in the distance. All around me was a scene of savage Nature in her stern strength, all beyond of her motherly plentiful production. I counted eighteen villages; a familiar

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eye would probably have seen twice as many more. They are not easily distinguished from the earth, with which their colour blends harmoniously.

"Life is too short," we said, as we forced ourselves away just as the last ray of the sun was kissing the aforesaid green plume of the castle. We did not get home till it was quite dark, but we were as safe and unmolested as if we had been on our own hill-sides.

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You will, I know, dear C., think there is "something too much" of these old castles and Taunus scenery; but consider how they fill up our present existence. But I will be forbearing, and abridge a long, pleasant day's work we have had in going to Eppestein, a village in a *crack* of the Taunus, one of the narrowest, most secluded, wildest abodes that ever man sought refuge in; for surely it must have been as a hiding-place it was first inhabited.

Some knight must have fled with a few faithful followers, and wedged them in here among the rocks and mountains. The lords have passed away, and the vassals are now peasants. We were invited into the habitation of one of them by a cheerful dame, whose "*jungste*" (a blooming lassie) she introduced to *my youngest*. I am not willing to lose an opportunity of seeing the inside of a cottage; hers was all that is habitable of the old castle, and is the neatest and most comfortable peasant's dwelling I have seen. The lord's kitchen was con-

verted into the peasant's salon, where there was a good stove, antique chairs, a bureau, pictures, and a crucifix. In the kitchen I saw a very well filled dresser. The good woman was eager to hear of America; some of her neighbours had gone there. "They had but money enough to carry them to the ship, and had since sent help to their friends." Strange, it seemed, that there should be a relation between this sequestered valley and our New World, and that our abundance should be setting back upon these poor people. "Ours is a fine country for the young," said I. "Yes," said an old woman from the corner, "but an old tree don't bear transplanting!"

I should like you to have seen us taking our repast at the mill *gasthaus*, seated on the pebbly plat in *settles* made of birchen sticks, served by a cheerful hostess, who sat knitting in the intervals of supplying our wants, and supplying them with ne-plus-ultra bread and butter, tender boiled beef, honey, Seltzer-water, and wine: four hungry women for sixty cents. The mill-wheel kept its pleasant din the while, and another din there was that amused us from a handsome youth, who occupied a table near us, and who was telling the hostess, with frequent glances at us, of a visit he had paid to London. As he spoke in French, I presume it was more for our edification than that of our hostess. After a very picturesque account of the shocking disparity between the amount of food and the amount of the bill at an English inn, he concluded, "Ah le triste sejour Lon-

dres! On prie le bono Dieu tout le Dimanche—ça n'amuse pas!"\*

I can believe that England would be to a German traveller with stinted means one continued fast and penance.

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We saw to-day fifty peasants gathered under a chestnut-tree; and an auction going on; but, as we saw no wares, we were at a loss what to make of it, till we were told the duke's chestnuts were selling. Chestnuts are an article of food here. This neighbourhood abounds in thriving nurseries, which are a main source of revenue to the peasants. There is one on the hill-side opposite my window. It covers thirty acres, and is divided into small proprietries and owned by the peasants of Kronberg, to whom it brings an annual revenue of 10,000 florins (\$4000): a shower of gold on these children of toil and hardship.

A labourer in haying and harvesting, the busiest season of the year, is paid one florin 12 kreutzers a day (fifty cents), and finds himself, and works earlier and later than our people. If he works for several days consecutively for one employer, he is allowed a trifle more as drink-geld. A female domestic in a family where only one servant is kept is fed and paid twenty florins a year (eight dollars!!); and for this pitiful sum she gives effective, patient,

\* "Oh what a dismal place London is! They pray all day long on Sunday—not very amusing that!"

and *cheerful* labour. An accomplished cook can earn twenty-four dollars!

The perfect blending of self-respect with deference, of freedom with courtesy, in the manners of the subordinate classes in Germany, puzzles me. They are, as you perceive by the rate of wages, quite as dependant on their employers as in England, but I have never seen an instance of cringing servility or insolence. The servants are indefatigable in their attendance, grateful for a small gratuity, and always meet your social overtures frankly and cheerfully. A seamstress sewed for us for two or three weeks, a quiet, modest, and respectful girl; when she parted from us she kissed us all, including R., not our hands, but fairly on the cheek; a demonstration to which, as she was young and very pretty, neither he nor you would object.

I bought some trunks at Frankfort of a man who, when we had closed our traffic, asked me to go up stairs and look at his rooms and the picture of his wife; and when he saw my pleasure in his very clean, well-furnished home, he said it was all their own earning; that they had not much, but they had contented minds, and "that made a little go a great way." When he brought home the trunks he brought his two little boys to see us. I could tell you fifty similar anecdotes, which all go to prove that the bond of brotherhood is sound and strong among them.

The family ties seem to be very strictly maintained. Children are kept much longer in subordination to their parents and dependance on them,

than we have any notion of. The period of minority may be almost said to extend through the parents' life. A very clever German woman lamented to me the effect of an English education upon the habits of her son. And, by-the-way, she considered his reluctance to submit to the restraints of his father's house, and his notion of complete independence and escape from the thralldom of his minority, to have been perfected by a year's travel in America. After telling me that he had refused to occupy a suite of apartments in his father's house because he could not submit to be asked "where were you yesterday?" "where do you go to-morrow?" she concluded with, "But I have nothing to complain of; he is a very good young man, but he is no longer a German. We should have foreseen this when we sent him to England; we cannot expect if we plant cabbages they will come up potatoes."

The strict union of families seems to me to be promoted by the general cultivation of music. I say *seems* to me, my dear C.; for, conscious of my very limited opportunities of observation, I give you my impressions with unaffected diffidence. Almost every member of a family is in some sort a musical performer, and thus is domesticated the most social and exciting of the arts. You would be astonished at the musical cultivation in families where there is no other accomplishment.

There is one of the rights of women secured to them here which I have been assured has an important effect on general prosperity and individual hap-

piness. The German wife has an inextinguishable right to half the joint property of herself and her husband. He cannot deprive her of it by will, nor can it be applied to debts of his contracting. "This it is," said a gentleman to me, "that makes our wives so intelligent in the management of their concerns, so industrious and economical." I don't know how this may be, but it seems to me to be but common justice that a wife should be an equal partner in a concern of which she bears so heavy a part of the burden. Would not the introduction of such a law have a beneficent effect on the labouring classes in the United States? How many women would be stimulated to ingenuity and productive labour if the results of their industry were secured to them? How many women are first wronged and then disheartened by having an inheritance consumed by a husband's vices, or dispersed by his wild speculations? How many, well qualified for respectable branches of business, are deterred from attempting them by the impossibility of securing to themselves and their children the proceeds? How many poor women among the lowest class of labourers have you and I both known, whose daily earnings have been *lawfully* taken from them by their brutal husbands? This is a pretty serious evil, as in that class at least (you will allow me to say) the destructive vices are pretty much monopolized by your sex.

It is one of our distinctions, thank God, in the New World, that we do not quietly rest in any er-

ror ; so I have faith that in good time this matter will be set right.

It is impossible to witness the system of general instruction in Germany without asking if the rulers are not making an experiment dangerous to the maintenance of their absolutism. Debarred as the lower orders are from all political action, it may be some time before they use the "sharp-edged tools" put into their hands ; but, when they once begin to read, to reflect, and compare, they will hardly go on quietly wearing a master's uniform, doing his work, and eating black bread and potatoes, as if this were their full and fair share.

When you look at the highly-educated classes, at the diffusion of knowledge among them, and consider the activity, boldness, and freedom of the German mind, you are confounded at the apparent serenity and quietude. But is it not the serenity of the mighty ocean, that wants but the moving of the wind to rise in resistless waves ? the quietude of the powder magazine, inert only till the spark touches it ?

We are not in a way to hear political topics agitated. They make no part of general conversation. But I have met with some touching expressions of feelings that I imagine are much diffused under this placid surface of society. One of our German friends spoke to me with deep emotion of her aunt, who is just embarking for the United States. "She is leaving us all," she said ; "her children and grandchildren, brothers, nephews, nieces, all the friends of a lifetime, and such a happy home ! to

go and live with one son in the backwoods of America."

"Is that son so much a favourite?" I asked.

"Oh, no ; but he and his brother have suffered for their political opinions. They were imprisoned eight years ; one of them died. *He* was a favourite ; and so good, so beloved by everybody. My aunt says she cannot breathe the air of Germany. She must have the free air of America !"

There is a captain in the Austrian army at Kronthal for his health, a man about fifty, with a most melancholy expression of countenance. Ever since he knew we were Americans he has manifested an interest in us. He has asked many questions about the country, and let fall on various occasions, in an under tone, his respect for our free institutions. His extreme despondency affected me, and I took an opportunity to endeavour to inspire him with hope in the efficacy of the waters. I repeated to him every instance I had heard of benefit in cases similar to his ; at each he shook his head mournfully, and then explained why the "amen stuck in the throat." "It is not my disease," he said ; "that may be cured ; but it is my incurable position ; what am I but a mere tool in the hands of the men of power employed to watch every generous movement, and support the wrong against the right?" It wants but that this feeling should be a little more general, and the oppressor's rod will be broken.

I leave this country with an interest, respect, and attachment that I did not expect to feel for any



country after leaving England. I rather think the heart grows by travelling! I feel richer for the delightful recollections I carry with me of the urbanity of the Germans. Never can I forget the "Guten tag," "Guten abend," and "Gute nacht" ("good-day," "good-evening," and "good-night"), murmured by the soft voices of the peasants from under their drooping loads as we passed them in our walks. Addison says that the general salutations of his type of all benignity, Sir Roger de Coverly, came from the "overflowings of humanity"—so surely did these. On the whole, the Germans seem to me the most rational people I have seen. We never "are" but always "to be blessed." They enjoy the present, and, with the truest economy of human life, make the most of the materials of contentment that God has given them. Is not this better than vague, illimitable desires and ever-changing pursuits?\*

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Basle, Switzerland, Sept 23.

WE have been seven days on the way from Frankfurt to this place, a distance of 225 miles. We have posted, a most comfortable mode of travelling in Germany. The postillions are civil, the horses strong and well broken, and changed every six

\* I cannot be understood to say, or suspected of intimating, that Germany impressed me as happier than our country of general activity, progress, and equalized prosperity. No, every American must feel, wherever he goes from home, that his is the happiest country for the general interests of humanity—the *favoured land*; but let us remember there are some compensations to other countries—and thank God for it—and imbibe, if we can, their spirit of contentment and enjoyment.

miles. There is no *fast* driving—that would be perfectly *un-German*—but, far more to my liking, it is cautious, safe, and uniform. Driving rapidly through a new and beautiful country, seems to me in the same good taste as walking with a quick step through a gallery of pictures. Our posting expenses have been at the rate of twelve dollars for thirty-six miles; this, for seven persons, is lower than our ordinary stage-coach fare at home. And how superior the accommodation. You can travel just as far, and stop when, and as long as you please. We have often wished we could turn W.'s corner and drive up to your door, and hear the shouts of the children at what would seem to them a very grotesque appearance. The leaders, attached with rope traces, are so far from the wheel-horses that our equipage must be about thirty feet in length. The postillion sits on the near wheel-horse and guides the leaders with rope reins. He and his horses are all stout, heavy moulded, and reliable. He wears a short blue coat, turned up behind with red tips. His trumpet is suspended by a cord, from which two huge tassels of bright-coloured worsteds hang bobbing down his back. His breeches are of yellow buckskin, and his boots are cut up to a point in front some inches above the knee, and the whole pleasure of his profession seems to be to keep up an eternal cracking of his whip, which I found, to my surprise, after two or three days' annoyance, we minded no more than his horses did.\*

\* Posting here, and generally on the Continent, is monopolized by

The roads are excellent ; quite as good, it seems to me, as the English roads, that is to say, *perfect*. We travelled one hundred and eighty miles without passing an elevation of more than fifteen or twenty feet at the utmost. It is like a road through a meadow, raised some ten or twelve feet above the adjacent ground. This is probably from the accumulation of stones and dirt brought on from year to year to repair it. This level road is called (for some distance) *Berg-strasse* (mountain-road), because it runs parallel to a range of hills which bound your view on the east of the Rhine. R. insisted they had been swung back like a gate for the traveller to pass ; and so it appears. They start forth at once from the low ground, without any preparatory slope or an intervening hill, and there they stand as if they had just stepped out of your way. They are covered to their summits with corn and vines, and castle-crowned, of course. It would be as strange to see a man in Berkshire standing out of door without his hat, as a hill here without its o'ertopping castle. On our right stretches a vast sandy plain, with the Rhine gliding through it, and bounded, at some sixty miles distance, by the Vosges—French mountains. You might fancy a painter had laid out the road, so pretty are the views of the villages, so for-

the government. With our preconceived notions of individual rights, we were startled, on arriving at a post-station where there was a deficiency of horses, to hear the postmaster order an impressment of peasants' horses. What would our friends, *Colonel W.* or *Major D.*, the gentlemen-yeomen of S., say to such a procedure ? We should have a revolution.

tunately does the spire of a cathedral come in here and a village church there. The road is often on the outskirts of orchards, and bordered by an avenue of fruit-trees that extend from town to town. At almost every post we observed a new costume. It seemed like the shifting scenes of the theatre. Here we pass peasants and peasant-boys driving their carts, with three-cornered hats such as our old ministers wore. Six miles farther, there were fifty peasant-girls seated on the ground, picking hops from the vine, with immense tortoise-shell combs in their hair. A few miles farther on we saw them scattered over a hayfield, with hats wide enough for umbrellas; and the next change was a little high-crowned hat with a narrow brim. Here were girls driving a cart drawn by cows, with enormous black bows on the top of their heads, and, a few miles farther, old women *shovelling out manure*, with red velvet caps bordered with black lace. The prettiest costumes we saw, and they would have done honour to a Parisian *improvisatori des modes* (there are such people, I believe), were on a fête-day at Freyberg. Beside all the varieties I have mentioned, we had, in their holyday freshness, scull-caps of black and coloured velvet, prettily embroidered with silver and gold, and long braids of hair hanging behind and tied with ribands that touched the ground — their bodices were of velvet with slashed sleeves. Some wore simply a bosom-piece worked with beads, and others had bright-coloured

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handkerchiefs tied round their throats, and their skirts bound with bright-coloured ribands. Contrast this in your imagination with the working-dresses of our working-people. Why it is the difference between tropical birds and a flock of tame *she-pigeons*!

As we made Southing we noticed some productions that we have not seen before. Tobacco-fields have abounded. In approaching Freyberg we saw pretty fair patches of Indian corn; and to-day, trailing down the terraces, our own honest, broad-faced pumpkin has greeted us. The grapes are obviously nearer the vintage. I bought a magnificent bunch yesterday, and, holding it up as I came in so as to display its broad shoulders, said, "I gave but seven kreutz' for this!" "Ah, ça commence!" exclaimed François, his eyes gleaming with his Italian reminiscences.

There are vineyards of wide-spread fame on this route. We drank a delicious red wine at "The Fortune" at Offenburg, kept by Pfählers, called Affenthaler. Our landlord told us he made 50,000 bottles a year, and had had orders from New-York. I wish he may have more, and everything else that may minister to his prosperity; and so I am sure all must wish who have enjoyed, as we did, the comforts and luxuries of "The Fortune."

The first bad bread we have eaten in Europe—a villanous composition with caraway seeds—was at Brucksal. One would think *good* bread would be one of the first products of any society one advance

beyond the savage state ; but we know that our country is not yet old enough to have perfected the art of making it. Perhaps the reason of the difference is, that with us, except in the large towns, it depends on individual skill, knowledge, *virtue*, and is exposed to various family mischances, whereas in Europe it is uniformly made in bakeries. Heaven speed the time when we shall have no more sour bread, hot bread, heavy bread, bread made with "milk risings," and with no risings at all ! "distressful bread" truly !

We have passed through some very interesting towns on this route, and done traveller's duty in seeing their lions. Darmstadt, not at all interesting, by-the-way, though the residence of the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. It is filled with gigantic houses, from which the giant proprietors seem to have run away ; a more empty-looking town you never beheld. Heidelberg, with its magnificent old castle, its picturesque sites, and the scenery on the Neckar around it, is worth coming all this way to see.

At Carlsruhe there is the palace of the Grand-duke of Baden, and old, extensive, and beautifully-adorned pleasure-grounds, to which the public have free access.

Baden—Baden is, as you know, the most famous watering-place in Germany. As its waters have no longer much reputation, it must owe its chief attraction to the beauty of the scenery. In its natural features it resembles the northern towns in our own Berkshire ; but, with all my home prepossessions, I

must confess that it is more beautiful even than Williamstown; more beautiful, I mean, in its natural aspect. As to what man has built, from the cottage to the cathedral, the difference between the Old and the New World is—unmeasurable. In the material, form, and colour of our buildings, we have done, for the most part, all we could do to deform the fair face of our nature. All that we can say for them is, that they are either of so perishable a material, or so slightly put together, that they cannot last long; and when they are to be replaced, we may hope that the inventive genius of our people, guided by the rules of art, will devise an architecture for us suited to our condition, and embodying the element of beauty. I say “suited to our condition,” for it is very plain that, where property is so diffused as to make individual possession and comfort all but universal, and where society is broken into small multitudinous sects, we have no occasion for the stately palaces, the ducal residences, the cathedrals and splendid churches of Europe; nor shall we have the beautiful, *comfortless* cottage niched in an old tower, or made of the fragments of a castle-wall, so enchanting to the eye in the picture-scenes here. After all, dear C., when I get home, and have nothing to see but our scrawny farm-houses, excrescences, wens as they are on the fair earth, it will be rather a comfort to think they are occupied by those that *own* them; that under those unsightly, *unthatched*, shingled roofs are independent, clean, and abundant homes, and a *progressive* people. Still, with patriotism,

common sense, and, I may add, but a common gratitude to Providence for our home-condition, *on the whole*, I cannot but sigh as I look back upon the delight we had yesterday in seeing surely the most exquisitely beautiful of all cathedrals, the Cathedral of Freyburg, and in joining in the vesper service there in the twilight of the preceding evening ; yes, joining, for surely dull must be the spirit that does not allow free course to its devotional instincts in such a place and at such an hour, while people of all conditions are kneeling together. You do not ask or think by what name their religion is called. You feel that the wants of their natures are the wants of your own, and your worship is spontaneous, which it is not *always* in our pharasaical pews, amid a finely-dressed congregation, and while listening to a sermon written for the élite of the élite. Dear C., let us see things as they are ; depend on it, the old faith, with all its corruptions and absurdities is, in a few of its *usages*, nearer to the Christian source than the new.

We went to the Cathedral again and again, walked round it, and to different points of view, and mounted up a vine-covered hill, and sat down under a crucifix, whence for an hour we gazed on it, and finally looked our last after leaving Freyburg, when the last rays of the sun were upon it, and it was set off by a background of the Black Forest. Our sensations were like those you get from reading an exquisite old poem.

To come to the prose of the matter, the Cathedral



was begun some eight hundred years ago, and is the only large Gothic church in Germany which is completed. The tower is finished with a spire; and though of so ponderous a material as stone, so light in its effect as to give you the idea (it did give it to L.) of an arrow shooting from the bow. I can go on and give you dimensions, colour, and form, but, after all, there is nothing for you but to come and see.\*

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 BERNE.

Berne, Sept. 25.

MY DEAR C.,

My last letter was from Basle, a town containing\* twenty-one thousand inhabitants, and our first resting-place in Switzerland. It is at the head of the navigation of the Rhine, and the current is here so rapid and the ascent so difficult that, as we looked out from the windows of our hotel, *Drei Könige*,

\* My readers will thank me, I am sure, for condensing into a few pages my journal of our route from Frankfort to Basle. It was full of variety and beauty in the external world, but there was little incident and no character; and it requires a skilful artist to make his landscape attractive without figures. We became ourselves tired of the repetition of descriptions of villages and castles, and, finally, we amused ourselves with making the following summary of epithets. For castles: "beautiful, brooding, baronial, crowning, elevated, lofty, high, grand, magnificent, superb, sublime, lordly, mounted, mouldering, murky, perched, springing up, suspended, overlooking, watching, protecting, guardian, smiling, frowning, threatening, lowering, hovering, hung, towering, decayed, dilapidated, crumbling, ruinous, picturesque, lovely, light, airy, massy, heavy."

Villages: "pitched, perched, planted, imbosomed, lapped, cradled, nested, sheltered, hidden, concealed, cribbed, ensconced, peeping, terraced." We had the modesty to call them *synonyms*.

whose walls it washes, we should have thought it impossible, but for witnessing the fact. We walked out on the terraces over the ramparts, overlooking on one side the Rhine, and on the other beautiful surroundings, bounded by the Jura, the Vosges, and the Black Forest.

We went to the Minster; not to admire it, for it is a huge, clumsy edifice of the eleventh century; its antiquity desecrated with that Protestant innovation—pews.\* But we were attracted by a bust of Erasmus, and a monument to him. He and other distinguished reformers were buried here. It did not strike me quite agreeably to see the memorials of these men in a church whose faith they had dissolved and whose worship they had subjugated. This is too much like converting a conquered enemy's holiest possessions into trophies.

Basle is Holbein's birthplace; and we saw there a collection of his pictures and sketches—a few of the originals of his most celebrated pictures. It is always interesting to go to the birthplace of a man of genius. However far his fame has extended, there his heart has rested; that has been the scene of his affections, and, of course, of the happiest hours of his life.

At Basle posting ended, and we took a *voiturier*.\* Shortly after leaving Basle we passed a spot

\* An individual undertakes with one set of horses to conduct you for one or two days, or all over Europe, if you please. They travel from twenty-five to forty miles a day, starting and stopping at an hour agreed on, and resting two hours in the middle of the day. Your postillion is seldom the owner of the horses, but always a reliable

memorable in Swiss history, where a battle was fought in 1444 between the Swiss and French. The Swiss fought with invincible courage, and killed tenfold their number. It was the unblenching valour displayed on this occasion that led a French monarch to select the Swiss for his body-guard, and, of course, from this epoch, from this battle-ground, dates the employment of Swiss as mercenaries. This is a foul blot on their escutcheon, but they have done what could be done to diminish it, by serving with a fidelity that has passed into a proverb.

On leaving Bienne we mounted a hill, whence we saw the Lake of Bienne and the lovely island where Rousseau lived ; and it was while we were on this hill that a cry went from mouth to mouth of, " The Alps ! the Alps ! the Alps !" Our hearts and—yes, I will tell you the whole truth—our eyes were full ; for how, but by knowing how we felt, can you estimate the sensations they are fitted to produce ? We

person, and we found him uniformly civil ; his civility is indeed secured by his wages in some measure depending on the satisfaction he gives. You pay fifteen francs a day for each horse (this includes return fare), five francs a day, if he serves you well, to your postillion, and five francs a day for each horse whenever you wish to lie by. In Italy, perhaps elsewhere, it is very common for the voiturier to provide for you at the inns. In this case you make a contract with him as to the kind and mode of your supplies, and the price to be paid. On the first of two occasions when we tried this, we were perfectly well served ; but on a second being not so well served, we preferred travelling less trammelled, and not quite so much in the fashion of a bale of goods. On the whole, when the roads are good, and the days not at the shortest, to *elderly people* voiturier travelling is a very agreeable mode. We would not recommend it to the impatient or the young, who like to put a girdle "round the earth in forty minutes."

have heard of the Alps all our lives. We have read descriptions of them in manuscript and print, in prose and poetry; we knew their measurement; we have seen sketches, and paintings, and models of them; and yet, I think, if we had looked into the planet Jupiter, we could scarcely have felt a stronger emotion of surprise. In truth, up, up, where they hung and shone, they seemed to belong to heaven rather than earth; and yet, such is the mystery of the spirit's kindred with the effulgent beauty of God's works, that they seemed

"A part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them."

François had ordered the postillion to stop, and for a minute not a sound broke the delicious spell. The day, fortunately, was favourable. The whole range of the Bernese Alps was before us, unclouded, undimmed by a breath of vapour. There they were, like glittering wedges cleaving the blue atmosphere. I had no anticipation of the exquisite effect of the light on these aerial palaces, of a whiteness as glittering and dazzling as the garments of the angels, and the contrast of the *black* shadows, and here and there golden and rose-coloured hues. I have no notion of attempting to describe them; but you shall not reproach me, as we, so soon as we recovered our voices, reproached all our travelled friends with, "Why did not they tell us?" "How cruel, how stupid to let any one live and die without coming to see the Alps!" This morning was an epoch in our lives.

I LEFT them lunching at Aarberg, and walked on alone. I hoard with a miser's feeling every minute in this beautiful country. All my life I have been longing to come to Switzerland, and now so rapid must be our passage through it, it seems as if, like the rainbow, it would fade away while I am looking at it. The softer, the comparatively *very* tame parts of it, remind me of our own home surroundings, which we have always deemed and which are so romantically lovely. This resemblance, and the little domestic scenes I passed while straying on alone, gave me a home feeling. Once I sat down on a bridge to look at some peasant women who were dressing flax on a grassy bank sloping to the water's edge, while their children were dabbling in the brook. A little girl, of her own kind will, left her playmates, came straying on to the bridge, and sat down by me, looking up in my face with a sweet, trustful expression, as if she had grown at my side. I perceived one of the flax-dressers suspend her hetchelling to watch our by-play, and, toil-worn, weather-beaten as she was, it was easy to see, in her pleased attention, that she was the mother of the fair, dimpled, bright-eyed little creature beside me. She was a picture in her pretty Bernese costume. I asked her question upon question about her black lace fly-cap, her braids, and chains, and bodice, and she replied, and, though our words were in an unknown tongue, we had no need of an interpreter. She had got her arm around my

neck; and as I took her dimpled hand in mine, I was tempted to cross it with silver, but I checked the impulse in time, not to substitute for the kindly feeling that for the moment had knit the little stranger to me, a sordid emotion. It would have been a disturbance of Nature's sympathies and affinities. There should be other intercourse than mere giving and taking between the rich and the poor; it would be well for both parties.

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*Berne.*—I stood in the balcony of Professor V.'s house this morning, while his son pointed out the different summits of the Bernese Alps and gave me their names. It seemed something like being introduced to so many illustrious heroes; and so they are; for there they have stood battling it with the elements since their foundations were laid, inspiring in each generation, as it came and passed, awe and delight. You can hardly imagine a position within the bounds of a town so lovely as that of Professor V.'s house. It has a terraced garden in the rear extending to the Aar more than a hundred feet below it, a stream with a *Swiss* voice. Then think of having these Alps for your daily companions—of the dawn and the sunset upon them! Professor V.'s wife is the sister of our friend Doctor Follen. They assembled their family (very charming young people) and some of their friends to see us. I hardly enjoyed this scene, for, whether I looked out the window or in, I could only think of our beloved

friend, and of what it had cost him to break the ties that bound him to his glorious country and to such kindred. Those who achieve liberty in their homes can hardly estimate the love of freedom, the devotion to human rights, that drives such a man as Charles Follen into voluntary and perpetual exile!

We pride ourselves on the asylum our country offers to the champions of liberty who have become the victims of the Old World's oppressors. This they owe to our fathers. Is not our welcome too often a cold and stinted one? Do we not often regard them with distrust, rather than supply to them, as far as may be, the lost charities of home?\*

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Geneva, September 28.

MY DEAR C.,

THIS place, so long a city of refuge to the victims of a persecuting creed, has a peculiar interest to all lovers of religious liberty. As religious freedom is a natural spur to intellect, Geneva has long been, and is yet, a focus of great names which have extended indefinitely the intellectual dominions of this little canton; so little, that Voltaire said, "When I shake out my wig I powder the whole republic!"

There is nothing very attractive in the aspect of the town. There is the usual opposition found in the Continental towns, of the romantic to the useful,

\* I have omitted our journey from Berne to Geneva, as we retraced this route in 1840, and then passed some most delightful weeks in Switzerland, which came into a subsequent portion of my letters.

In the contrast between the picturesque, inconvenient old structures, and the modern, light, commodious buildings. Lake Lemman you and all the civilized world have by heart through Byron's poetry and Rousseau's eloquent descriptions; and what a world of tiresome journal-reading, "skimble-scamble stuff," you are saved thereby! We are at a hotel on the Rhone just where it issues from the lake; "the arrowy Rhone" it truly is here. The water is of an indigo blue colour, a peculiarity which Sir Humphrey Davy imputes to the presence of iodine.

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We went to the Cathedral this morning, attracted by its association with Calvin's name. It was here this great man preached when he was exercising almost unlimited sway over the consciences and lives of the Genevese, and here he promulgated those doctrines that are still the rule of faith to the strictest sects of the religious world. There are various opinions as to the soundness of his doctrines, but no one can question the mental energy of a man, a private individual and a stranger, who, by the mere force of his fulminations, governed, and with the severest rein, the dress, the dinners, and the amusements of this community.

We found a large congregation listening intently to a preacher, who set before them the duties resulting from the superior light their fathers had enjoyed. He made use of one very discreet tactic. During the sermon he made three pauses of about two

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minutes each, which not only gave him time to draw his breath and arrange his thoughts, but provided a safety-valve, by which the coughs and other impertinent sounds so annoying were let off, and on we glided in silent attention. The benediction that closed the service was a pleasing variation from the common formula. "*Allez en paix, souvenez vous des pauvres, et que le paix de Dieu reste avec vous !*"\* You can hardly imagine, my dear C., what a refreshment a good sermon is to those who are deprived, Sunday after Sunday, of their accustomed religious services. The sermon was apparently extempore, and delivered with an unction that delighted us. On coming out, we learned we had heard M. Cockerel, of Paris, a celebrated evangelical preacher.

Towards evening K. and I drove out to M. Sismondi's. He resides at Chesne. We drove away from the lake on a level road, past pleasant villas and in face of Mont Blanc; thickly veiled his face was though, and, as we are told, he does not show it, on an average, more than sixty times a year. After a pleasant drive of a mile and a half we reached M. Sismondi's house, a low, cottage-like building, with a pretty hedge before it, and ground enough about it to give it an air of seclusion and refinement. On the opposite side of the road, and withdrawn from it, is a Gothic church shaded by fine old trees, and before it is the Salève, and Mont Blanc

\* "Go in peace; remember the poor, and may the peace of God dwell with you."

for a background. I envied those who could sit down on the stone benches in the broad vestibule of the church, with these glorious high altars before them. It pleased me to find Sismondi's home in a position so harmonizing with the elevation and tranquillity of his philosophic mind. As we drove up the serpentine approach to his door, I felt a little trepidation lest I might not find a friend in my long and intimate correspondent—a natural dread of the presence of a celebrated man; but I had no sooner seen his benignant face, and heard the earnest tones of his kind welcome, than I felt how foolish, how pitiful, was such a dread; and that I might as well have feared going into the sunshine, or into the presence of any other agent, however powerful, that is the source of general health and happiness. To our surprise, we found we were expected. Confalonieri is in Geneva, and expecting to intercept us, has delayed for some days his return to Paris.

After an hour we came away perfectly satisfied. Not a look, a word, or tone of voice had reminded us that we were meeting for the first time. We seemed naturally, and with the glow of personal intercourse, to be carrying on the thread of an acquaintance that we had been all our lives weaving. I can say nothing truer, nor to you more expressive, than that the atmosphere of home seemed to enfold us. You would like to know how M. Sismondi looks. I can tell you that he is short, stout, and rather thick; that he has a dark complexion, plenty of black hair, and brilliant hazel eyes; and then you

will have just about as adequate a notion of his soul-lit face as you would have of the beauty of Monument Mountain, the Housatonic, and our meadows, if you had never seen the sun shine upon them or the shadows playing over them. I sometimes think it matters not what the original structure is, when the character is written on it and the golden light of the soul shines over it. It is a very common opinion, but is it not an erroneous one, that you cannot form a correct opinion of an author from his works? Nine tenths (ninety-nine hundredths ?) of authors, so called, are mere collectors—*rifacitori*—ingenious makers of patchwork. An original writer writes with earnestness and sincerity. As Titian is said to have ground up flesh to produce his true colouring, so their works are a portion of their spirits; the book is in fact the man.

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WE dined at Chesne to-day. Madame S. insisted we should all come, saying, in her kindest manner, "It is but sitting a little closer;" and, turning to Confalonieri, "we do not give entertainments; but it is better than Spielberg, my dear count." We found everything as you would wish to find it in the house of a liberal friend. Married people without children have always seemed to me much like mutes; but here I do not miss them—affections that flow full and free will make their own channels. Sismondi rarely dines out, and "has not," Madame S. says, "in his life drank a half glass of wine beyond

what was good for him ;” and surely he has his reward in a clear head, and unshaken hand. He is sixty-seven. Madame S. expressed her regret that he was so near the allotted term of life, while “he had yet so much to do.” “I wish,” she added, playfully, “that I were nineteen, and my husband twenty-one.” Sismondi replied, that he should not care to live his life over again ; “it had been so happy, he should not dare to trust the chances.” We in our rash love would have exclaimed, “Oh king, live forever !” forgetting that he will live forever without “the chances.”

I inquired after a pair of lovers who had suffered from a forbidden attachment, and whose marriage had been effected by Sismondi’s intervention. A letter had just been received from the wife expressing in the strongest terms her happiness. Madame S. said “it was indeed a satisfaction to have made one human being happy.” “One, and it may be more,” added Sismondi ; “for there is already one child, and there may be many more.” Is it not a sign of a healthy moral condition when a man of sixty-seven takes it for granted that existence is happiness ?

You should have heard the clatter of our young people as we drove away. “Who would think M. Sismondi was a celebrated savant ?” exclaimed L. ; “I should never think of his being a great author, or anything but the best and kindest of men.” “Did you observe,” said M., whose American feeling is always at welding heat, “how perfectly well in-

formed he is about America, even to the smallest details?" K. declared that, though she had ridiculed the idea of falling in love at first sight, she had already plunged so deep into an affection for Sismondi that she began to think such a catastrophe possible. And then came other characteristic remarks; L. maintaining that "Madame S. could not be an Englishwoman, she was so gentle and lovely!" and M. saying she was like the best specimens of American women—like E. F. and S.; and we finally laid aside all our national biases *pour et contre*, and finished by agreeing that she is

"That kind of creature we could most desire  
To honour, serve, and love."

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K. and I walked out this morning to breakfast with the Sismondis. It was scarcely nine when we sat down to the table. He breakfasted on curds and cream, and on these delicate articles Madame S. says he expends all his *gourmandism*. Nine is not late now (October 6), and he had already written three letters and several graceful stanzas for some lady's album. It is by these well-ordered habits of diligence that he accomplishes such an immensity of work. And with all this labour his mind is as free, as much at ease as if he had nothing in the world to do but make his social home the cheerful place it is. He spoke in terms of high commendation of Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, but he thought Mr. P. had painted his heroine-queen as

*beau*, and he went on to express his detestation of her bigotry, and his horror of its tremendous effects. We women contended for her conjugal and maternal character. "And what," he asked, "had she done for her children but educate a madwoman?" Madame S. reminded him of Catharine of Aragon. "But she," he said, "was not Isabella's daughter." We all smiled, and I said that I was glad to find him at fault in a point of history. "Ah!" he replied, "history for me is divided into two parts: that which I have written and forgotten, and that which I have not written and have not yet learned."

M. Sismondi was to bring us to town in his carriage, and, before setting off, there was a good-humoured conjugal discussion who, of a swarm of strangers, all, of course, with letters to the Sismondis, were to be invited there in the evening. Madame S. objected to Lady So-and-so; "she would talk 'tittery tattery;'" and to Madame —, who "would come expecting a grand *soirée*." Sismondi pleaded for all, and finally came away to make his visits to these people, with much the feeling that a bountiful man has in going among the poor with a purse full of money, which he feels coerced to withhold by the reigning theories of political economy. And *apropos* of political economy, Sismondi remarked this morning that the English political economists had quite overlooked the most striking circumstance in the condition of the Continental peasantry, that is, that they are either the absolute proprietors of the land they cul-

tivate, or they are metayers, that is, they cultivate it on shares. The lease is sometimes for three hundred years. You see at once this gives a stability and dignity to their condition which the English tenant has not; and the pride and pleasure of family transmission, and thus an extension of their being.

I asked if the working classes here were making progress. He said, "No; on the contrary, there was less development of mind than fifty years ago, for then there existed a law, now annulled, forbidding a master-workman to employ more than two journeymen. Now the tendency of things is to make great capitalists, and to reduce the mass of men to mere 'mechanicals.' As to progress with the peasantry, that was quite out of the question." What a strange and death-like condition this seems to us! When I think of the new, the singularly happy condition of our people among the working classes of the world, I am vexed at their solemn, anxious faces. If they have all outward prosperity, they have not that cheerfulness of the countenance which the wise man says betokeneth the prosperity of the heart. There is something wrong in this—some contravention of Providence.

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I MET M. de Candolles last evening at a soirée at Sismondi's. Besides having the greatest name in Europe as a botanist, he is a most agreeable person. He and Sismondi talked across me most courteously of our country, and with a minuteness of informa-

tion that showed what an interesting field it is to the philosopher and the man of science. De Candolles spoke respectfully of our botanists, Grey, Nuttall, and Elliott, and dwelt on the superior richness of our country, for the botanist, to Europe. "America is for me and not for Sismondi," he said; "for you have no history." He does not imagine how much we make of our little!

There were some dozen people present, and we took our tea round the tea-table, which was spread with biscuits, cake, sweetmeats, and fruit, quite in the rural fashion of New-England. The English, we are told, laugh at this mode of hospitality, and desecrate Lake Lemman with the homely title of "*Tea-water Lake*." When will the English learn to look with a philosophic eye on customs that differ from their own?

There was a gentleman present who enacted the part of the fly on the wheel, making a prodigious buzzing. He seemed particularly disturbed with the idea of women intermeddling in politics, but graciously concluded by conceding "they might know what they would on the subject provided they did not talk about it." "On the contrary," said De Candolles, "they may talk as much as they please provided they know nothing." So, pardon the vulgar proverb, the fool put us into the frying-pan, and the wise man pushed us into the fire!

De Candolles adverted to the curious subject of relative happiness. He said you might know the moment of passing from a Protestant to a Catholic



canton by the extreme wretchedness of the people ; and yet they were far more gay than their Protestant neighbours.\* This he imputed in part to their throwing off the burden of their sins every Sunday, and in part to their having no anxious dreams of improving their condition ; to their being, in short, in that respect, in the condition of the brutes that are grazing in the fields. M. de Candolles is right ; it is those " who *have* a prospect " that strain every nerve to press forward. It is the foreseeing, the providing, the *calculating*, that shadows over the countenances of an ever-onward people with anxiety. With so much good we must take the evil patiently.†

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*Sunday evening.*—We have just returned from taking tea with the Sismondis. Madame S. spoke

\* At the Reformation, the religion of each canton was decided by vote ; in some cases by a majority of only one or two voices. The dissenters acquiesced or removed. " Dieu benisse la plus grande voix," was their motto ; their version of "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*"

† The working man of the Old World has nothing to do, *can* do nothing, but provide for the cravings of nature. What does our working man ? Strain every nerve to *educate* a son, and give to all his children "school privileges." Instead of tilling another's land he improves *his own* farm, or strives to be able to buy a better. Instead of a blind submission to a transmitted faith and an imposed priest, he examines the grounds of his religion and selects its minister ; and in place of an inevitable obedience to absolute rulers and oppressive laws, he chooses his governors, and the legislators that are to make and modify the laws he is to obey. It is obvious what different places in the scale of humanity are occupied by these two classes of *working* men, and why the happiness of the citizen of the United States should not be the happiness of the *peasant*, but should be more elevated, more extended, and more *serious*.

of the Genevese women as the most exemplary she has ever known; this, mind ye, is the opinion of an Englishwoman. They are reproached, she says, with being *raide* and pedantic in their virtues, but she maintains that "it is exactness, not pedantry." She attributes much of the merit of their strict performance of their moral duties to the pastors of Geneva. Every young person, on attaining the age of fifteen, enters on a course of religious instruction from the pastor, which excludes other studies and all amusements. All ranks are comprised in this sacred study and novitiate. The neophyte is examined at the end of the year, and, if found wanting, the instruction is extended through another year. When admitted to the communion, she appears dressed in white, veiled, and attended by her friends, and a discourse is preached touching the duties and dangers of her future life. All this must make a deep impression on the mind at its most susceptible period. Madame S. says she has often been astonished at the nice discrimination of her domestics on moral subjects; and when she asked, "Where did you learn this?" they replied, "Ah, madam, we learned a great deal during our year of instruction!"

There is another old institution in Geneva to which she imputes much virtue. This is the "*Société des Dimanches*" (the "Sunday Society"). When a girl attains the age of five years she is made a member of a *Société des Dimanches*, consisting of the children of her mother's friends. They

meet every Sunday afternoon, attended only by a nurse or governess, who does not prescribe their amusements, and only interferes in case of necessity. The first girl of the community who marries gives her name to the society, and, as soon as there is a married woman among them, young men are admitted, on application, by the vote of the sisterhood. Their meetings continue through life. Madame S. says this association supplies to the lonely the attachments and aids of a family circle; that if a girl falls into misfortune, she is succoured by her companions; if her father's fortunes are ruined, there is no apparent change in her condition. This institution is confined to the native Genevese; of course Madame S. is excluded, and her favourable opinion is the result of her observation of its effects, and not of an esprit de corps. Sismondi is a member of three societies, De Candolles of every one in the place. It was delightful to see the pleased interest with which Sismondi listened to his wife's eulogium of his countrywomen. He drew his chair nearer and nearer, and when she ended he put his arm around her, and said with that simplicity which in him is such a grace, "Je te remercie, mon cœur."

Sismondi said the chief glory of Geneva resulted from its having been the asylum of the oppressed from all parts of Europe. "I can never think without emotion," he continued, "of the band of French Protestants who came here for refuge." His voice was choked; after a moment he added, "when they reached the summit of the Jura and saw the

lake and city before them, they all, with one accord, fell on their knees and sang a psalm!" His tears again interrupted him, and he apologized for them, saying, "Ce sont les choses qui me meuvent le plus, je ne puis jamais en parler."\* You have an infallible test of the heart when you know what does most move it. In this uncontrollable emotion Sismondi betrayed the unbounded love of freedom and the deep love of his fellow-creatures that breathes in all his works.

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SISMONDI was to take K. and me up to-day on his way to Malagny, where we were engaged to dine at Mrs. Marcet's. He came rather late, and somewhat flurried; one of his horses, a faithful servant stricken in years, had fallen on the way. He lamented him as your Willie would have lamented old Larry. "I must make up my mind to it now," he said; "he must be shot. I would shoot my wife if she were in such a condition!"

We got another carriage, and were at Mrs. Marcet's quite in time. This lady, as I am sure your grown-up and growing-up girls will be glad to know (if there is any gratitude in them), is living in affluence, and with great elegance, at one of the most beautiful villas on the lake. Don't let them imagine she has found the philosopher's stone in her

\* "These are the sort of things that most move me. I cannot speak of them." Though Sismondi speaks English perfectly well, French is his language, and, when off his guard, he falls into it.

scientific researches. She inherited her fortune, and has set them the example of studying for the love of it, and has reaped, distributed, and enjoyed a rich harvest.

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We went last evening to our friends at Chesne to meet a *sewing society* for the poor—just such as we have in our own villages. We found the historian of the Italian Republics, and the writer of other and more books than many people ever read, arranging the chairs and tables with madame, and Henri and Françoise, their servants, whom they treat more like friends than servants. Presently, Madame Martin, the wife of the pastor, entered with a pile of garments cut out and ready for her coadjutors. Their goings on were much like ours on similar occasions, except that the husbands were allowed admittance, and a quiet game of whist in the corner, provided they play for a few sous, and give the winnings to the society. Mr. Martin is a man of superior intellect and most delightful countenance; I thought so, at least, while he was asking me questions with great interest about my country. The girls had promised to join the sewers, but, instead, they were reapers. I turned, and saw them all gathered round M. Sismondi in the corner, L. at his feet, and he reciting Italian verses to them!

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We drank tea last evening with Madame B., a

pretty little Genevese, who lives during the summer at a most lovely place on the lake. We walked down to the shore by the twilight, and saw at a short distance a beautiful chaloupe (a yacht) with, as it appeared, a single sailor on board. Madame B. shouted to him, and directly he came in a row-boat to the shore, and proved to be her brother, a youth who, while getting a mercantile education at Liverpool, conceived such a passion for water-pleasures that his father has given him this chaloupe; and every day, after coming from the counting-house in town, he puts on his red flannel shirt and tarpaulin, and enacts the sailor on the lake. He rowed us to the chaloupe. It was a warm and lovely evening, and there we floated in a state of quiet enjoyment, not a sail passing us, or a sound disturbing our tranquillity. What a contrast this lake to what it would be with us! It is the largest lake in Switzerland, between forty and fifty miles long and six broad, with Geneva, a free town of 30,000 inhabitants, at one end of it, and many populous towns on its shores, and on the great thoroughfare to Italy. Some of the land about it is extremely valuable, selling at one thousand pounds sterling an acre, and producing 8000 bottles of wine; and, finally, Geneva is so mercantile a place in its character, and so thriving, that, as some wag has said, "If you see a man jumping out of a third story window, you may safely jump after him; you will be sure of making ten per cent. by it."

With all these incitements to activity, there is

hardly a sail moving on the lake, and only one little steamer, that plies daily between Geneva and Vevey. No wonder De Tocqueville says he was prepared for everything in America but its general stir.

We had a family party at tea, the father and uncle of our hostess. They have all summer residences within one enclosure; on one "campagne," as they call a country-place here. Our new acquaintances have the sterling currency of our best people at home: intelligence, good sense, and naturalness. The family ties are drawn closer here than with us, where the young birds are driven forth from the parent-nest as soon as fledged.

---

You would not thank me, perhaps, for saying nothing of Ferney, though I can have nothing new to say of a place that every traveller visits. We made an hour's drive of it to the village of Ferney, a place which grew up under Voltaire's fostering hand during his twenty years' residence here. The church is standing which he erected for *others* to worship in. The pious revolutionists have removed the stone on which he inscribed "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" The chateau and grounds are in good preservation. The show rooms, Voltaire's bedroom, and an adjoining salon are, with good taste, kept by the proprietor as Voltaire left them, that is, as far as the virtuoso-spoilers will permit them to be. The bed-curtains have been torn off shred by shred, till only fragments remain. The apartment struck me as

one of the saddest monuments of human vanity. There were everywhere traits of that littleness of mind which, in spite of Voltaire's infinite genius and his love of freedom—his utter hatred of bigotry and tyranny ecclesiastical and political—degraded him, justly diminished his influence with most people and destroyed it with the best. None but moral power has an indestructible agency.

There is a picture in the salon—a wretched daub—said to have been painted by his direction, at any rate it was hung up under his eye. He is represented as being led to the throne of Apollo by Henry the Fourth, with the *Henriade* in his hand, while Fame blows her trumpet, and a host of allegorical winged figures stand ready with smoking censers in their hands to usher him into the temple of Memory. Beneath his feet lie his detractors undergoing every species of torment.

In his bedroom is another apotheosis, a “fantasie,” called “*Le Tombeau de Voltaire*.” The four quarters of the globe, represented by emblematical figures, are approaching to do homage, while Ignorance, with bat's wings and bandaged eyes, is advancing to drive them away. America is represented by Franklin in a fur cap, moccasins, and a blanket!—The dear old sage, the very antagonist principle of savage life! Opposite the fireplace is a huge erection, that looks more like a German stove than anything else, with an urn on the top of it, in which Voltaire's heart was to have been placed. It is thus inscribed: “*Mes mânes sont consolés puisque mon*



cœur est au milieu de vous ;” and underneath, “ Son esprit est partout et son cœur est ici.” The empire of his mind has contracted to a small space ; and as to his heart—but God forgive us for our narrow judgments !

By the side of a portrait of Catharine II. of Russia, worked in worsted by herself for Voltaire, there is a picture of a very sweet-looking young woman, his laundress, and another of a Savoyard peasant-boy whom he adopted ; this looked well. On one side of the fireplace is a portrait of Madame de Châtelet, tremendously rouged ; and on the other, of Mademoiselle St. Denis. Among some indifferently-engraved heads hanging up, I noticed Racine, Corneille, Milton, Newton, Washington, and Franklin. If, as I have fancied, the pictures a man selects for his bedroom afford some indication of his character, these are good witnesses for Voltaire. The furniture was ordinary, and nothing superfluous.

We walked over the grounds, and were shown the “ petit forêt ” (a long avenue through a wood), down which he daily drove in great state with six horses and gilded harness. We passed through his “ *Berceau*,” a walk between elm-trees closely planted and trained to meet overhead, where, it is said, he composed as he walked.

On one side the boundary of his estate is marked by a high embankment, which, we were told, he had made to shut out the view of the chateau from a man with whom he had had a controversy at law.

Was it in his own heart that he found the gall to write his satires on human nature? He was, they say, the terror of all the little boys in the neighbourhood; and yet there are local tales of his generosity and benevolence; an ocean of them could scarcely wash out this stain.

We went to see an old man living in a lodge on the estate, who was the son of Voltaire's gardener, and who had the honour of carrying his note-book for him during his walks the last four years of his life. He drives a good trade showing "antiquities," as he calls some old rubbish, relics of his saint—canes, wig, &c. The only thing worthy of note was a book of seals, which Voltaire was in the habit of taking from the letters of his correspondents, and preserving in this way for reference, so that he might know who were the writers of subsequent letters, and take them or not, as suited him, from the post-office. To many of them he had affixed after the name a word of comment, as "J. J. Rousseau—un Bouillon!" The prevailing one is "Fou!" The old man gave us an absurd narrative of the beginning of Voltaire's and Gibbon's acquaintance. I do not know what foundation in truth it has, but there is some wit in it. Voltaire had been offended by a sarcasm of Gibbon's on his person; and when he first visited Ferney, its master shut himself up in his room, desiring his niece to be polite to his visiter. But his visiter persevering in staying, he wrote him the following note: "Don Quichotte prenait les au-

berges pour des châteaux, mais vous prenez mon château pour une auberge.”\*

“Eh bien, madame,” said François, as we returned to the carriage, “vous avez vu le château du plus grand poète du monde.” Oh, shades of Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, that even a courier should thus style Voltaire ! but this is fame.

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WE have been to Coppet, about seven miles from Geneva, and all the way a most enchanting drive on the borders of the lake. The chateau is occupied by the Baroness de Staël, the widow of Madame de Staël’s only son, a childless widow. Madame Sismondi told me she saw the poor woman’s only child die in her arms. So there is no present, no future to this abode of genius and filial love. The chateau has a park attached to it, and is a large edifice, with an air of wealth and comfort. The family burying-place is surrounded with so thick a plantation of trees that you can see nothing from without, and all ingress is forbidden to strangers. I like this. The places of our dead should be kept for those who come with softly tread and tearful eyes. I felt a nervous shuddering in looking at this burial-place. There was in Madame de Staël something so opposed to death, a life that “worked up to spirit” what in others is inert, that it seemed as if

\* “Don Quixotte took inns for castles ; you have taken my castle for an inn,

she herself were struggling to escape from this silence and inactivity.

I have heard Madame de Staël spoken of here among her old neighbours and friends as one of the most amiable of women, full of all sorts of gentle humanities; and yet — tells me that spending a day at Coppet was in Madame de Staël's lifetime one of the heaviest things imaginable. The Duchess de Broglie and her brother were silent and indifferent. The son was overshadowed by his mother's genius, and — thinks the Duchess de Broglie might have been saddened by the violence her mother's life did to her very strict religious ideas. It was not till very near the close of her life that the daughter awoke to a sense of happiness, and then she was a completely altered woman.

Madame de Staël's experience is against the theory of the transmission of genius by the mother. Her son, by De Rocca, now living in Paris, is said to be an excessively ridiculous person, silly and affected, and, what is worse, rich and avaricious. The world have been much amused with a story of his having jumped out of a window from mere fright. Is it not strange that a son of Madame de Staël and De Rocca, a man of known valour, should have neither intellect nor bravery?

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WE have one association with the waters of "clear and placid Leman," not very poetic, though poetic it should be, since so true a poet as Dickens

has taken to weaving the warp and woof of working life in "fancy's loom." Directly under the window of our saloon, at a few feet from the shore, and communicating with it by a bridge, there is a wash-house where at least fifty washerwomen wash every day, and all day from dawn till dark. You know we look upon Monday as the day Job cursed because it is devoted to this hardest of household labour. But here these poor women are at it week in and week out, rubbing the clothes on an inclined board, beating them, and then stretching out of the window to rinse them in the rushing water. What a holyday is our women's "washing-day" compared to this! It was well for them they had excited our sympathy, for my laundress has just brought home my clothes with a deficit of a night-dress; and on my asking for it, she replied, "Ah, madame, c'est noyé!" (it is drowned), an accident which, she tells me, often occurs.

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AFTER waiting as long for fair weather\* as we discreetly could, we left Geneva yesterday on an excursion to Chamouny; and, though the sun shone out on our starting, we arrived after nightfall at St.

\* The clouds, or, as they say, the "le chapeau de Mont Blanc," were never fairly off his head while we were at Geneva, for three weeks. We had, however, little rain, and the weather was uniform and of a delicious temperature, the mercury scarcely varying day or night from 64°. M. Sismondi told me that in winter it sometimes falls as low as 20° below zero, Fahrenheit; and he had known it in one day fall forty degrees. This approaches our climate of magnificent extremes.

Martin's in a pouring rain. This morning, when I rose at six, it was still cloudy, but not raining, and I could see (if I half broke my neck to look straight up rocky ramparts) here and there a pinnacle of the Alps. The peasants were passing in carts and on foot to their labour, very, *very* poor, but decently clad in substantial stuffs, and, almost without exception, with umbrellas; a rare, and but a holyday luxury with our working people at home!

I went down to a stone-bridge a few yards from our inn, where we are told that in clear weather there is one of the most beautiful views in Switzerland. Even as I saw it, with Mont Blanc hidden, and half the sublime mountains that enclose the valley veiled in mist, there was as much beauty as I could take in. I will not attempt to describe it, for I could only use terms I have used before, and you would get no new idea, while to us it seemed as if we stood on the vestibule of another world. While I remained on the bridge in a sort of rapturous trance, I stopped a peasant with the question with which I importune every passer-by, "Shall we see Mont Blanc to-day?" "Ah! I do not know—it is possible—*cependant le tems est un peu facheux.*" He saw I was *sorrier* than the weather, and lingered to point out to me some promising signs, and we fell into a little talk, in the course of which he found out that I came from New-York, at which he made a vehement exclamation, and added that he had a brother in my country. "In what part of it?" I asked; "for it is somewhat bigger than Switzerland."

"In Buenos Ayres! and if madame would have the goodness to take a letter to him!"

"With all my heart," I said; "but that New-York was much farther from Buenos Ayres than St. Martin's from Paris." "Ah! but it was on the same side of the great sea;" and he seemed so sure Heaven had sent "madame" an express to take the letter, that I gave him my word I would do my best to get it to his brother; upon which he was posting off to Sallenches, three or four miles, to obtain a sheet of paper on which to write it. I offered him one, so he came with me to the inn, and I heard him telling our postillion what a capital opportunity he had found to send a letter to his brother! His letter will put in requisition the best writer of the parish to get it ready before our return from Chamouny. Poor peasant of St. Martin's! but there are homesick times, my dear C., when I could envy him his ignorance of distances.

We left St. Martin's at nine in two *chars à bancs*, a little low carriage which, with squeezing, will contain three people, sitting sideways to the horses, who trot at a pretty good pace over the steep and stony hills. The drive to Chamouny is perfectly Swiss in its character; stern and wild, lonely, and yet most beautiful. The poor peasants, toiling in these sullen solitudes, strike you at one moment as the most helpless and neglected children of earth, and at the next you look at them with a sort of reverence and admiration. You see young creatures just on the threshold of life, and old women

just dropping out of it, who all day long are following their cows, their few sheep, and sometimes a single goat, around these rocky precipices, on the verge of *eternal* snow, menaced by avalanches, slides, and torrents, with their knitting in their hands, dauntless and as fearless as if they were in our quiet pastures beside our still waters. "The heavens shall be rent as a scroll, the mountains shall tremble, the earth shall pass away"—the spirit of man remaineth!

You are constantly reminded of man's perils and wants. Here you pass a mute little stream that a few hours' rain swells to a frightful torrent; and there the bed of a lake that last year was a mirror of beauty, and now is a mass of naked stones and dirt; everywhere are crucifixes to remind you that where danger is present religion is felt to be a necessity. The sunshine and shadows that flit over the gleaming needles and walls of rock fill every minute with the sensations of events. Nature speaks here to the soul, as history, poetry, tragedy do elsewhere.

As you approach Chamouney, the interval between the mountains becomes narrower and narrower; and when you enter what is properly the "valley," and see a little cluster of houses and a sprinkling of cottages over the almost inaccessible hill-sides, you wonder where are bestowed the 3000 people who, our guide-book tells us, dwell here.

It is not quite a hundred years since Chamouney has been visited except by those who came to supply the physical and religious wants of the poor

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people. *Campus Munitus*, *Champ-muni*, or fortified field, perhaps from its mountain boundaries, was the origin of its present name. Now more than three thousand visitors come here in one season; three thousand happy creatures they must be, at least once in their lives. We could easily believe that the snowy peaks we see belong to Mont Blanc; but the good people are too loyal to their sovereign to let us enjoy this delusion. "Oh non, non, ce n'est pas Mont Blanc—c'est *bien* dommage, mais Mont Blanc est voilé."\*

We were posting off to the source of the *Averron*, but some English explorers have just returned, and, in conjunction with our weary bones aching from the jolting cars, have persuaded us the sight is not worth the pains it costs. So here we are, sitting in the balcony, looking up at the clouds that invest Mont Blanc, and at the bright pinnacles that shoot out from the mist which floats over them and then settles down like a dark belt, cutting them off from earth. Truly, they do appear less of earth than of heaven, and I do not think we should be surprised to see cherubim and seraphim floating over them.

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THE evening has been chilly, and drove us in early, to share, in common with all the guests of this *Hotel de Londres*, a small mercy of a fire in the *salon à manger*. There are here, besides us,

\* "No, that is not Mont Blanc; it is indeed a pity, but Mont Blanc is hidden."

a few other stragglers on the skirts of the season: two noisy English lads, willing to enjoy and impart such fare as they find; a good-humoured Frenchman, ready to throw the little information he possesses into currency; some Germans, civil and satisfied; and a stately English pair sitting in the corner, the lady with her feet stretched out to the fire, in an attitude to express her right to take her ease, and that she is part of no chance company nor they of her. We crossed the channel with these people, and have encountered them repeatedly since, and, for our own convenience, we have bestowed on them the soubriquet of Lord and Lady Soho—the name of our steamer. My lady must belong to the family of the man who could not save a drowning fellow-creature till he was introduced; though I hardly think that even in such extremity she would *ask* for an introduction. Her husband is less a caricature of the infirmity of his nation. He has twice bowed to us, and once he recommended to R., in the exigency of sour bread and bad butter (which, by-the-way, we have here), roast potatoes. This, I think, was in return for a slight favour I once did him; for the English are as scrupulous in paying these small social debts, as they are abstemious in courtesy.

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WE were at the window repeatedly during the night; but, though many pinnacles appeared, like guardsmen bold and good, clouds and darkness were

about Mont Blanc. We were early astir to make our arrangements for the ascension of the Montanvert. The whole business of furnishing guides, mules, &c., is placed by the government in the hands of a "*guide en chef*," whose corps consists of forty men.\* We had each a mule and a guide, and paid six francs each; a very moderate price for the service.

E. not being strong enough to ride, was carried in a porte-chaise by six bearers. Our long procession, as we left the court of the inn, appeared, as my guide Jacques Simon said, "like pilgrims going to the shrine of our lady." These guides are a peculiar people. They are banded together, and Jacques assures me they have no quarrels; as a proof that they feel their mutual dependence, they maintain a common fund to aid the widows and orphans of their companions. They keep much good company, as men of science and other educated men and women come from the ends of the earth to be led by them through these magnificent works of Nature. These wise people have for the moment, at least, something like a feeling of good fellowship with their peasant-guides; they are, if I may judge by our own sensations, a little nearer Heaven, in the spirit as well as in the body, than they ever were before; and thus that happens which should always happen, the electric fire of humanity is transmitted from the highest to the lowest in the scale.

Simon has been a guide since he was sixteen; he is now fifty-two, and, of course, as familiar with

The price is regulated by a fixed tariff.

these mountain-paths as you are with that to your door-step. He was talkative and eloquent, for he has learned to interpret the voice of Nature and to discern her spirit in these her most sublime manifestations.\* He described, with a touching grace, the Alpine life of vicissitude, excitement, and hardship. "Our people work hard for a few potatoes," he said; "and a misfortune comes" (a "*malheur*," meaning an *avalanche* or a *slide*), "tears up their soil, and overwhelms their cottages." A son of the celebrated Balmar, the first man who ever went to the summit of Mont Blanc, has gone to New-York to seek his fortune. Simon has had thoughts of following him. This seemed to me a hard case of the "*utile contre le beau*;" and forgive me, dear C., if I felt, while winding up the Montanvert, that I would not have exchanged a birthright under its shadow for the fee-simple of the Astor House. I was in L.'s vein, who, on some one asking yesterday, "What is the use of ascending Mont Blanc?" she replied, "I hate *use*."

And, by-the-way, Simon has made this formidable ascension three times, but never will again; as each time, he says, has added ten years to his life. This will give you some notion of the undertaking; and yet, last year a spirited Frenchwoman achieved it, a Mademoiselle D'Angeville, attended only by these mountain-bred people. They were full of an-

\* Afterward, in seeing more of Switzerland, I became thoroughly convinced that Nature is not her own interpreter to man. I have never seen people that seemed to me merer animals than the Swiss peasants amid their sublimest scenery.

ecdotes of her cheerful courage and perseverance, and awarded her the palm over all the pilgrims they had conducted to this glorious temple. A feather this in the cap of our womankind!

After crossing the milky Arve and passing through the wood of firs that skirts the valley, we began winding up the wall-like side of the Montanvert by a zig-zag path which at every few yards made such sharp turns that I wondered how the lumbering body of my mule got round them. I shuddered when I saw my companions hanging above and below me, and thought that a single misstep of our beasts might send us sheer down thousands of feet. But I was reassured by hearing the merry voices of the girls ringing out like festive bells; and, besides, there is little danger; your mule is, as Simon said, "expressly made for mountain-paths;" your guide is always at your bridle; and if your head is getting giddy, you have only to "look aloft;" an old recipe for steadying the nerves. There may be more peril in the descent. Once I proposed dismounting, but Simon, though he admitted there was danger to women of weak nerves, assured me there was no risk to a lady of "such good courage;" so, you see, it is never too late to get a good name, if you cast yourself on the sagacity of—*strangers*!

We were two hours and a half reaching the house of refreshment on the brink of the Mer de Glace. This is a mass of ice which fills up a chasm between the mountains. The guides assured us it was a mile and a half in breadth, and that its extent, as far as

your eye could see it, was six miles. This seems quite incredible; but the objects are all on so much larger a scale than you are accustomed to that their actual measurement amazes you. The nearest pinnacle, the Aiguille du Dru, is five thousand feet higher than the Montanvert; it did not appear to me more than half its actual height. Imagine a river, with mountains for shores, running up into pinnacles, descriptively named *aiguilles* (needles), and that river arrested and frozen at a moment when it was lashed into sea-like waves, and you have an idea, my dear C., of the features of this place, but none of the sensations its wonderful expression produces.

I cannot tell why, but, till we were actually on the Mer de Glace, I had no adequate idea of the inequalities of its surface. The surface, discoloured by the falling of the dirt from the adjacent heights, appears like a snow-drift that has outlasted the winter. The *crevasses* (crevices) in the ice are three or four feet wide at the surface, and narrow as they descend; and, as you look into them, the ice appears of a greenish hue, transparent, and very beautiful. These crevices have been measured to a depth of three hundred and fifty feet! Our guide gave us an Alpine staff, shod with an iron point, as a necessary safeguard on the Mer de Glace, and attended us most assiduously, taking good care not to underrate his services by diminishing the risks and difficulties. To me there appeared none of any magnitude, and I believe that with Hal, or any other expert boy, I might have crossed it.

We returned to the pavilion to refresh ourselves and our guides. Jacques Simon had dropped a hint in ascending of the "bon verre de vin," which expressed to the guide his employer's satisfaction; and when I heard their merry voices as I passed the room where they were regaling themselves, I involuntarily looked in to tell them how pleased I was to see them so cheerful. Their faces changed—they probably thought I had come to express some distrust of their discretion; but the smiles reappeared, and they bowed, and bowed, and were "bien obligé, bien obligé."

There are pretty specimens of agate and carnelian found in this vicinity, for sale at the pavilion. I have a souvenir of the Montanvert of twofold value: some seeds of the Alpine rose, which Simon begged me to accept as a "petit cadeau."

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We returned to St. Martin's in a drizzling rain. I was surprised to see a little patch of ripe pumpkins on this high land. I asked a peasant-woman what use they made of them. "They were very good food," she said, "for pigs and poor people; not for great folk." A vision of our "thanksgiving pumpkin pies" passed before me, and I felt something between a tear and a smile as I thought what good food we made them for our "great folk."

Just before arriving at our inn in the twilight, a poor woman was crossing the road leading a goat with one hand and holding a pail on her head with

the other. Our postillion trotted against her, knocked her down, jerked her pail on one side the road, and away scampered the goat on the other. We all called to him, in one breath, to stop; but he did not heed us. Presently we encountered a priest. The postillion took off his cap, slackened his horses, and proceeded with reverent slowness till we were quite past the sacred person. Rather a striking illustration of "letter-and-spirit" religion, was it not?

We were hardly housed before our hostess appeared with a large china bowl heaped with peaches and grapes, and, just peeping out at the summit of the pile, my peasant friend's letter. She presented it to me, saying, "Baptiste has left these for you. He is a good and honest lad, and I hope you will not forget his letter." Most assuredly I will not; but, alas for its chances! You can hardly imagine, my dear C., how pleasant such an accidental interchange of kindness is to travellers, cut off from their habitual social duties and relations. A traveller's progress need not be so barren of humanities as it is, if the art of "improving opportunities" (bless the good old Puritan phrase!) were better understood, or, rather, more faithfully studied. It is easy giving your halfpence to the beggar—*giving* it can scarcely be called; it is neither blessed to the giver nor to the receiver—it is a debt surlily paid to a clamorous creditor, and received without gratitude. But a kind look, a tone of sympathy, even if the words be not understood, finds a direct way to the human heart. If a certain friend of ours



were to turn traveller, his track would be marked by light in the eyes and smiles on the lips, as the sun's progress is by the reflection of its beams.

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MY DEAR C.,

*Geneva, October 17.*—WE have had a severe disappointment in being compelled to give up crossing the Simplon. That route was completely broken up by a severe storm some weeks since, and all the other most striking routes are more or less impaired, so that it is not deemed advisable for us, with our invalid, to attempt any other than Mont Cenis, which is always practicable and safe. We leave Geneva to-day, and we are looking and feeling very dismal. We have enjoyed here the benefits of a free government and a well-ordered and healthful society, and we have received much hospitality. This we may find elsewhere; but never will the happiness of a welcome to such a home as that of our friends at Chesne be repeated to us. Well, we have had it, and we take with us their assured affection; and our young people, though they will no more hear those dear voices calling them their "American children," have their faith in man confirmed—this is a certain and indestructible good. They have seen a man who has passed through a period of European history which has tried men's principles as with fire, without dimming his fine gold. They have seen that it is possible to live a lifetime with the "world's people," to enjoy success and re-

ceive homage, and yet retain the modesty, freshness, tenderness, and enthusiasm of youth ; and, better than all, a benevolence Godlike, for it falleth on the just and the unjust.

END OF VOL. I.



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